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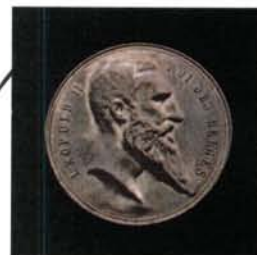
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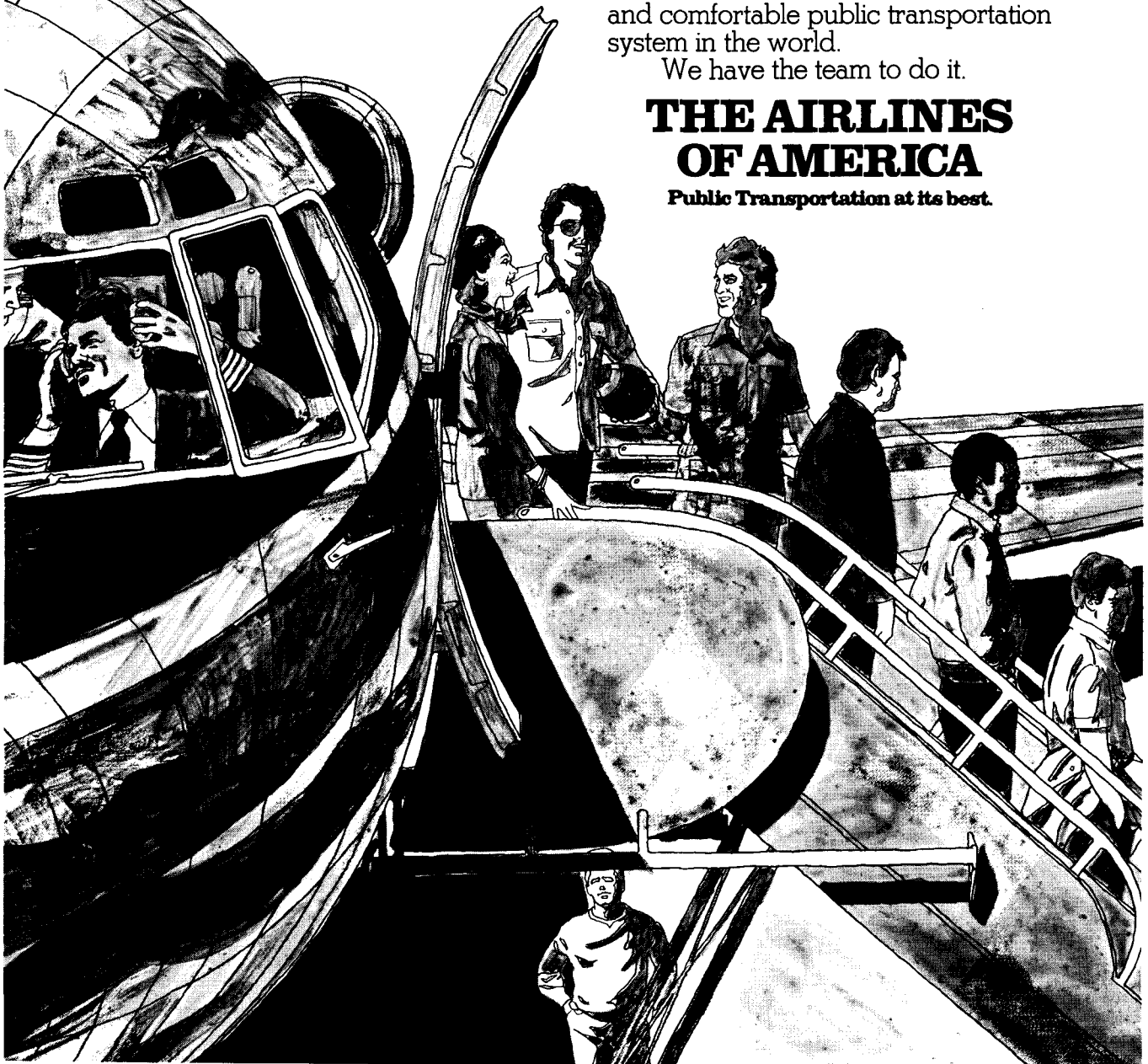
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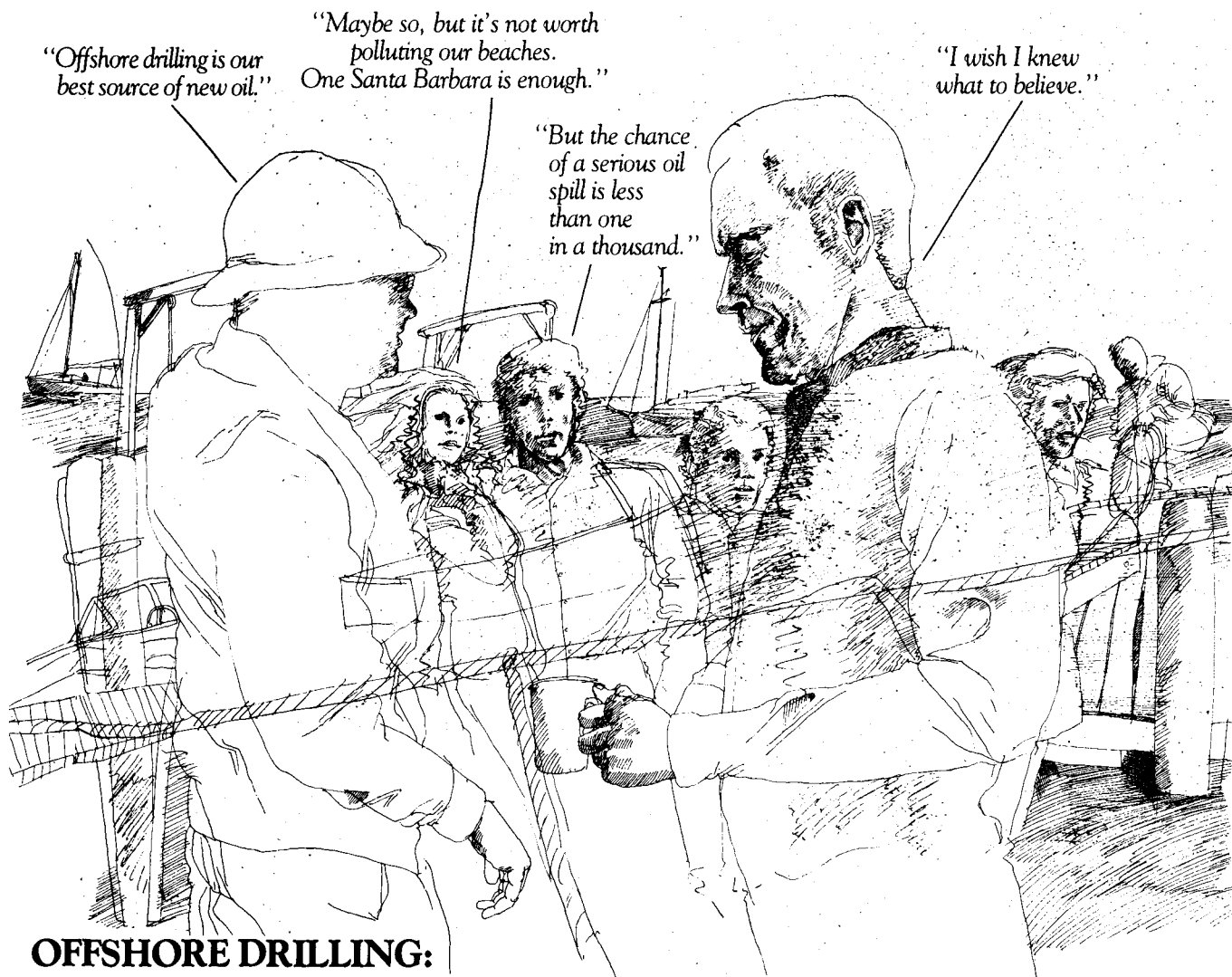
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Conoco believes we should be developing that resource full speed.

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Conoco believes that the environmental risks are now so well in hand that the industry should be allowed to step up its search for offshore oil. This is one of the best ways we have to help reach America's goal of near self-sufficiency in energy.

If you'd like to be more informed on both the pros and the cons, write Conoco and we'll send you the following material: a booklet explaining and supporting offshore drilling published by the American Petroleum Institute; and a report of an offshore drilling conference debating both sides of the issue, sponsored by the New York Ocean Science Laboratory.

Write Conoco, Dept. B45, GPO Box 29, New York, New York 10001.

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Another month brings another buffet of fact, fiction, politics, poetry, reflections, reveries, discreet bleats, and snorts of outrage. This is the first issue in many, many months that has been composed with a high degree of certainty that the man who is President of the United States when the presses start to roll will still be running the country when the magazine reaches you. So, a blessed sense of stability emboldens us to offer the new President and his Administration some advice concerning some of the most pressing aspects of his inherited travail.

President Ford pledged to fight inflation. An economist suggests in this issue how the Administration can do that. And Mr. Ford pledged to continue the former President's foreign policy. A former State Department official argues that he should not continue to conduct foreign policy the way President Nixon and Henry Kissinger have.

Our forwardness does not end with these admonitions. There is wise advice, for political leaders and for their supporters or critics in the press, on the tube, and in academia—for all among us who are engaged in mankind's determined corruption of the English language Edwin Newman, of NBC and other fame, enlisting the aid of a fictional Briton named Lunchtime O'Booze, combines wrath with

risibility in his examination of what is and isn't Fit to Print. Instruction of another sort jumps out from between the lines of Jessica Mitford's *My Short and Happy Life* as a Distinguished Professor. As funeral directors, prison officials, drug-company executives, promoters of the late Famous Writers School, and various other citizens have learned, you shouldn't tangle with Ms. Mitford unless all your claims are factual and your bricks are made with straw. So now, the would-be autocrats of San Jose State University have joined that skewered band.

There are some other very nice things in this issue, if we do say so ourselves, including a graceful and revealing word-tour of North Africa with Ross Terrill, Thomas McGuane's first *Atlantic* appearance with a short story out of Montana, and a look at the possibility of *Life Out There* by Alfred Adler. Also, a spicy salad of ire, bravos, and counterthrusts by a distinguished group of eleven who chose to respond to Peter Blake's critique of modern architecture and its uses in the September issue.

Robert Manning

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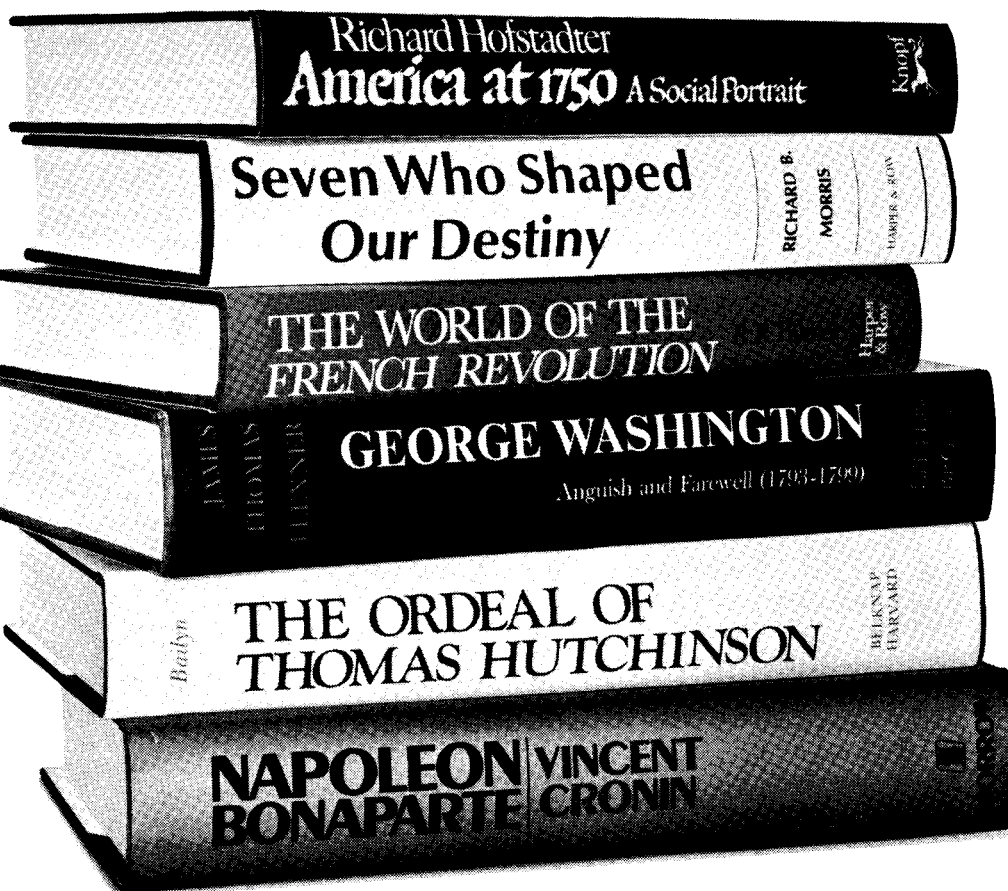
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REPORTS & COMMENT

NORTH AFRICA NOTEBOOK

Tunis

Step off the plane from Paris, and you are at a point where Europe meets Africa. The brilliant sun gleams on flat-roofed white buildings. Islam obtrudes; its earthiness and intensity, its mixed calm and fanaticism. But there is also cultural and racial influence from Italy, Turkey, and especially France, which ruled Tunisia from 1881 until 1956.

Since I was told you don't really need a visa for Tunisia, I have arrived without one, but the immigration police say this will not do. They take my passport and give me instead a slip of paper written in Arabic. The paper will enable me to recover the passport at the end of my stay, so long as I get into no trouble and report to the police in Tunis every morning.

Coming out of the police booth after this substitution is made, I go to the desk of the Tunisia National Tourist Agency to find a hotel room. When the agent asks for my passport and I hand over instead the slip of paper, he observes with a philosophic grin: "Ah, you must be a communist, since they took away your passport." He furrows his brow and purses his lips. "We are not communist here in Tunisia." I tell him his supposition is wrong. With a slightly more relaxed smile he rejoins: "In that case, you just tried to come into Tunisia without a visa, eh?"

Installed in the Africa Hotel, I put away my watch and calendar,

to take them out only as I leave the country. This is a place for wandering without sense of time or calculation.

To the *medina* and a fascinating afternoon in the winding *souk* ("market"). Intermittently there are showers, and I take shelter in a café and sip thé à la menthe. Later I pass time with a barber, who cuts my hair gravely and without confidence. Then a walk through the Casbah, watching the cheerful Tunisians at their afternoon activities—coming home from school, shopping, doing handicrafts in the dusty shops of the *souk*.

In late afternoon I meet Lahcen, who is an engineer with a French construction company, and after an hour of Westerns dubbed in French at a cinema, we go off to the Cosmos for a robust *mechoui* ("seasoned lamb"). And the Café de Paris, where couples and groups are drinking beer, sipping coffee, taking

a *brik à l'oeuf* (a seasoned egg enclosed in thin paste and fried in oil). I love to sit here and look at the Tunisians with their beautiful Roman noses, and smell the dark black coffee, and watch the golden rays give way to a purple dusk.

For a walk back to the Africa, the air is quite balmy. A delight indeed to be able to promenade in February without an overcoat, not to have to hurry because you are cold or wet. You may look at the people, stop to talk, accept a diversion.

The light: white, steady, melting, soporific. Is it the secret of Arab sensuality? This unique light, which so moved Albert Camus, seems to evoke and bless the senses. It bestows an incomparable peace, renders striving and fretting as absurd as the Mediterranean habit of "promenading" would be in an English winter.

A talk at Le Baghdad with Lahcen, who has news about tensions in his company over whether French or Arabic should be the working language. In charge of the restaurant's cash desk is a wizened old man with all the softness and shrewdness of the Arab world in his face. He stands leaning on a carved teakwood piece that looks like a lectern. A red cap is just back from his forehead, revealing a narrow chip of black hair, and a cactus sits at his left elbow. His head is cupped in one hand; with the other he twirls the metal spike on which the checks are speared when they come in. Behind him is the coatrack, and the colors are all black or gray. The men of Tunis—there is not a woman in the restaurant—stay with somber shades.

The whole restaurant, and indeed



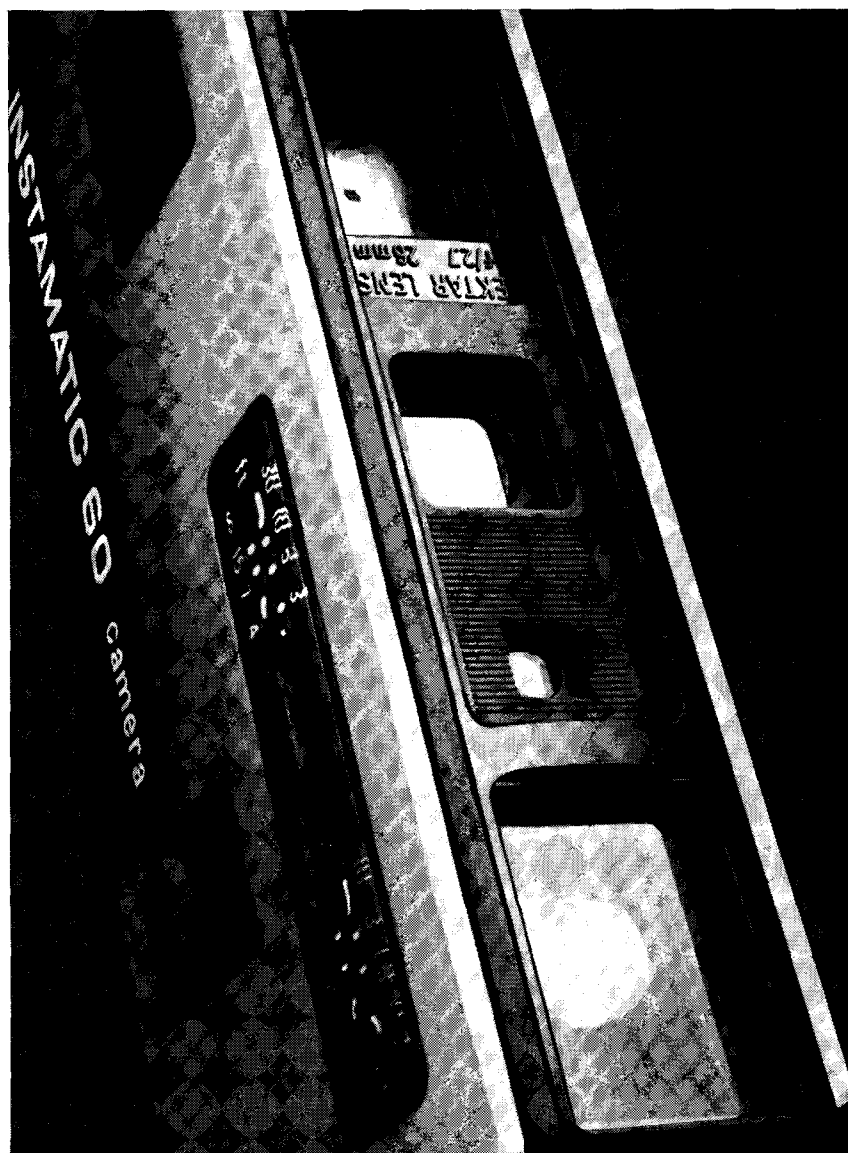
the whole of Tunis, smells of lamb. Next Saturday is some kind of "festival of the lamb." From time to time you see in the street outside an old man carrying a lamb over his shoulder, or wheeling a lamb on a wooden cart. Sometimes the lambs are alive and other times they appear to be dead; in either case destined for the table.

A small party of us go to the *hamman* ("bathhouse") at the end of al-Djazira Street. A fantastic spectacle of colored cloth, steam, metal slabs, and skylights at oblique angles. It's a kind of family affair, with boys doing one job, old men another, and the patron himself watching over the *caisse*. The massage is among the most rigorous in the Middle East. It features bending and twisting of joints, and pressure applied to the chest. I don't know what science, if any, is behind it, but it leaves the body refreshed and relaxed.

In the old section of Tunis, an aura of warmth and buoyancy. Alleys wind unexpectedly, narrow and crooked, to make the shambles in York, England, seem like the Champs Élysée. Leather goods and copper are among the specialties. You look up and see a superb triangle or rectangle of blue sky framed between white houses. Suffusing all is the remarkable quality of the dazzling, hegemonic light.

You sense the easygoing nature of Tunisians; they are famous for it all over the Arab world. This trait lent to Tunisia's struggle for independence a certain moderation. Prior to the period of French colonial rule in North Africa, Tunisia was a semi-autonomous part of the Ottoman Empire, ruled by native beys. France took over after the Congress of Berlin in 1878 as the result of a deal between Paris and London: Britain got a free hand in Cyprus, France in Tunisia.

In half a century the French hold on Tunisia became quite strong. It was clear to Habib Bourguiba and his Neo-Destour Party that only an organized, illegal movement could win independence from Paris. Thus the position in Tunisia differed from that in Morocco, where the sultan won independence more by maneuvering than by building a movement. At the same time the Tunisian drive for independence had far



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Here is an unprecedented opportunity for you to perform a magnificent act of compassion in support of the world's endangered wildlife and, at the same time, make an investment that may dramatically increase in value.

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3. *These are proof coins,* designed and struck to the highest possible quality. They are stamped from special high-quality dies, then polished to a mirror-like finish, with the raised design frosted above it. They are micro-examined for flaws and are never touched by bare hands. This is the procedure followed by the Royal Mint to make presentation pieces for the coronations.

4. *These coins are issued only in silver and gold,* precious metals with high intrinsic values that have risen steadily in recent years. Although U.S. citizens may not now purchase gold coins of recent mintage, this law will be changed by January 1, 1975, and we are, therefore, accepting applications at this time.

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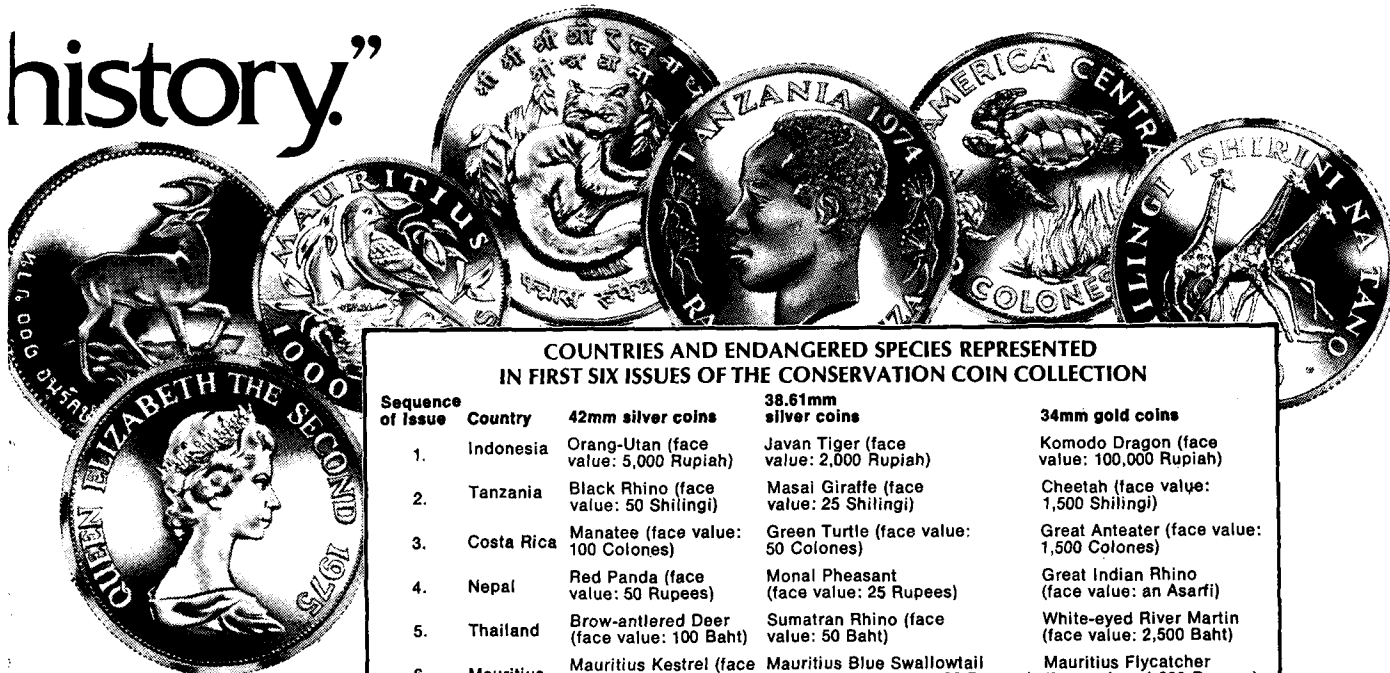
38.61mm diameter silver proof
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Fineness: 92.5% of pure silver
Silver Content: 403.6 grains
Face Value: 2,000 Rupiah
Depicts the Javan Tiger

34mm diameter gold proof
Weight: 33.437 grams
Edge Thickness: 2.49mm
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Gold Content: 464.41 grains
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Germany 4-coin Olympic proof set	1972	\$21.60	\$ 52.80	145%
New Zealand 5-coin proof set	1972	\$18.00	\$ 36.00	100%
Mauritius 200 rupee gold proof	1971	\$42.00	\$132.00	214%

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Limit 1	E1
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NORTH AFRICA

less violence, intensity, and suffering than that in neighboring Algeria. This is partly why Tunis today has the most moderate foreign-policy stance of all the Arab capitals.

An evening in La Goulette, an outport of the city, lying on a sandbar between Lake Tunis and the Gulf of Tunis. The night is heavy with two perfumes—jasmine (sprigs of which are worn behind the ear) and burnt lamb. The sky is black, the moon bright, the atmosphere soft. Wind blows with gentle mystery in green palms that reach from the refracted colors of the streetlights up through the black pitch above. The rich drawn-out sounds of Arabic punctuate the stillness. It is a language whose sounds nicely match the extravagant, imprecise swirls of its script. La Goulette has some of Tunis' finest restaurants; the evening here swells to the climax of dinner. Through the black distance twinkle the lights of the port, where more than half of Tunisia's foreign trade is handled.

Sidi Bou Said

Splendor after splendor on the hillside as new turns and heights and crags come into view. Sudden perspectives on the sea far below, houses and gates perched in impossible places. High on the peak, I find a path issuing from a lane. It winds along the rim of the cliff and offers a towering view. Below, tiny specks move; they are shepherds with a flock meandering down toward the beach. Behind me a cemetery, bordered by the topmost houses of Sidi Bou Said, among them one where André Gide lived in the 1940s.

From the Café des Nattes soft-hued countryside rolls far into the distance. Nearer at hand, smaller cafés cluster in the square, and also stalls where high-smelling foods are sold by old men with small boys assisting. Inside the Nattes, big tables like boxes fill the room, groups play cards and sip grenadine; in the half-light there is a seductive air not reduced by the smell of jasmine sprigs.

Dar Zarrouk in Sidi Bou Said lives up to its reputation as a fine

BIG THREE UP!

G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.

DETROIT—To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options.

This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equipment, optional equipment and destination charges. The increases average over \$550 per vehicle over final '73 model prices.

It was the sixth

Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices a total average of \$584 and \$458 respectively.

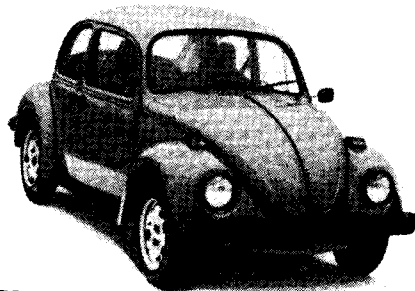
Extraordinary Increases

The multiple price increases put into effect by the auto makers are unusual for the industry, which in the past tried to limit increases to one per model year.

However, the recent rises in the cost of materials have forced the auto makers to raise prices as quickly as



Little One Down!



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NORTH AFRICA

restaurant. An exquisite *croquette fruits de mer* tonight, and though the steak is ordinary, a *crêpe banane flambée* is superb. Most outstanding is the service, and the elegant, spacious atmosphere. Among the few diners, a sluglike Tunisian is entertaining two giggling French ladies. Here, as in the alleys, cats wander about.

Outside, rain is in the air. Flashing rays of lightning pick out quick scenes: here is a doughnut stall surrounded by a group of black-suited Arabs with open white shirts on the way to nocturnal pleasures; over there are Russians with their cameras and their stodgy, cheerful women.

Djerba

Sun drenches down upon sand which on the far horizon merges into a brilliant blue sea. It is a gentle sun, as in France or Britain, not harsh, as in Asia or the hot weather of America, but unfailingly warm. It makes the body and the mind supple and gives wings to the imagination. The vacation days hover, and they are not so eventful that the evening is deprived of being itself an event.

In this beachside hotel, the Palace Ulysée, European bourgeois are at play. An American sticks out like a drunk in a Methodist church. Some travelers are smart, polite, bored

(the French and their cultural satellites). Some are fat, unstylish, jolly (the Germans and their cultural satellites). Each couple or group keep to themselves—except that Germans will greet fellow Germans.

Lunch for the traveler in Djerba is a leisurely bridge between the outdoor hedonism of the morning and the probable amorous intrigue of the afternoon. The waiters are superb in white coats, bronzed faces, and blue eyes. Wide windows give upon the ocean. Glasses tinkle, and there is the smell of quickly cooking lamb.

Across from my table is a middle-aged French woman trying to look younger by the device of a scarf around the head. To one side a German couple; both are combing their hair. The husky sounds of Arabic (every second word seems to be "Mohammed") are a counterpoint to the French and German that waft from most tables.

Gorged and lubricated, I arrive at the cheeses. Tunisian cheese can be fine but lacks depth. The Roquefort is not subtle, yet it has a sheer vigor which a Danish Roquefort has not. Eating it is like having a fight in your mouth. There is one even stronger cheese to remember here—Nudidia. Made out of goat's milk and fermented beyond all reason, it has the controlled passion of Tunisian life in it.

Sitting in a haze of well-being, I make an inner salute to certain comfortable, if unsocialist, truths: wine transforms a person; stiff white

linen napkins are nice; free afternoons are very civilized; human relations are sweeter than all but the grandest of the relations of public life.

Djerba, tucked like a comma off the southeast coast of Tunisia, quite close to Libya, is an island of silence. You hear the breeze and the waves; as a rule nothing else. Sometimes a dog barks or a camel grunts. Only 11,000 people live on this flat pancake of warmth. This afternoon I go into Houmt Souk, Djerba's main "town." Amidst majestic gums—their leaves such a soft green, and the air so clear, that they seem to hang distanceless in the sky—sits the blue and white village. The glistening arches and domes are framed against an azure sky. *Souks* wind here and there, lined and festooned with copper, leather, carpets, and jewelry for sale.

In the cobbled courtyards old men play dominoes and younger people sip thé à la menthe. (Visitors, if they are wise, will also sip *boukha*, a prune brandy, and try the excellent muscat which Tunisia produces.)

It is the last day of Ramadan; a desultory mood, for no one may eat or make love, and the rule is not broken here. Arabs in Djerba are stricter than in most of Tunisia. They belong to a sect of Islam called Khārejism. The Khārijites (from the Arabic *khawārij*, seceders) were the earliest group to break away from mainstream Islam. They fervently believed that good works, as well as faith, are needed for salvation. They would even try to depose (impeach?) caliphs who they thought had erred, opposing the legitimacy of Moslem royal houses. In these ways the Khārijites recall the English Puritans.

As the air chills, a new spirit stirs in Houmt Souk. At dusk the austerities will be over; plans are made to revenge the black privation of the fast. In a tiny alleyway I am won by a blue-green carpet and buy it within minutes; Ramadan does not forbid shopping.

Mohammed and Nicole arrive, and we walk the winding streets of this town that seems a village. In the back streets women are visible at last. They are shrouded in white, as if this town, a slave to its own sweet harmonies, will permit only to



be white that which is not blue. Boys play football; even they are graceful and subdued. We sit in a park of cacti below and olive branches above, and Mohammed tells Nicole (who is from Paris) and me about Djerba.

About the pride of its people: they come back in the end to Djerba, no matter where they may have gone to live or work. About the Jews, who live in two villages on the island, some of them well over 100 years old. (Many, however, have recently gone to live in Israel.) About the extraordinary legend of Djerba as an island of lotus-eaters. As Homer wrote it, those who came here—to conquer—were so captivated by the eating of the lotus which the islanders practiced that they “neither wished to leave the isle nor to send any news.”

A drive through the gloom on the way to the airport and to Paris. Not a soul is seen until the bus passes a Bedouin, robed in blue, bearing an upturned table on his head. The headlights focus on him, but quickly we are past. “Technological superiority” keeps the visitor from knowing why and where the steady Berber is transporting a table at dawn on the road to Houmt Souk.

The airport is a small camp lost in the middle of the desert. Its terminal has a humped roof, like a camel against the dawn sky. On all sides the horizon is a pencil of deep blue. The blue shades into a band of purple and above the purple is a rainbow gradation of apricot, strong and vivid at its upper reaches. Like other things of beauty, the pattern holds only for a moment, and soon the sky is quite bland.

Dawn breaks, and all the color drains into fawn. The desert palms, no longer silhouetted jet-black against the sky, regain normal proportion; dotting the sand, they resemble scraggy puppies lolling on a cinnamon carpet.

Voices from the terminal echo like ringing bells across the tranquility. Inside, some blond-haired and pink-skinned Germans pace the lounge, while on the couches French bourgeois sit sadly, prosperous in suede and silk. A blond young French-speaking man weeps as his girlfriend prepares to depart. The only passengers in a normal mood are a group of local musicians, trav-



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NORTH AFRICA

eling up to Tunis for an engagement; everyone else is feeling the ordeal of leaving behind a place where they have dallied for a while outside time and care.

The Caravelle of Tunis Air stands shining on the pebbled sand, an intruder, it seems, from another planet. Passengers go out across the tarmac, which is quite unfenced except for one short section which has a pillar at its start and its end, connected by a chain bearing the grave injunction, "*Défense d'Entrer.*" Patent leather shoes twist and crack as the French negotiate the sand and rocks. Blue-clad Berbers watch in silence with big white eyes while the plane swallows its passengers. Inside I sit beside a loud and bouncy American girl with a dog on her knees and a middle-aged Spaniard on her arm.

Tangiers

A long afternoon, under the therapy of sun and surf, on the too-windy beach of Tangiers. As well as swimmers there are pensive strollers, their dark robes and fezzes acute against the sand and silver-clipped surf. Games of football are under way here and there, and the tourist is asked to join in. In the fields to one side of the beach, peasants toil solidly. Dotted in groups along the sand are fishermen mending their nets, so placid as to seem part of nature's order. A line of fishermen and their helpers in all kinds of baggy dress, appearances alike only in their constant smiling, pull on a rope which runs deep into the sea and has fishing baskets attached to its far end. High on the beach the last in the line is a small brown old man. He is frail, and his particular job is to coil the rope neatly as it slithers in wet from the waves.

Tangiers' great days are behind it, yet this petite hillside port has by no means lost its charm. Founded as a Phoenician trading post, it passed from Spanish to English hands in 1662. During the nineteenth century, Tangiers led a strange double life. It became the diplomatic capital of Morocco, yet British power remained paramount in the city. From 1923 through 1956,

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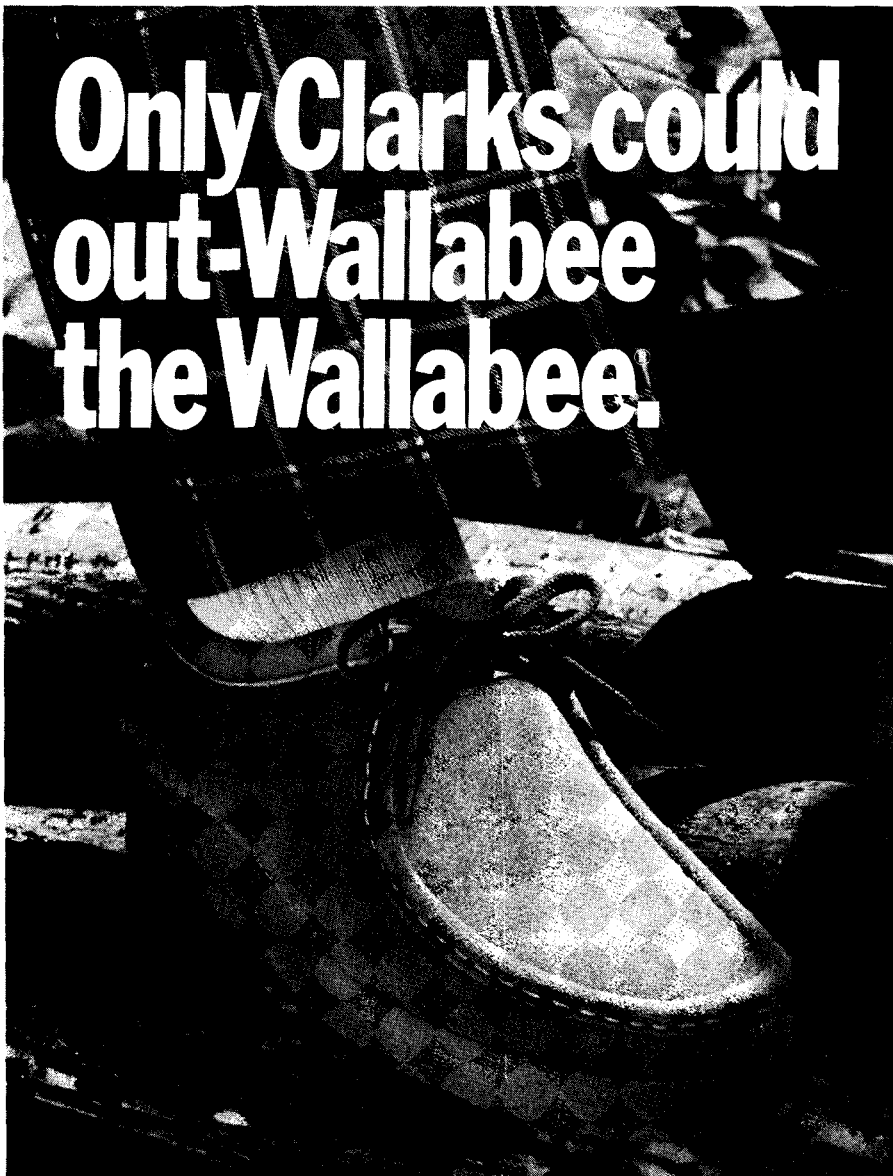
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NORTH AFRICA

Tangiers was a striped umbrella of rule by various nations simultaneously (except for a spell of Spanish occupation from the fall of France until 1945). In these decades the Resident (*mendub*) was appointed in theory by the Sultan of Morocco but in fact by Paris. When Tangiers was integrated with the newly independent Morocco in 1956, many Europeans and Jews left the city. Cosmopolitanism has given way to provincial tranquillity, as graceful as Morocco's modest annual per capita GNP of \$300 will permit.

A dazzling sun falls on the white-washed dwellings of Tangiers. The sea is turquoise, and behind the dwellings rise high and noble palms. The Mediterranean clime inspires a feeling of timelessness. Tomorrow is just an extension of today; it has no separate, threatening identity. It would be a strange man or woman who could live principally by calculation in Tangiers. These people wait long periods for each other and are patient with nature. They give themselves fully to the present moment. The future does not mortgage them; the past sits naturally upon them and grows within them. In the peace of Morocco, life and the world seem fully embodied in the tangibles that can be felt in the present moment. A line of Camus hangs on my mind: "I am learning that there is no superhuman happiness, no eternity outside the curve of the days."

Friendly working-class Moroccans chirp up with remarks in French, or even English, and you think they can speak these tongues. Not so. They have faithfully learned a few phrases and sentences and utter them with a flourish. Yet they do not understand what you say to them unless you happen to say a standard sentence they know and expect. So a conversation cannot be made with these Moroccans. For the traveler it can be maddening if he is trying to register a request or an opinion.

The morning mood on Tangiers' main boulevard has no throb or rush. People move as languidly as in the hours after lunch. The shops open desultorily one by one; custom

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A black and white photograph showing a large, overlapping collection of paperback books. The books are arranged in a way that suggests a vast selection, with some standing upright and others lying flat. Visible titles include 'The Catalogue of Catalogues', 'House Plants for the Purple Thumb', 'the faith of graffiti', 'FREE ME', 'JAMES JOYCE', 'THE CATALOGUE OF CATALOGUES', 'HOUSE PLANTS for the PURPLE THUMB', 'the faith of graffiti', 'FREE ME', 'FINDING AND BUYING YOUR PLACE IN THE COUNTRY', 'WISCONSIN Death Trip', 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS', 'the Street Car', 'CARLO THE TEEN SON OF KING', 'THEY COULD NOT TRUST THE KING', and 'BORN TO WIN'. The books vary in size and cover design, creating a dense and visually rich composition.

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Liva - Piazza di Spagna
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NORTH AFRICA

does not seem to be immediately expected. Preparing to leave, I ask at the empty airways terminal if this is the bus for the flight to Madrid. But no need to inquire, for there is only one flight out of Tangiers this morning. If nobody but me is leaving Tangiers today, it is I who is the fool.

Casablanca

The airport is just as in the Humphrey Bogart film. Fog, palms, strains of thin Arab music, dozy officers. A long, glass-walled terminal faces flat onto a wavy tarmac.

In town you still find the Café des Négociants of 1943 fame, and also the Café de France, seedy yet as grand as they always were. Opposite my room's window at the Lincoln Hotel is a Hitchcock-like panorama of daily life in an apartment block. A fat French couple are always at table or preparing to be; another window frames three children who jump and cry; through a third I see two Arabs unfailingly asleep, or rising from, or preparing for sleep. Drum music, lent verve by wine that the drummers have been drinking since breakfast, wafts over the scene from a corner window.

Au Petit Pourcet, nearby, is a restaurant from the old world, and Humphrey Bogart could plausibly appear from its mirrored, velveted depths. Romantic music plays—*Träumerei*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, the Brahms Violin Concerto. The oysters, the pâté, the *glace au Grand Marnier* are all superb.

Casablanca today boasts big new units of industry and commerce. It has become the fourth-largest city of the Arab world, after Cairo, Alexandria, and Baghdad. During recent years poor peasants have flocked in to look for work, and the suburban *bidonvilles* ("shantytowns") have swollen in an ugly way. The rural immigrants sometimes find jobs at the port (which handles three quarters of the nation's foreign trade), or in textile plants and leather works. Electronics and food processing are now also major enterprises. More than half of Morocco's industrial workers live in this

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city of 1.5 million people. Socialism flourishes quietly among a minority of them, and there are constant trials of leftists on charges of "subversion."

At dusk to Mustapha's home within the Casbah. We wind through endless, ever-narrower lanes, then suddenly come to a stop. In the half-light a curtain faces us. With a skip Mustapha pushes it aside, crouches low, slips over the hard-mud threshold, and his sister and I slip likewise. Children are everywhere. Some are in grandfather's care, and one tiny girl puffs a big bellows at a little fire under a kettle; she beams as I watch admiringly. In the thick-walled room a couch is piled high with velvet rugs, and we rest there before tackling a dinner of *couscous*.

In the bus from Casablanca to Ain Diab, a young Arab is seated, a young French couple are standing. French husband taps Arab on shoulder and tells him to give up his seat to French wife. Arab does it silently and then moves to far end of bus. French wife positions herself on the seat, sullen, as if resenting that she must move among such unkempt people as Morocco's Moroccans.

Morocco has been less fanned by the winds of foreign influence and of modernity than tiny Tunisia. (Morocco's population, at 20 million, is almost four times that of Tunisia.)

When it lost its independence to France in 1912, Morocco had behind it a tradition of more than a thousand years of independence. It was the sultan Mohammed V, rather than a modern independence movement, who won back rule of its own affairs for Morocco in 1956. The sultan took the title of king in 1957. The regime still has a sniff of feudal autocracy to it, very different from the party-based reforming republic of Bourguiba's Tunisia.

Ain Diab

A fishing and resort spot quite close to Casablanca. The beach is broad and beautiful, dotted with striped tents and football players. Along the esplanade squats a line of boutiques, tea shops, and cafés with notices like "*Chaque soir ambiances et distractions*." During the balmy

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High-Energy Ignition (no points or ignition condenser to replace) is standard,

as is a 4-speed transmission, plus front and rear stabilizer bars in the suspension.

And to further demonstrate its utilitarian talents, Skyhawk is a hatchback. Which opens to reveal seating for four, a generous luggage compartment, an expanse of natty houndstooth upholstery and a big tachometer. All standard, of course.

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NORTH AFRICA

evening hours people promenade along the sidewalks and view the Atlantic. By nightfall there hovers in the air smoke from the fast-cooking lamb and the scent of mint.

Here in North Africa the American presence is minimal compared with French *présence*. The dollar is not almighty. Paris is the great looked-up-to center. It is a kind of bliss in itself to be unaware of America, its challenge, its excellence, its demands, its corruptions, its instinct for competition. I at least needed to get away from America's minute calculation of time and excessive concern for appearances. In Morocco, you don't have to pretend things are more important than they are.

Among the many fine restaurants there is Sijilmassa, which serves Moroccan specialties in a grand atmosphere. You approach it along an avenue lined with cypresses which look eerie at night when the moon is full. The brass handles of its splendid teak gates gleam in the moonlight. Behind them are fountains surrounded by clumps of hibiscus, and beyond these the copper and green leather and red velvet of the foyer.

Inside, the tables surround a dance floor furnished with drums and other instruments for lilting Arab music. Square lanterns and colored lights hang low above the diners. The whole room is a series of concentric squares, cunningly lit, with a gorgeous carpet; a golden pyramid sits at the center of the vast room. The printed menu has amusing Englishisms: "Blaze-up Banana"; "Skewers of Mutton (bits)"; "Pasry of Morocco"; "Rolled Stuffed Pasted, Meat, Fried."

A belly dancer performs with crude gyrations, and as the strong Moroccan wine plays upon the clientele, the atmosphere hangs with eroticism. Moroccan music and dance are the same as their love-making: devoted, single-minded, relentless. It is all a blend of "underdevelopment" and "art"; which should have the priority?

Beside me is an Anglo-Saxon group, including one Australian couple. They are all, I find out

IBM Reports

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While the cost of just about everything has risen dramatically in recent years, the cost of doing things by computer has been a noteworthy exception.

Although computers have become increasingly useful as their speed and capacity have multiplied, their cost per operation has declined sharply since the first commercial computer was installed less than 25 years ago.

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All this against the current of inflation that has seen an 80% rise in the government's Consumer Price Index over the past twenty years.

This astonishing reduction in a computer's per-function cost has led to important savings in the overall cost of doing a given data processing task. It has been brought about by technological advances such as the miniaturization of computer circuitry. Such advances have made possible vast increases in computation speed—from about 2,000 multiplications a second on an IBM computer in 1952 to more than 2,000,000 a second today.

These improvements have resulted from constant pioneering by hundreds of companies in the data processing industry, pioneering that continues today. Over the years, IBM has invested more than \$6 of every \$100 of gross income in research and development.

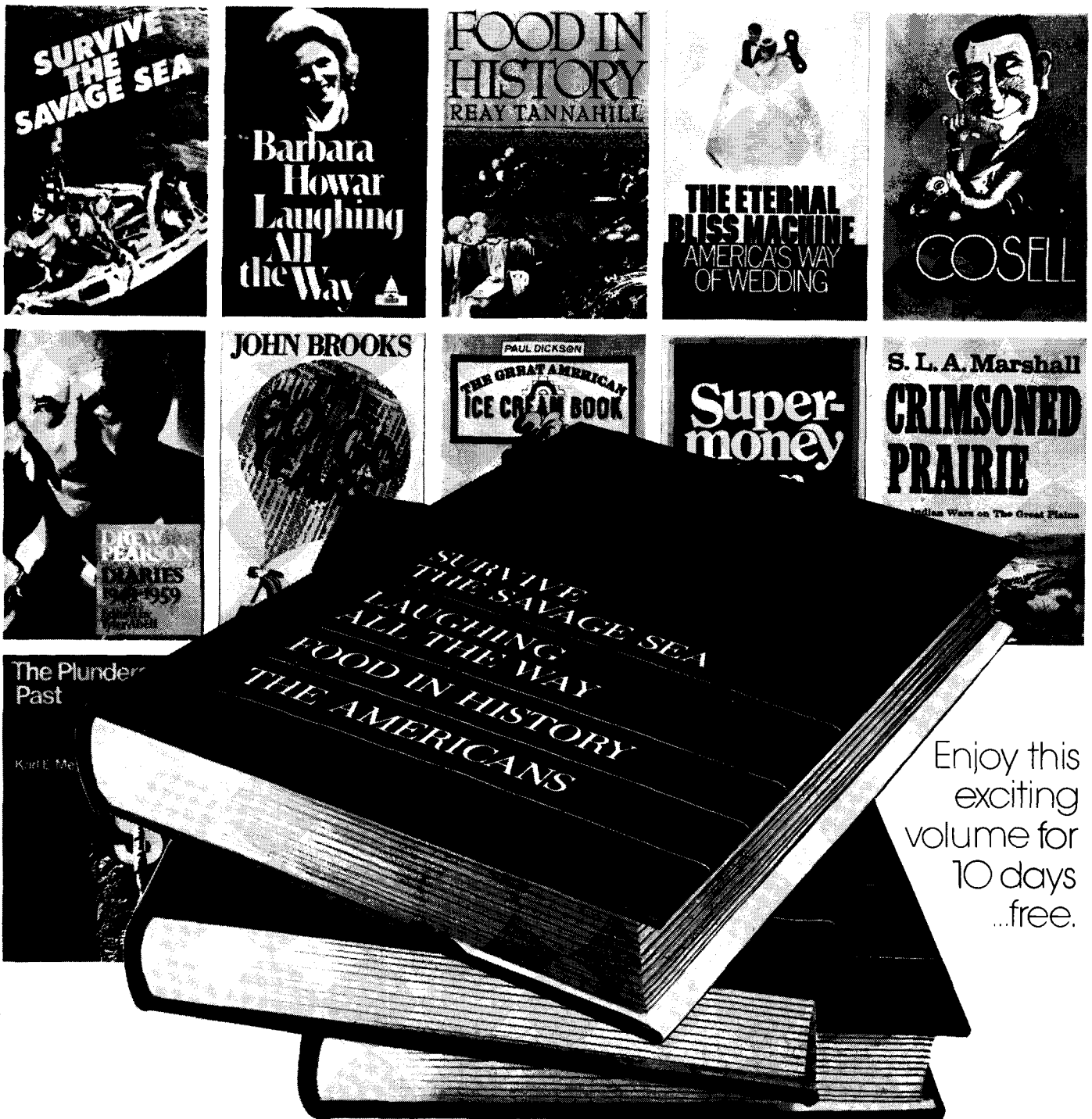
Lowered computation costs make it practical to use computers in an ever-widening range of applications—resulting in such benefits as faster handling of airlines reservations, better use of resources in manufacturing, and the saving of human lives through swift medical diagnosis.

Further reductions could bring about still greater benefits—benefits that will be seriously needed. Should the world's population increase by some 800 million people by 1985 as expected, there will be unprecedented demands for food, shelter, clothing, medicine, transportation and other necessities of life. The computer can greatly aid productivity in each of these areas.

In the future, as in the past, the lower the cost of computing, the more significant the computer's contributions to society can be.

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NORTH AFRICA

later, working at Unilever in Rabat, which buys food from Morocco. The Australian says to the group, as a Moroccan waiter tends the table, "They're well trained, aren't they, these native waiters?"

El Jadida

Our bus creeps south from Casablanca, on the road that ends at Agadir. Undulating plains alongside splendid fishing grounds on the continental shelf. Here are caught fine turbot, sole, red mullet, and sea eels. We come to modest El Jadida, which clusters round an old *citerne portugaise*. It was one of the first points in Northwest Africa at which voyagers from Lisbon arrived four centuries ago.

The *medina* is just as fascinating as that of large cities, and much cleaner. A whole street is given over to silversmiths who handcraft exquisite products to ornament the person and the home; who has a purse to buy them, you wonder. The main town square has a medieval look as donkeys wander here and there, sleepy as if lulled by the thin, insistent music which has no apparent source but is never absent.

A mile from the center of El Jadida is the Hotel Marhaba, which fronts the ocean on one side and a garden of lawns, blazing red flowers, and cypresses and palms on the other. It is superbly run by a French family who take their meals in the dining room with the guests. The chef does his own shopping, and every ingredient is fresh. When he has found a special product, he sends a message to the hotel guests announcing it and asking how they might like it prepared. Tonight he sends word that lobsters have arrived; would we care to command our favorite lobster dish? The other day it was whiting, and another time sea bream. Local wines are chosen from vineyards which are inland, not far from El Jadida.

You cannot buy a serious newspaper here, but that is only a measure of the success of a holiday in El Jadida.

A great time for celebration in Morocco is the feasting associated with circumcision, and Abdul and

his sister insist that I go to such a party at the home of one of their myriad relatives. First we call at Abdul's house, which is a series of rooms leading onto a courtyard paved with colored tiles and open to the starry sky.

Mother is lolling on a heap of cushions, and young nephews and nieces come in and out as if the courtyard were a bus stop. An older brother, who is a candlemaker, arrives and asks that I find him a job in America. He produces his school records and papers about his present employment, but they are totally inadequate for his aspiration.

Abdul's mother, bent on hospitality for her foreign visitor, comes in with a large piece of lamb in her hands. She pulls it into pieces, adds cooked prunes to it from a cloth in her lap, and the older brother completes the meal by breaking a vast round loaf into strips. I explain that I have just eaten but would love to take some home with me for breakfast next morning. The ingredients are then wrapped up for me in a piece of newspaper.

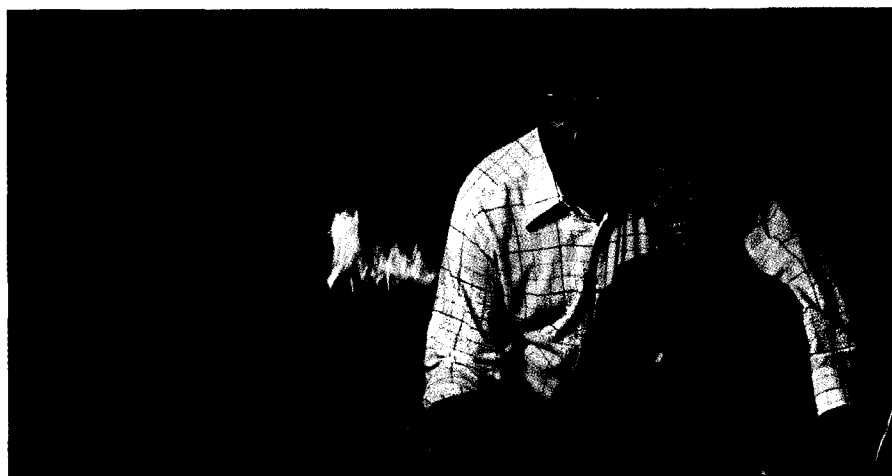
Soon we move to the home of another member of the family for the feast itself, which will last all night until at dawn the local barber comes to circumcise the boys. The banquet room is not large but it is tall; balconies rear up, and hanging over them are the womenfolk. An uncle explains that women and children are not permitted at the feast because the songs which are being wailed by a hired ensemble (including two highly painted and attractive girls of low reputation) "deal very vividly with love."

We sprawl on colorful cushions, and small boys hand us tea in tiny silver cups and cakes as hard as stones. Abdul tells me in a low shout designed to outmatch the music that he considers circumcision good for three reasons: "*La religion, la santé, la beauté.*" After a pause and a coy smile he adds: "*Surtout la beauté.*"

—ROSS TERRILL

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTOR

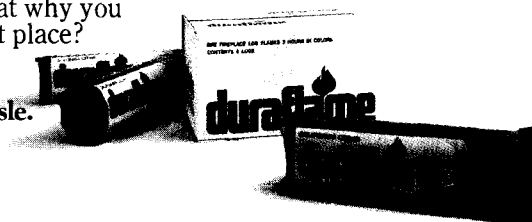
Ross Terrill, a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*, is the author of the book *800,000,000: The Real China*.



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More oil from

How Exxon is squeezing additional oil out of a 55-year-old field.

A popular myth has it that oil is found in large underground lakes or pools. Actually, when oil and natural gas are discovered they are inside sedimentary rock. They are trapped in the tiny pores of limestone or sandstone as far as five miles underground.

Usually, when a well is drilled into oil-saturated rock, natural underground pressures force the oil to *flow through the rock* to the well and then to the surface.

However, in many oil fields these natural pressures are not strong

enough to move the oil to the well. Or, over time, they may have diminished to the point where they must be supplemented by additional pressure. This additional pressure is provided by "secondary recovery" methods.

Forcing water deep into the oil-bearing rock.

The most widespread secondary recovery method in use throughout the oil industry is *waterflooding*, which was introduced over 30 years ago. Water is pumped into the oil-bearing rock to flush out more of the oil than would be produced by natural, or primary forces.

On the average, natural pressures move only about 15-20% of a field's oil from the underground rock up to the surface. By using secondary recovery technology, the final yield can be increased to an average of about 35%.

The Hewitt Field—a case in point.

The Hewitt oil field, discovered in 1919, near Ardmore, Oklahoma, is operated by Exxon and several other companies. Originally, this field produced nearly 30 thousand barrels of oil a day. However, the depletion of natural underground pressures gradually reduced Hewitt's production to the point where the field needed waterflooding.

In 1969, Exxon and other owners began a cooperative secondary re-

covery waterflood project, which has since cost about \$20 million.

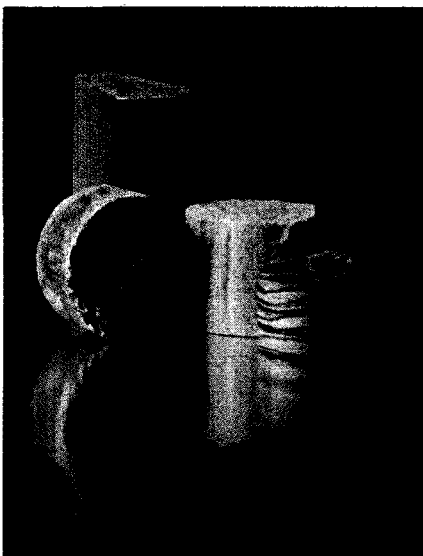
Engineers now estimate that the Hewitt field ultimately will produce 35% of the original oil in place. Without the use of waterflooding total recovery had been estimated at only 20%.

Sometimes, but not at Hewitt, natural gas is injected instead of water. However, the efficiency of waterflooding usually makes it more attractive.

An experiment using heat and subterranean "detergents."

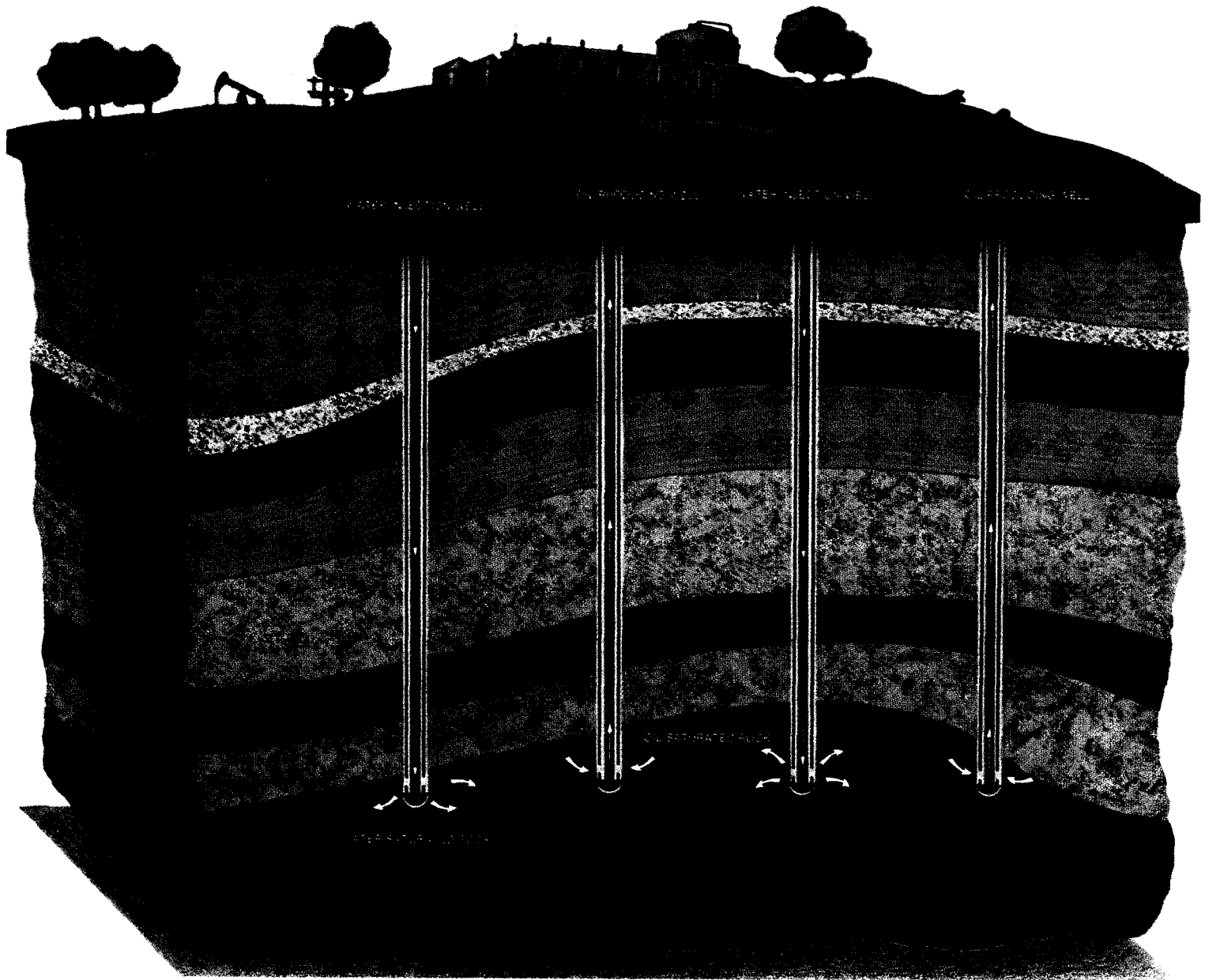
Even after an oil field is subjected to secondary recovery techniques, such as water and gas injection, a large percentage of the oil still remains locked in the pores of the rock. So for many years, Exxon has been experimenting with tertiary recovery methods designed to recover more of this oil.

In one experimental process, a "detergent" or surfactant is pumped into the rock. This agent works like a laundry detergent that removes oil from a shirt—it flushes out the droplets of oil which still remain in the pores of the rock. In some cases, particularly where the oil is thicker, sometimes nearly the consistency of molasses, steam injection also is being tested. The hot steam heats the oil, making it flow more freely.



Sample drilling cores taken from oil-saturated rock formations in Alaska, Texas and Saudi Arabia. Oil and gas must come from and flow through rock like this before they reach the well bore.

old wells.



Artist's conception of the Hewitt oil field located near Ardmore, Oklahoma. Large quantities of water are being injected into the oil-saturated rock to significantly increase the oil production.

In perhaps the most dramatic oil-recovery technique, air is injected into the rock formation holding the oil. This injected air supports controlled underground combustion, which heats the oil, causes it to flow more readily and drives it to the well.

In addition, Exxon is testing and evaluating several other tertiary techniques.

A realistic look at the future.

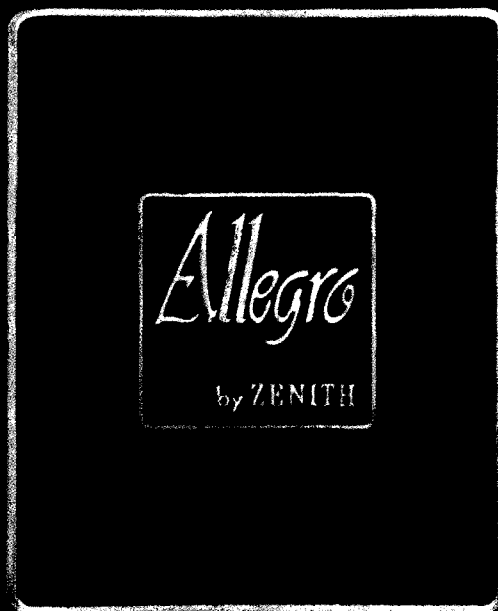
To date, about 450 billion barrels of oil have been found and documented in the United States. Even after additional recovery efforts, like the waterflooding at Hewitt, are applied, some 300 billion barrels of this oil will still remain locked in the pores of rock. Today, there is no way to recover all of this oil.

But scientists believe that experimental "tertiary" techniques like "detergents" and combustion, could someday produce a significant amount of additional oil which America will need in the years ahead.



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Innocent Bystander

A Pledge of Allegiance

by L. E. Sissman

For the first time in eleven years, I am not ashamed of my citizenship.

From the day of John Kennedy's assassination through the slow, painful escalation of the Vietnam War and the grudging, snail-like revelations of Watergate, hardly a week has passed that I haven't felt slightly sick over the course—and the presumed destination—of our country. On trips abroad in 1966, 1971, and earlier this year, I've winced a little at each glimpse of my fat, pea-green, Great-Sealed American passport, a document that seemed to shout my identity as another brash and callous American to my righteous enemies. At home, I've braced myself almost daily before settling down with the morning paper, forewarned and all too sure of the official hypocrisies I'd be reading under unending Washington datelines.

Now it is suddenly different. In the silence of a late-summer Saturday after the change of Presidents, I feel myself suffused with a new, unfamiliar circulation of hope. And pride, after all these barren years, pride in a country I'd given up for lost. Not that I think our national warts will fade and clarify over the months to come. Not that I think a new President will routinely face and dispatch all the hydra-headed problems of late capitalism. Not that I think we'll all be marching forward, two years hence, into a roseate aura of peace, prosperity, and full dinner pails at pre-inflation prices.

No. Simply that I can believe again in the essential goodness and

fellow-feeling of this people, and in its capacity to shape its future in a human image. This radical change of heart was brought about not by the slow and evenhanded grinding of Constitutional machinery—though that was deeply reassuring, too—but by a totally unexpected three-day revelation of the people and its will: the opening sessions of the House Judiciary Committee's debate on Articles of Impeachment.

That I was moved, shaken—converted, even—by the appearance of these thirty-eight grave and troubled faces on my television screen was due, at least in part, to the shattering of several misconceptions that had been growing in my mind. First, like many American dissidents in the past decade, I had made up my mind that most politicians spoke and acted—for publication, anyway—from behind a mask of image, that their every expression, word, and gesture was cynically calculated for electoral effect. The account of the erection of Richard Nixon's own image in *The Selling of the President* was a formative influence on my prejudice, but my conviction of guile had been bolstered by many more commercials, press conferences, and public appearances by a host of other aspirants to office.

Second, I had begun to lose faith in the capacity of spoken language to carry sincerity, truth, or even meaning. Partly because of the assaults of politicians and their spokesmen on the language (in, for example, their increasing use of painful euphemisms like "incursion" for "invasion" and "inoperative" for "untrue"), partly because of the growing practice of all sorts of experts, specialists, and power-hoarders to cloak their trade in pseudo-technicalities like "on stream" and "interface," and partly because of the vain (both senses) tendency of a writer to discount the efficacy of ordinary speech as opposed to extraordinary writing, I'd more or less rejected the possibility of being reached and touched by spoken words.

I should have known that this was not the case; indeed, my enthusiasm, several years ago, for the truth and rhythm of the recorded reminiscences in Studs Terkel's *Hard Times* should have reminded

me that there are those worth hearing when they speak.

At any rate, I was wholly unprepared for the consciousness-raising I experienced when I flipped my television set on to the first day of debate. Here was a panel of Representatives—that lower order of legislative life—well and truly empaneled in paneling, prepared to persuade me with their ceaseless droning of platitudes—as if I needed persuading—that their wits were dull, their ambitions earthbound, their language trite and hackneyed, their chief desire to win the acquiescence of their equally dullard constituents in bars and living rooms back home.

Not so, to say the least. From the first of their opening statements, I was jerked awake and slapped into eye-rubbing incredulity by the spectacle of real people—palpable characters, distinct and individual—saying real, not manufactured, words in the service of a real conviction. At what amounted to a distance of three or four feet from my face, these dusty, rostered names sprang one by one to life, assumed differentiated features, spoke to me openly and unemotionally of their struggles to decide, an hour or two into the debate, someone nearby said scornfully, "It's a bore," and to my surprise, I found myself hotly defending the interest of the proceedings. More, I was defending the integrity of the men and women who were speaking and the honor of their seriousness.

For the great triumph of the debate, it seems to me, was not in the Constitutional achievements of the committee in the face of each member's political ambition—great as those achievements were—but in the ability of each member to voice, both honestly and humanly, the choices he was torn between. There was little or no attempt to hide behind the cloak of image, to equivocate in fatuous, orotund language; on the contrary, nearly all the members spoke a soliloquy in which they painfully traced their personal and Constitutional options for all to see and hear. These three dozen Hamlets spoke, appropriately, of regicide with all the anguish of the

L. E. Sissman is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.

BYSTANDER

original Prince. And if their language did not soar like Shakespeare's, neither did it limp along in Federalese. The statements, written for the most part in plain English, came alive because they were thought through, not simply read through. Beyond that, there was the diversity of a dozen ethnic and regional accents and styles, a cross section, as Anthony Lewis called it, of America.

Throughout the debate, those who held the greatest interest for me, perhaps naturally, were those who felt constrained to vote against their conservative constituencies. Of these, I felt that Walter Flowers led all the rest. The dapper, slight, soft-spoken Alabamian, willing himself to the logical conclusion of his argument against the almost palpable wills of the voters who had sent him to Washington, held me breathless in the inevitability—and the daring—of his choice. Step by step, he worried his way to a proof of his contentions before the people of his district—and the nation. (I was heartened later to know that this was not simply the stance of a moment in the heat of impeachment; in a *Times* story filed from Alabama the following week, Flowers was discovered still brooding manfully about his constituents' willingness to accept his decision. According to a sampling taken by the reporter, most of them thought better of him for it.)

Railsback, the Illinois Republican, had perhaps even more to lose in impeaching a President of his own party, but his defense of his vote was both dogged and impassioned. Like so many members of the com-

mittee, he appeared to have an eye on history as well as on the fall elections: "... if the young people in this country think we are going to not handle this thing fairly, if we're not going to really try to get to the truth ... it's going to make the period of LBJ in 1968, 1967—it's going to make it look tame."

Mann, the quiet South Carolinian, lamented the circumstantiality of the case ("How much I would have liked to have had all of the evidence ...") but pressed on for impeachment ("The President has the evidence. ... I am starving for it, but I will do the best I can with what I have got"). Ray Thornton of Arkansas spoke softly in the tones of a scholarly small-town lawyer about the role of the House in bringing abuses to justice. Hogan of Maryland, whom some accused of turning against the President to improve his chances for the governorship of Maryland, seemed to rise above that charge in the intensity of his outrage over the perversions of power. Fish of New York coolly represented an old Eastern Establishment view of political rectitude; Cohen of Maine brought a fresh-faced questioning to the givens of executive prerogative as practiced by Richard Nixon; McClory of Illinois embodied the troubled, godly businessman whose auditor brings news of peculation in the works.

And the defenders, what of them? Though I could not take their part, neither could I impute mere political hackery to most of them. Wiggins, the leader of the defense, seemed at the least a fine lawyer with a poor case and at best a brilliant Constitutional parliamentarian; one ached for his bone-weariness toward the end of the debate, but his rebuttals never flagged. Dennis, the saw-voiced Indianan, buzzed like an angry country lawyer defending a once-prominent client in disgrace, but came down solidly and with impeccable legal propriety on the need for what he called "hard proof." Sandman—whom many have accused of unfair partisanship—seemed to me simply a hard-swinging trial lawyer of the old style, whose thunders and gestures before the jury (whose size he misquoted as 202 million) struck me as funny and admirable in equal measure.

Finally, the arch-impeachers, the majority Democrats. These, too, surprised me by, for the most part, their soft-spoken mien. Even the most hawkish of Nixon-haters like Conyers and Drinan appeared subdued, while a number of the lesser-known members—to me, at least—were both thoughtful and moving far beyond the call of mere political partisanship.

Edward Mezvinsky, of Iowa, spoke feelingly as the son of immigrants of his reverence for the presidency. Barbara Jordan, of Texas, moved forward through her paeon to the Constitution with a majestic, almost evangelical, beat. Jack Brooks, also of Texas, rapped out a terse and well-constructed catalogue of crimes. And Peter Rodino, the chairman—plainly exhausted by his long and largely nonpartisan leadership of the committee's hearings—husked his way through a movingly humble statement in which he said, with utter believability, that he would urge impeachment with a heavy heart.

I have always sneered at what I thought a glib phrase of the young John Kennedy: "Profiles in Courage." Media hype though that phrase may have been and may still be, it is a sufficient description of many of the members of the committee during their debate before the nation. These ordinary men and women, most of them, had the courage of their convictions, the courage the framers of the Constitution must have wished for their successors. It showed. And it shone at what may be the end of an eleven-year-long night.

Belatedly, sheepishly, I pledge allegiance—not to a flag but to a committee. And to the people for whom they stand.

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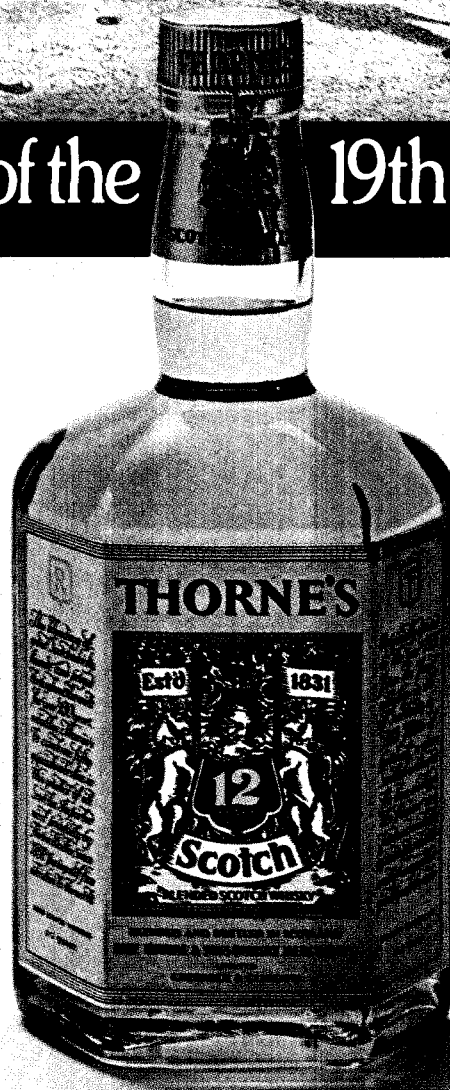
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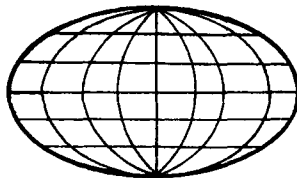
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COMPUTERS

SIR: Of all the articles on thinking machines that have flowed from the press in the past decade, "Computers Aren't So Smart, After All" by Fred Hapgood (August *Atlantic*) is the most intelligent to date. Mr. Hapgood is not awed by the claims and predictions of the artificial intelligentsia and has a good sense of the deep philosophical issues at stake. But in the end he does not pursue the underlying questions far enough. I'm gratified that Mr. Hapgood puts concisely my view that computers will never be able to think "because thought itself is not amenable to the step-by-step counting routines upon which digital-computer operations are based," but he does not consider the arguments for this view. He thus succumbs to the myth that the new generation of active computer programs with built-in expectations may be more intelligent than their pathetic predecessors, and is left with the usual last-ditch defense of human uniqueness—that at least computers will never love and pray. This is no doubt true and important, as are the problems of free will involved, but the significant difference between human beings and digital computers is already apparent at a much more rudimentary level.

As I try to show in detail in my book, *What Computers Can't Do*, computers are good at games like checkers where what is relevant is decided in advance. Human beings know implicitly what is relevant in a given situation because they create situations in terms of their needs, purposes, and culture. Machines, however, are not in situations at all. So, until programmers have learned to spell out explicitly what it is to be human in terms of

facts and step-by-step rules—something philosophers have been trying unsuccessfully to do for 2000 years—there is no hope for computer progress in artificial intelligence except in areas which have been arbitrarily restricted and thus turned into games. There is no need to appeal to the sublimity of love and prayer or to philosophical puzzles concerning free will to reassure ourselves of human uniqueness.

HUBERT L. DREYFUS
Berkeley, Calif.

Mr. Hapgood replies:

I read Professor Dreyfus' book twice and was unable to find a clear and convincing reason why artificial intelligence is impossible, though his book is certainly suggestive. His argument would be more impressive to me if it drew from what we know of the cognitive dynamics of animals, such as rats or crows, since that is really what is involved here, at least for the next three hundred years.

COOKERY

SIR: Bravo for "The Gourmet Plague" by Karen Hess. Miss Hess shows great wit and humor as she points out the absurdities of Americans and their ideas toward cooking, French and otherwise.

The only point that annoyed me was that she seemed to have directed the article toward the female audience. Surely she knows that men cook, too!

ALFRED M. FRENCH
Bronxville, N. Y.

SIR: "The Gourmet Plague" certainly deserves the attack made on it by Karen Hess in the August *Atlantic*, but she aims her barbs randomly, hitting a few innocent by-

standers. I'm as sick as she is of hearing things like "the food was good, but I wouldn't call it gourmet." And there are hundreds of denounceable cookbooks in the floury sauce-Worcestershire-curry school of five-minute haute cuisine. Ms. Hess is eloquent on these points, and she is right.

Now I ask why she adds her voice to the chorus of clichés about "the young chefs" and their "simplicity," all the time putting down poor old Escoffier, who deserves better. In the Gay Nineties, when Escoffier opened the Savoy in London, a Proper Dinner included several soups (clear, cream, and brown), several fish, several birds, several joints, and the pudding. Not to mention the savory. At a time when to be rich was to be fat, Escoffier pared the elegant menu to one selection at each course. In our yogurt and salad-eating era, his menus seem overwhelming, but 80 years ago, he was a radical.

Certainly there are young chefs now in France; the profession of chef is far from dying out. Many of them are extremely talented, but they often talk more about simplicity than they actually practice. Paul Bocuse, one of the most vocal of the back-to-grandmère's-kitchen movement, produces some fine dishes. I once had a *boeuf à la mode* served with tiny green beans. Beautiful. But a chef's skills must go beyond merely cooking individual dishes well; he must also be able to construct a harmonious menu. On Bocuse's menu, the simple beef dish was preceded by a *sausage en brioche* and followed by an enormous (but delicious) fish stuffed with lobster mousse, wrapped in a crust, and served with a rich sauce Choron. Then the cheese and salad. And finally the Dessert, an on-

slaught of sherbets, ice creams, and sauces that would make anyone yearn for the simplicity of Escoffier's Peach Melba. It was all stupefying. I don't mean to deride the current crop of French chefs; I just want to point out that simplicity isn't their game. They aren't even as radical as Escoffier was.

JO RITA JORDAN
Carlisle, Mass.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: Re: "Burning Up People to Make Electricity" (July *Atlantic*): Senator Fred Harris misleads the reader when he says that the Brookside labor dispute in Harlan, Kentucky, "erupted spontaneously." In fact the Brookside miners were asked to go on strike by William Turnblazer, the former president of UMW District 19 who was later implicated in the Yablonski murders. Turnblazer's pledge of \$100 a week strike pay did indeed come as a surprise to union officials, but in the strict sense it was Turnblazer, not the Harlan miners, who erupted spontaneously.

The report of the contaminated drinking water in the Eastover mining camp proved on investigation to be a red herring. The water source in question was a private well, not tap water in the camp. The state examinations for the past year of the Eastover water supply show no significant fecal-bacteria pollution.

The UMW has made it clear that it intends to enlist a sympathetic press in its fight against Duke Power Company. This is all the more reason for scrupulous reporting.

LAWRENCE WRIGHT
Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Harris replies:

As Mr. Wright says, at the time of the Brookside strike, Mr. Turnblazer was president of District 19. Although Turnblazer had strongly opposed the election of UMW President Arnold Miller, Miller did not remove him from office upon his election. But Miller established elections in every union district, including District 19, to allow rank-and-file members to choose their own district officers. When Turnblazer confessed that he was involved in the Yablonski slayings, an

election was already scheduled in District 19. The day Turnblazer confessed—September 7, 1973—he was removed from his district position by President Miller. Throughout the strike, Duke Power Company has tried to link Turnblazer with the Brookside strikers and the Miller administration, even though Turnblazer was an ally of Miller's opponent, former UMW President Tony Boyle, and Miller was a strong supporter of Joseph ("Jock") Yablonski, the man whom Turnblazer confessed to having helped murder.

Mr. Wright's contention about contaminated drinking water in the Brookside coal camp is not true. On October 12, 1973, the Harlan County Health Department tested a sample of the drinking water supplied by the Duke Power Company to a miner and his family in the Brookside coal camp. The water was found to have a coliform (fecal bacterial) count of 24; the highest permissible level is 5. Most of the camp residents who use the drinking water routinely strain and boil it before giving it to their children. Many camp residents do not drink the water at all. I saw the water myself, and I don't blame them.

SIR: Geoffrey Wolff's article on the history of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in the June issue of *The Atlantic* drew my attention because for the past few weeks I have been representing the company as a salesman. My criticism is directed to your editorial staff and to Mr. Wolff in particular for certain unforgivable mistakes, inaccuracies, and general snottiness carried by the article reviewing the *Britannica*.

1. On page 46, Mr. Wolff writes: "The article on *France since 1915* is impressively comprehensive: every slogan is quoted, every political movement is named. But the Dreyfus Affair is not given its due . . ."

One should ask oneself the reasonable question of why any mention of the Dreyfus Affair should appear in an article dealing with *France since 1915*, given the fact that Zola's *J'accuse*, which precipitated the entire affair, appeared in 1898, and the entire Affair as such was brought to a close by 1906 when the court of appeal on July 12 quashed the sentence of 1894. The

effects of the Dreyfus Affair—particularly in regard to the historical phenomenon of anti-Semitism in France—would be a fitting topic for the *France since 1915* article to deal with, but why should the Dreyfus Affair be "given its due" in such an article?

2. In the following paragraph, Wolff cites earlier editions of the *Britannica* for the "lurid and hysterical" tone with which they dealt with the topic of homosexuality, and praises the new 15th edition's treatment of the matter as a "model of dispassionate summary." Mr. Wolff has seemingly done his homework by scouring through strategic articles in order to come up with the comparative merits and deficiencies of past and present editions. But in so doing, he commits the schoolboy's error of treating past editions as historical documents reflecting the state of knowledge, the approaches, and the prejudices of the scholars who contributed to the *Britannica at that time*. It would be as erroneous to believe that the new 1974 edition is free of prejudice, ideological bias, and error as to view all past editions as replete with them. What *Britannica* does attempt to do is to reflect the *current* state of knowledge of a particular field or subject, and to organize that information, opinion, fact, and belief in a manner which reflects the epistemological bias of its editors. Such an organization, no matter what edition of the *Britannica* one might consider, will be found to have its insights and blind spots, which exist in a rigorous relationship to each other.

3. Mr. Wolff is guilty of a constitutional disorder common to reviewers which might be termed "intellectual diplopia": "a disorder of vision in which two images of a single object are seen owing to an unequal action of the eye muscles." *On the one hand*, Mr. Wolff praises the dispassionate manner in which the new *Britannica's* editorial policy has approached its task, citing the "ludicrously backward" approach of articles, such as the one he cites on homosexuality, which were characteristic of previous editions. *On the other hand*, he faults the new edition for its dispassionateness in effect, saying, "But don't expect from this calculated set of books the of-

ten exasperating experience of running headlong into a single man, and his opinions, that characterized the study of the 11th edition; don't expect to have fun with *Britannica* 3."

4. Finally, Mr. Wolff seems to have an especial distaste for the fact that people must inevitably be confronted with the devilish trickery of salesmen and ad-men in order to get to the product. In effect what he touches upon is the question of who or what creates the need and/or the desirability for such a tool. Personally, I find that no one can force a man to use his set once he has it in his home; but the "curious, intelligent layman" does in fact exist. He is not a mythical creature as Wolff claims. Rather, he is the specialist who finds himself time and again at a loss to make sense of anything except his own field of specialization. The *Britannica* 3 is a sensible way out of his embarrassment and narrowness.

PETER B. KUSSELL
Ithaca, N. Y.

Mr. Wolff replies:

Mr. Kussell has caught me in an unfortunate typographical error. The title of the article which in my judgment makes too little of Dreyfus and his *Affair is France since 1815*. In an essay scolding the *Britannica* for its occasional inaccuracies, I should have taken greater care to distinguish my 8-key from my 9.

I did and do accuse the 14th edition of a ludicrously backward article on homosexuality, an article which appears not, as Mr. Kussell suggests, in the long-ago but in a very recent revision of the previous edition.

I am mystified that such a learned fellow as Mr. Kussell announces himself to be cannot distinguish between a disorder of vision and the common sight of a single object with more than one dimension. The *Britannica* does aim for dispassion, and depending on the reader's vantage, and his taste, such dispassion may be regarded a virtue or a vice. Usually I am pleased that my telephone directory does not reflect on the character of the people listed in it. But the telephone directory does not stimulate or delight me.

Finally, it was not I but Robert Maynard Hutchins who called the

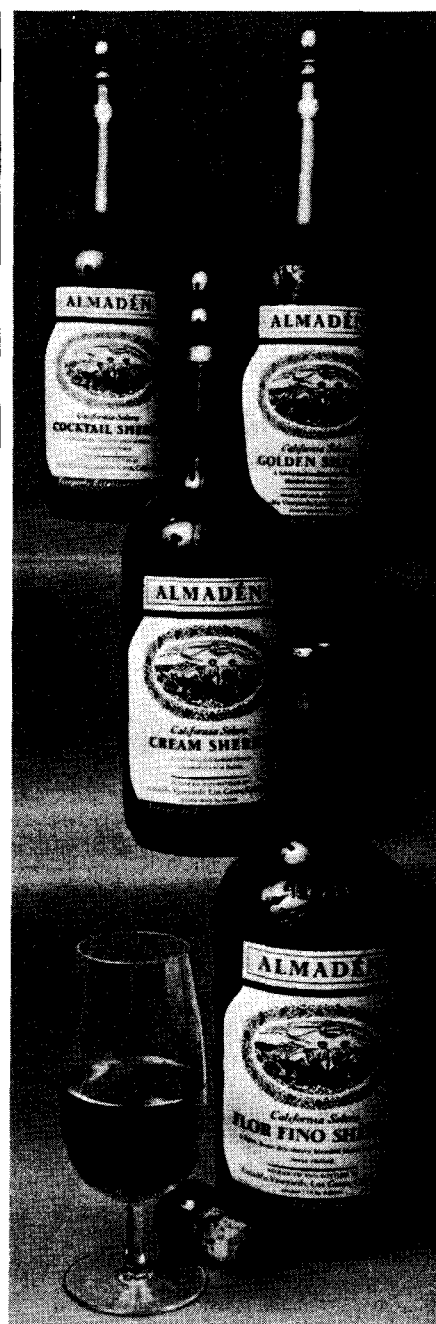
"curious, intelligent layman" a "mythical creature." The balance of Mr. Kussell's peroration is in a prose superficially similar to English but incomprehensible to me.

SIR: Donald Smith's article "The Volunteer Army" (July *Atlantic*) had as a major premise that as the volunteer army "goes into its second year of trial, all is not well . . . with the Army."

In point of fact, things are going quite well for the Army, and it is a shame that *Atlantic's* article is so badly out of date. Secretary of the Army Howard H. Callaway's public statement on July 1, 1974—the start of the volunteer army's second year—contained these highlights:

- The Army achieved its congressionally authorized manpower and strength of 781,600.
- All congressionally directed requirements for educational and mental standards for recruits were met or exceeded.
- We recruited 106 percent of our objective for women, en route to a doubling of the number of women in the Army by 1978. (Women are now being recruited and are serving in 92 percent of the Army's 484 job specialties.)
- More than 58,000 men and women who are currently in the Army re-enlisted during the last 12 months. This was 108 percent of our re-enlistment objective. Former servicemen and women who elected to return to the Army enlisted at a rate which is 115 percent of our goal.
- The Army's traditional indicators of discipline—AWOL, desertions, crimes against property—all show a downward trend.
- All of the Army's 13 divisions are currently classified as combat ready, using the stringent criteria prescribed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Under the same criteria, we had four combat-ready divisions when the last draft call was issued.

I imagine that Mr. Smith made a conscientious effort to research his article, but the data he collected during the interviews back in January were no longer valid in July. Some of it was never valid. For ex-



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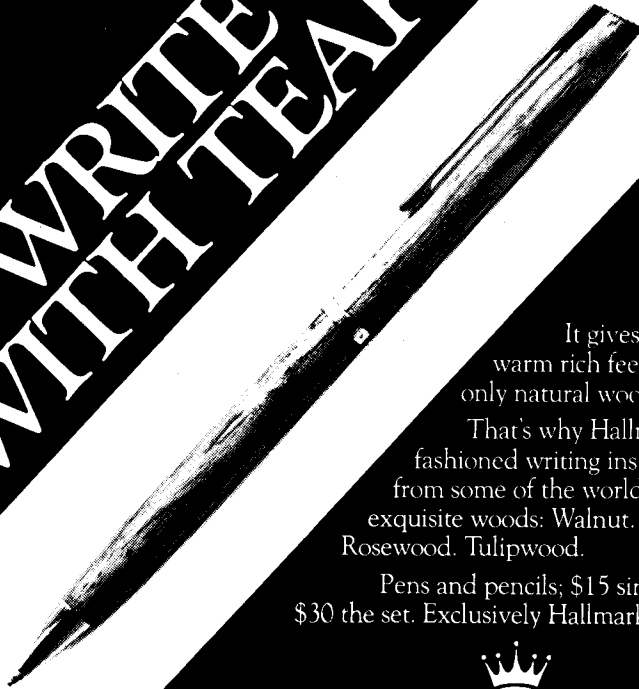
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ample, the slurs on General Creighton Abrams by some alleged Defense official to the effect that General Abe was "very equivocal" on the volunteer army tells me something: Mr. Smith for sure knows next to nothing about Creighton Abrams.

The point is this—the volunteer army is for real. It is a success now—not maybe, not perhaps in two or three years—but now.

MAJOR GENERAL L. GORDON HILL, JR.
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Smith replies:

My visit to Fort Benning to collect firsthand impressions and to interview soldiers took place in January; however, the criticism of untimeliness is off the mark since I was interviewing and collecting information for the report right up to press time. Moreover, I believe General Hill is guilty of Double-speak when he says certain data are "no longer valid." The fact that the Army failed to meet its recruiting goals for the first 11 months after the draft ended in January, 1973, is not now inoperative. It does give weight to the in-service sabotage theory, which illuminates the Army's (and General Hill's) current "can do" attitude toward the volunteer force. The Army's problems, as I tried to sum them up, are quite current, quite compelling, and quite disturbing.

SIR: It is unfortunate that Jack Skow's ("Second Man On A String," June *Atlantic*) humility with regard to his rock-climbing expertise does not extend to his use of the German language. A brief perusal of any first-year grammar could have corrected the three blunders found in his two quotations. The sentence "*Du haltest meine Leben*" contains two of the three deviations from accepted German. First, "*halten*" is a strong (irregular, if you must) verb and therefore the conjugation of the second person singular becomes "*hältst*" not "*haltest*." Second, "*Leben*" carries the neuter gender, not the feminine, as "*meine*" would signal. "*Mein*" would be correct. Finally, in his second quotation, "*Sagst du, weil es freut uns*," Skow failed to observe that "*weil*" is a subordinating conjunction which demands transposed word order.

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Thus the corrected quotations read:
 1. "Du Hältst mein Leben." 2.
 "Sagst du, weil es uns freut."

J. D. LOWER
 Wheaton, Ill.

Mr. Skow replies:

I learned my German not by reading a first-year grammar (as is sadly evident) but by living in a farm town near Salzburg for two years and imitating what I heard spoken. As time passed I could understand almost everything that was said to me, and I could read a newspaper or novel, and say most of what I wanted to say. But my grammar remained *schlampig*; my greater facility merely gave me an increased range over which to make mistakes. Three mistakes in two sentences is amazingly good for me, but then they are short sentences.

As I look at my crimes, however, I find that I can take credit for only one of them. As the writer points out, "Du hältst mein Leben" is the correct way to say "You hold my life," and that is undoubtedly what was said to me. My ear corrupted a correctly spoken sentence. On the other hand, I have an exceedingly clear memory (indeed, a thunderous memory) of one of my Austrian mountaineer friends banging a table in a *Berghütte* above the *Rauristal*, and shouting "Weil es freut uns!" Not "Weil es uns freut." It is correct High German to place the verb neatly at the end of the sentence, but my Salzburg friends almost never spoke High German, which they referred to slightly as Stage German, and classed with such irritating North German mannerisms as punctuality and world conquest. In town they spoke *Salzburgerisch*, in villages they spoke a farmers' version of Salzburg dialect, and in the mountains a very old and time-smoothed dialect half-satirically called *Keltisch*—the Celts having wandered through Austria several thousand years before on their way to Ireland. In each of these varieties of folk speech, words tended to order themselves higgledy-piggledy, *ohne amtliche Erlaubnis*, which means "without official permission."

SIR: In John Blassingame's review of *Time on the Cross* (August *Atlantic*) he writes: "The theories of Eugene Genovese and others—that the

South was a 'precapitalistic' society with 'uncommercial' planters, that there was a natural limit to the expansion of slavery, and that the peculiar institution was dying on the verge of the Civil War—are convincingly demolished by Fogel and Engerman." Mr. Blassingame elsewhere criticizes Fogel and Engerman for discussing books they have apparently not read. I am, therefore, perplexed. First, I have argued that the South should be understood primarily as a pre-capitalist society, but nowhere have I ever asserted that the planters were "uncommercial." Second, I specifically attacked, and I fear rather harshly, the theory that there was a natural limit to the expansion of slavery. And above all, I attacked as sharply as I am capable of using the English language the theory that slavery was dying on the verge of the Civil War. Indeed, the main thesis of my first book, *The Political Economy of Slavery*, and of much of my subsequent work has been precisely that slavery threw up a ruling class that was not going to go away. Furthermore, in the appendix to my first book, I specifically dissociated myself on the proposition that the economics of slavery were leading to the disintegration of the regime. To make matters worse, Fogel and Engerman did not attribute any such views to me, implicitly or explicitly; the erroneous assertions are expressly Mr. Blassingame's contribution.

EUGENE GENOVESE
 Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Blassingame replies:

In Volume One (64-65) Fogel and Engerman explicitly discuss the theories of Eugene Genovese with all of the qualifications he notes. Anyone reading the paragraph in the review will see that I was talking about several of the theories the authors attacked; there was no intention of giving Mr. Genovese sole credit or blame for discovering or popularizing *all* of them, I would hope that the qualifying phrase "and others" would save me from the charge of "erroneous assertions." Since Mr. Genovese is generally only associated with the first theory of the series, I had not anticipated any confusion regarding the matter. I am, of course, happy to acknowledge Mr. Genovese's clarification.

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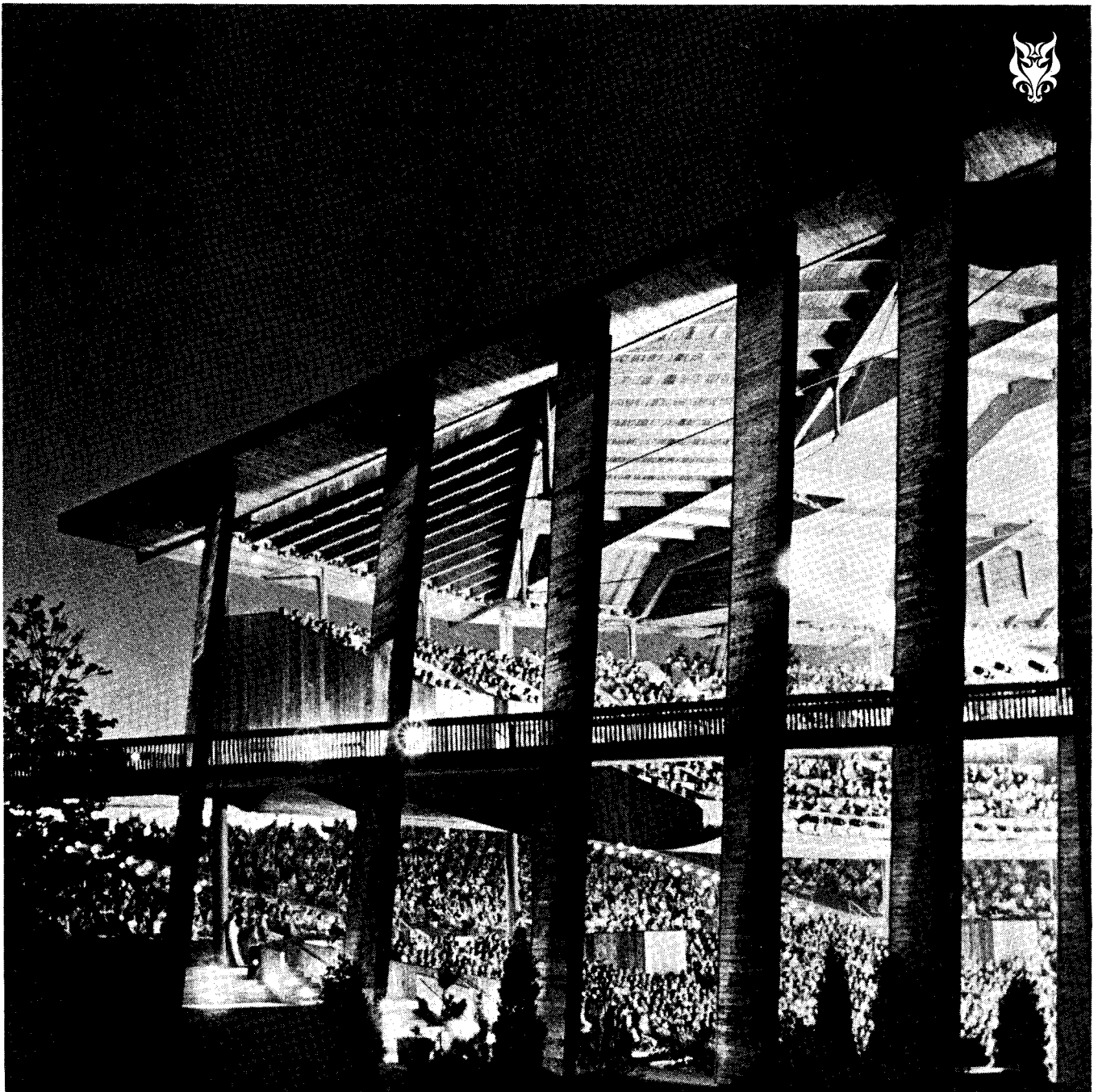
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Getting On With the Nation's Business

I. HOW TO FIGHT INFLATION

by Melville J. Ulmer

"My first priority is to work with you to bring inflation under control," Gerald Ford told the Congress. "The state of our economy is not so good." In this first of two articles dealing with the problems confronting the new President, an economist suggests how the government might attack the pernicious and seemingly contradictory phenomena of ballooning inflation and growing unemployment. In the second article, beginning on page 48, a former State Department official takes issue with President Ford's other major commitment. "I have fully supported the foreign policy of President Nixon," said Mr. Ford. "This I intend to continue. . . . There will be no change of course." Why there should be a profound change of methods, and at least some change of course, is argued by Thomas L. Hughes.

Mark Twain's familiar line about the weather fits inflation perfectly these days, and like the old joke itself, that's no laughing matter. Prices at retail this autumn were up more than 10 percent above a year ago, so obviously no one has done much about it. Moreover, the universal consternation greeting every new skyward thrust in the cost of living, while entirely justified, diverts attention from the fact that inflation is an old story. It cannot be explained simply by Mr. Nixon's economic miscalculations, the avarice of the Arabs, the ill-timed grain deals with Russia and China, or any other particular unfortunate event of the recent past. Prices have increased in every year but one—1949—since the end of World War II. The advance has accelerated steadily, riding a bit more slowly during recessions and then ever faster with each succeeding recovery. The trend is symptomatic not of a sudden epidemic, but of a progressive ailment for which the antidotes tried have been either ineffective or worse. I think "worse" comes closer, and that virulent though it is, the disease would subside and disappear if properly treated.

Then why isn't it? Every noncommunist country, without exception, is in the throes of inflation, often greater than ours. Even the Soviet Union and

**The giant American economy, like Prometheus bound,
is chained to the rock of an outworn ideology,
unable to use its powers in its own defense.**

Red China risk at least mild infection as their trade with the West expands. If effective remedies are available, what's stopping all the other countries?

The answer to those questions comes in two pieces. First, the United States comes closer to being self-sufficient than any of its trading partners, and hence is in a unique position to control its own destiny. True, for particular industries or commodities such as coffee, chrome, or petroleum, imports are critical, or at times may be. Nor can one easily forget those other reminders of interdependency—the recurrent international crises of the dollar in recent years, and closely related to those, the levy charged annually for our grandiose posture of world leadership: \$5 billion to support troops abroad, plus another \$7 or \$8 billion to protect or assist our NATO allies and countless friends among the underdeveloped countries. Our multinational companies have also been cementing international relationships, investing \$3 to \$5 billion annually in production abroad from Rotterdam to Johannesburg, Winnipeg to Buenos Aires. Obviously, we are not immune to the economic cycles, whims, trade policies, or disasters of the rest of the world. Nevertheless, the fact of overriding importance for present purposes is that before the recent energy crisis, total United States imports came to only 5 percent of our gross national product, and even after the quadrupling of the price of oil, reached no more than 6 percent. The corresponding figure for most of our trading partners ranges from 15 to 50 percent. We influence *them* powerfully. Their economic impact on *us* is relatively small. Any tail can wag its dog sooner than international trade can swing the American economy.

Unlike other noncommunist countries, therefore, our impotence before the tides of inflation and recession cannot be attributed to limited economic capabilities. President Ford will not have that convenient excuse, any more than his predecessors did. We must look to the use we are making of the endowments we possess. I see the giant American economy, like Prometheus bound, chained to the rock of an outworn ideology, unable to use its powers in its own defense, despite their mighty potentialities.

Back in the 1940s that outworn ideology was known as “the new economics.” It has two sides: one negative, one positive. The former, if anything, is the more important, for it dictates a comforting

forbearance—the assurance that the market system is just ducky and in *that* area at least, the less government, the better. In short, the old Adam Smithian doctrine of laissez-faire is reasserted, though with one important exception. On the positive side the old-new economics yields the magical key to capitalism's nirvana of perfect stability—the now familiar Keynesian rules by which government can maintain full employment without inflation. When unemployment threatens, according to the formula, lower income taxes and interest rates. That should boost spending, production, and employment. When inflation threatens, do the opposite. That should retard spending and prices—and also, be it noted, production and employment. So goes the theory.

When first promulgated, in the form just described, the doctrine met fierce resistance in the business community, which feared a hyperactive government. It took some ten years, until the late 1950s, for most industrial leaders to appreciate its attractions. In the first instance, the doctrine reaffirmed the most sacrosanct of all articles of faith in orthodox economics: the proposition that the private, profit-generated market is a more efficient decision-maker than is society, operating through government. In the second instance, it provided a course of action for stabilization that conscientiously observes that faith. Fiscal and monetary policies require no direct interference with the decisions of business or households. They just alter the circumstances under which those free decisions must be made. For most businessmen, after a time, and for most economists and politicians, the lure of the Keynesian doctrine—with its ardent promise and its solemn reassurance—became irresistible. Today, it effectively locks the economy in an ideological straitjacket, despite the conspicuous gap between promise and performance. Guided by the Keynesian rules of play over the past thirty years, the American economy has traveled on an endless roller coaster with alternate rises in either unemployment or prices, or worst of all, intractable increases in both at the same time.

Nor are the commitments to this ideology significantly relaxed whether Democrats or Republicans, liberals or conservatives, are at the helm of the nation. Naturally, the two sides bicker constantly, but on stabilization policy their differences invariably concern mere tactical details—despite the headlines—not strategy. From one Administration to the next, the promise is faithfully delivered that a little more dexterity, a little more patience, will do better next time. In their traditional reverence for free competitive markets, the leading politicians and their economic pundits on both sides struggle

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mainly to be first in line at the altar. In actual practice, to be sure, their piety is on occasion qualified, though with a frequency that has fluctuated not so much because of shifts in ideology as because of changes in circumstances. In the 1930s governmental intervention came almost to be the rule rather than the exception. It is possible to contend, with some substance, that the long-term trends of population growth, congestion, industrial pollution, economic concentration, and the increasing interdependence of human beings have required a gradual secular expansion in the scope of government participation in economic affairs, in the United States and elsewhere. In contrast, the dominant ideology has remained relatively constant, a condition that has warred with remarkable success against new approaches to inflation as well as some other social problems.

Even in academia, where one might expect more ferment and flexibility, faith in conventional policy has remained undaunted. The bulk of economists today, perhaps exemplified by Paul Samuelson (MIT Nobel laureate), Walter Heller (economic adviser to President Kennedy), and Arthur Okun (economic adviser to President Johnson), hold to a fairly firm *laissez-faire* position, with principal exceptions allowed for fiscal or monetary stabilization policies and the relatively rare need for direct regulation occasioned by “natural” monopolies such as public utilities, or severe “externalities” such as the pollution distributed by automobiles. A highly voluble but small minority of economists, led intellectually by Milton Friedman, are sterner devotees of *laissez-faire*, opposing all administrative stabilization efforts, both fiscal and monetary, and viewing with distaste nearly every other attempt by government to influence or “distort”—as they see it—the free and beneficent forces of competition. An even smaller minority, the best known of whom is John Kenneth Galbraith, would allow for so many exceptions to the sway of *laissez-faire* that one is inclined to describe their position in more positive terms: they advocate economic planning.

Without this background, I think, it would be impossible to explain the present stampeding inflation and the persistent failure of the Nixon Administration at any point since its inception to achieve a reasonable degree of balance in the American economy. Ideologically, President Nixon and those who served as his economic advisers—Arthur Burns, George Shultz, Herbert Stein, William Simon, Kenneth Rush, and the rest—lie somewhere between the classical Friedmanites and the neoclassicists of the Samuelson-Heller-Okun school, though they are emotionally closer to the

former. But in practice, and under the force of circumstances, they assumed positions barely distinguishable from that of the neoclassicists, and have even borrowed reluctantly—and perhaps, therefore, so ineffectually—from the Galbraithian “planners.” It was neither an idle boast nor an abject confession when President Nixon at one point called himself a Keynesian. And yet the American economy, during the Nixon Administration, behaved even more erratically, and strayed even further from the goal of “full employment without inflation,” than at any other time since World War II—and its performance over the last three decades has at no point been edifying.

What went wrong? What, if anything, went right? When he first took office, President Nixon was faced with a stubborn and vigorous inflation, proceeding at the rate of about 5 percent per annum, which with customary political alacrity he attributed to the fiscal irresponsibility of his predecessor. (Note that a 5 percent annual increase in prices would cut the purchasing power of savings and pensions in half within fourteen years; what, then, can be said of our current 10 percent rate?) Unemployment in January, 1969, was somewhat under 4 percent of the labor force, or below what most orthodox economists ever since the Kennedy Administration have euphemistically termed the “full employment level.” Under such circumstances the stabilization procedures, as dictated by conventional Keynesian doctrine, are unmistakably clear. The economy must be “dampened,” which means that the total volume of the nation’s spending must be reduced, since it presumably has been outrunning the full-throttled pace of production. To accomplish this, as suggested earlier, taxes may be increased, public outlays may be cut, or credit may be rendered scarcer and more expensive in order to discourage investment. Where the emphasis is placed, whether on fiscal measure or on monetary policy, depends on circumstances, according to the doctrine, and also, in practice, on the bias of the administrators.

But the important thing in dampening the economy is to reduce or sufficiently retard the nation’s volume of spending through one means or another, which is exactly what the Nixon Administration did, placing emphasis, as it happens, on monetary restraints. The result was a “credit crunch” in 1970, with some interest rates zooming to 10 percent, and a buildup of unemployment to more than 6 percent of the labor force by the summer of 1971—nearly double the level which existed when Mr. Nixon took office. To be sure, there was some

improvement regarding inflation. It was down to a 4 percent annual rate, compared with the more than 6 percent it had reached at its peak in 1969, before the dampening took effect. But profits and the stock market were also down; and there was no denying that the vaunted "game plan" for stability, proudly announced by the President's economic advisers shortly after his inauguration, had produced a resounding recession.

There is an obvious moral and a warning in this experience for our present, highly inflationary situation. At no point in history have Keynesian remedies succeeded in retarding even mild inflations without invoking recessions. Will a successful war against the rampant, two-digit scamper of prices today require a depression? It is a peril of current policy we shall confront a bit later. We return first to the economic odyssey of Mr. Nixon at its critical point in the summer of 1971.

In all, it was not a situation that an ambitious Administration—ambitious to succeed itself, that is—could live with, particularly with a presidential campaign just ahead. To relieve unemployment, which at that time was drawing most of the opposition's fire, fiscal and/or monetary restraints would have to be relaxed, according to the Keynesian formula. Once again, this is exactly what the Nixon Administration did, and in fact fiscal as well as monetary measures were brought vigorously into play. But there was one rub: the renewed spur a business expansion might give to prices.

To counter that difficulty, and still proceed with the promised economic recovery, Mr. Nixon borrowed from the planners. In August, 1971, he ordered a temporary wage-price freeze, which was called Phase I. Phase II followed three months later, establishing a more flexible system of controls, though it too was advertised as a definitely temporary expedient for confronting an "emergency." It is worth recalling that these actions were not viewed with enthusiasm by the bulk of orthodox economists, whom I have labeled neo-classicists. Direct regulation of the economy is not in their lexicon; and accordingly some, such as Gardner Ackley (a former Council of Economic Advisers chairman under President Johnson), flatly opposed the mandatory controls in favor of "jaw-boning," or moral suasion. Mr. Nixon's own advisers accepted the controls with the tight-lipped resignation of good soldiers in receipt of a bad order. But the important fact is that the President followed Keynesian doctrine to the letter up to this point, and thereafter too, even though, under the pressure of circumstances, some extra trimming was added.

The consequences were not of a type to reinforce

mankind's faith in the reliability or precision of conventional economic science. True enough, production picked up and corporate profits flourished even more. The unemployment rate dipped modestly. But definitely disconcerting was the pressure that built up quickly and powerfully under the price level. Even while the strictest of the Administration's controls, Phases I and II, were in effect, the pace of the price advance accelerated swiftly, from 2.6 percent to a 4 percent annual rate in less than twelve months. Then, when Phase II was abandoned at the start of last year, and the entire control system during the next several months gradually disintegrated, the price rise quickly doubled and then some. Although the rate of unemployment was still embarrassingly high, never much below 5 percent, the Nixon Administration was faced with the awkward obligation, under Keynesian rules, of restraining the economy. Ironically, we had just recovered from a deliberately negotiated recession; now we faced another one.

One precious perquisite of politicians of the loyal opposition is that of second-guessing, and in this popular pastime Democrats have had considerable practice over the past six years. If only mandatory wage-price controls had not been abandoned so soon, they say, inflation would have been conquered. Their conclusion is not so obvious. As observed above, a brisk upward surge of prices began well before the controls were lifted, though some of the credit for this was no doubt due to bumbling, listless administration. Furthermore, in hearings before Congress, Democratic economists like Ackley and Okun either actively opposed mandatory regulation or straddled. The complacency of Democrats on the subject of stabilization is not supported by their record either before or during the Nixon Administration. For their part, partisan Republicans who look back at the recent past naturally see the source of their difficulties in ineluctable fate. The temporary Arab embargo on oil, and the subsequent quadrupling of its price, are the villains of their piece. Somehow it escapes their notice that in the six months *before* the embargo, consumer prices and wholesale prices were rising at annual rates of 9 and 14 percent respectively, figures that are just as horrifying now as they were then. Moreover, in dramatic contrast with those of Europe and Japan, *our* economy is within 10 or 15 percent of self-sufficiency in petroleum.

More instructive than political infighting is the observation that at every step of the way since January, 1969, President Nixon has been faithful to the Keynesian doctrine as promoted by Democratic as well as Republican authorities. By clamp-

Through the summer, despite all the “dampening,” inflation ascended dizzily to new heights.

ing down on expenditures in the current crisis, the federal government's record \$23 billion deficit was cut nearly in half between the fiscal years 1972 and 1973. In fiscal 1974, with the boost inflation itself gave to tax receipts, the deficit was reduced further toward zero. At least as dramatic was the restraint applied to the monetary side. The prime interest rate was lifted to 10 percent in 1973 and then to an unprecedented 12 percent this summer. No expert is needed to tell the public how futile these measures have been. But, like some bill collectors, you have to know the present quandary well to hate it.

Here, then, is the picture. Through the summer of this year, despite all the “dampening,” inflation ascended dizzily to new heights. Caught short by the price leap of 1973, unions were demanding and getting wage increases of from 10 to 20 percent, auguring a stiff “cost-push” on the price level in the months ahead. Although the monetary brakes applied so determinedly by Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns were having less effect on inflation than the London rainfall, they did provoke reactions, including and reaching beyond the plunging stock market and the squeeze deliberately imposed on the nation's banks. Public utility companies, which are heavily dependent on borrowed funds, were cutting back sharply on earlier plans for expansion. So was the centrally important automobile industry, with its slumping sales. Residential construction was also dropping as the cost of mortgage money mounted. Spurred by the new wage increases, retail sales continued upward but not as fast as production, so that inventories accumulated. In some industries, therefore, reductions in output were imminent. So much for the minus signs, which in fact outnumber the pluses.

The liveliest spot in the economy, stimulated by the ever higher prices, was the profit returns in most of the manufacturing and all of the mining industries. With the two important exceptions noted above, according to the Commerce Department, the profits of corporate business were sufficient to finance a brisk investment in new plants and equipment, at a pace about 10 percent above a year ago.

Meanwhile, the booming sales of planes, tanks, and missiles for Middle East oil money were a shot in the arm for defense contractors. On balance, for the economy as a whole, measures of aggregate production were tilting just slightly downward, with unemployment edging menacingly above the 5 percent level it had reached earlier in the year. The economy seemed to be treading the narrow line of a preternaturally overheated, slowly developing recession, with the possibility of veering

dangerously, like a frightened horse, in either direction. Continued efforts to apply fiscal and monetary restraints, as the Administration promised, posed the peril of a sudden, definite downturn, even depression. A relaxation of the brakes—say a reduction of income taxes as a few Democratic senators proposed—proffered a gratuitous stimulus to an inflation that was already the greatest in America's peacetime history. At best, the prospect was for continued stagnation—a slow increase in the number of jobless, if only because of a growing labor force, and precious little relief from inflation. That was the dilemma faced as the leaves turned color this autumn.

Especially among liberals the belief persists that the sorry record just outlined is the consequence of an ineptness peculiar to the Nixon Administration. But I do not think that view can be supported, despite the Administration's awkward propensity for confusing its hopes with its economic forecasts, and despite its obviously half-hearted, fumbling efforts to exercise price and wage controls. I think not because, as just demonstrated, the fundamental burden for achieving stability was placed upon standard Keynesian fiscal and monetary measures, precisely as most orthodox economists (Republican *and* Democratic) have advised. And I think not because nothing in the historical record suggests that such measures, despite the weight of authority behind them, can bring stability no matter how cleverly they are used.

Romanticizing the past is always a perilous practice, and especially so in the present context. Though one frequently reads that this or that adjustment must be made in taxes or in monetary policy in order “to restore stability,” the fact is that not once in the three decades since World War II ended have we experienced an economic situation that could reasonably be called stable. Choose any year and you will find that it was characterized by either excessive unemployment or inflation. Nor can this failure to attain balance be attributed to naïve lapses in the application of Keynesian doctrine.

The fiscal and monetary policies associated with that doctrine have been followed in the United States, loosely or strictly, ever since the Truman Administration, though they have never lived up to their flamboyant billing. Whenever the economy has been pumped up to reduce unemployment, inflation has developed. When business activity has been squeezed to retard inflation, unemployment has risen. And the economy has been moving like a seesaw as the famed Keynesian fiscal and mone-

The unskilled, many of the semi-skilled, and those whose crafts have become technologically obsolescent represent a submerged group in the labor force.

tary measures have been brought into play to do first one, then the other. Full employment without inflation has never been achieved, not even for a short period. Not since World War II have we had full employment, if what I would consider an entirely honest standard—a 2 percent unemployment rate—is the criterion. But judged even by the conventional 4 percent unemployment rate, periods of full employment have been confined to the inflationary aftermath of World War II and the more “overheated” portions of the Korean and Vietnam Wars. Only in that one year, recessionary 1949, did prices fail to rise. The main difference between previous Administrations and Mr. Nixon’s, in chasing the will-o’-the-wisp of economic stability, is that the bias in business fluctuations toward inflation has grown progressively stronger, reflecting the spreading psychological adaptation of society to a hard fact of economic life: the virtually certain prospect of constantly rising prices.

Many economists call this inverse relationship between unemployment and inflation the “Phillips curve,” though the use of that term conveys a firmer connection between the two variables, and a higher degree of predictability, than apparently prevails. Surely, if there was a definite Phillips curve in the 1950s and the early 1960s, it has without question shifted sharply since then. In the earlier period, in the Truman–Eisenhower–Kennedy Administrations, an unemployment rate of 4 percent seemed to generate an annual price increase of about 3 to 4 percent. Allowing unemployment to mount to 5 percent would have brought the inflationary rate down to between 2 and 3 percent. The unfavorable turn of circumstances in the Nixon–Ford Administration has changed all that. Now, with inflationary psychology running high, a 5 percent unemployment rate has been coupled with an 8 to 10 percent annual increase in prices. A 4 percent unemployment rate, which in my estimation would still be too high, can probably be achieved only with a doubling of the present rate of price increase—that is, a Latin American type of inflation at its worst. If the task of maintaining a stable economy was supremely difficult before, it is virtually impossible now, so long as we remain tied to the Keynesian approach, meek prisoners of an outlandishly skittish “Phillips curve.”

To escape from that bondage also requires escaping from the neoclassical-classical commandment, *Thou shalt not interfere with the forces of the market*. Liberating our minds and institutions from such inhibitions can make a dramatic difference. The causes of inflation can be faced frankly and corrected. Full employment without inflation, currently treated by so many economic and political

authorities as an elusive mirage, can be transformed into an achievable reality. We come now to consider the roots of instability, and to the antidotes that become feasible once our thralldom to neoclassical economics is broken.

Perhaps the most familiar explanation for inflation relates to what I would rank as an important *contributing* cause—the behavior of big business and unions. Prices and wages in the more monopolistic industries are pushed ahead, anticipating inflation and hence helping to ensure that it will come to pass. No question that their behavior has exercised an irresistible pressure on the price level. Over the past twelve months or so this force has been intensified by the Agriculture Department’s prior decision to cut farm output at a peculiarly strategic juncture, on the eve of an unprecedented increase in demand at home and abroad. The energy crisis, another encomium to our national foresight, provided an extra spur to inflation. But though important, none of these factors is fundamental in the sense that if it were eliminated, the unemployment–inflation dilemma would disappear. The Phillips curve, with all its theoretical amendments and statistical qualifications, was around long before Earl Butz became Secretary of Agriculture or the scarcity of energy was noticeable. And in considerable measure the aggressiveness of monopolistic industry and labor is itself a predictable reaction to a constantly rising price level, an exacerbating result rather than a cause. By definition, monopolies are in a more advantageous position to protect themselves than the rest of us—so advantageous that I would warmly endorse a permanent authority for exercising government control over their prices and wages and for otherwise protecting the public interest. In these most important sectors of the economy, the famed wizardry of the neoclassical, “freely competitive” market is missing. Bare economic power prevails, puissant enough to shape the tastes of consumers and the decisions of the state as well as prices and output. Society must either control it or be controlled, as Galbraith has so eloquently argued. And yet there is a more basic cause of the unemployment–inflation dilemma than the power of big business, one that must be confronted if a serious effort to achieve stability is ever to be mounted.

I refer to a maladjustment in the nation’s supply and demand for labor, an imbalance that can be corrected only by another kind of direct government intervention. The demand for labor has been preponderantly biased toward highly skilled and extensively trained personnel, increas-

ingly so since the end of World War II. The supply of labor has been, and is, too heavily biased toward those with little or only rudimentary training. The latter—that is, the unskilled, many of the semi-skilled, and those whose crafts have become technologically obsolescent—represent a kind of submerged group in the labor force. They are unemployed all or a very large part of the time. Nor can they be absorbed into the working labor force, through crude efforts to expand the entire economy, without invoking inflationary pressures in other sectors of the labor market.

The nub of the problem is illustrated by the figures in the accompanying table. Here I list comparative unemployment rates for the two most highly skilled and the two least skilled of the Bureau of Labor Statistics occupational classifications. Note that the impact of recessions, including the very serious ones of 1958 and 1961, is virtually negligible for professional workers, managers, and administrators. Their unemployment rates of 2 percent or less, maintained in those years, are quite consistent with full employment, by anyone's definition. Even in the partly recessionary year of 1972, when circumstances became most adverse for engineers, physicists and such, through cutbacks in the space program and military procurement, unemployment of professional workers rose to no more than 2.4 percent. In contrast, recession years were full-fledged depressions for the unskilled and the semi-skilled, throwing 10 to 15 percent out of jobs. Inflation was retarded in those years, but at whose cost?

Nor does the situation change so substantially for the submerged group in prosperity, though naturally there is improvement. The more startling change, in the buoyant years of 1966 and 1969, appears in the nearly unbelievable low unemployment rates reached for the skilled and the highly trained. The figures, rates of from a little less to a little more than one percent, suggest strongly that jobs were chasing men, as indeed they were. More pertinent, they indicate that long before many of the unskilled can be absorbed into jobs in private industry, highly inflationary increases are generated in wages, salaries, and fees for others. It is significant that until the recent spectacular rise of food and petroleum prices, the advance in the cost of living since January, 1969, was led by services.

We return, with this additional evidence, to a conclusion suggested earlier. It is futile to attempt to reach full employment by the crude Keynesian technique of expanding aggregate demand. Repeated efforts to do so have their main effect in stimulating inflation, leading to the subsequent "correctional" recessions. The roller-coaster pattern of economic activity since World War II, and the progressive escalation of the price level, are a tribute to our unreasoning devotion to these self-defeating fiscal and monetary manipulations. If full employment without inflation is ever to be achieved, it must be by a more direct route.

To this end, the submerged group should be viewed as a potential national asset rather than a burden. It represents available manpower that can be used in the public's behalf. Yet it is wasted,

UNEMPLOYMENT PERCENTAGE RATES

Year	All Workers	MOST SKILLED		LEAST SKILLED	
		Professional and Technical Workers	Managers and Administrators	Laborers, Nonfarm	Operatives
1974*	5.2	1.9	1.8	9.6	6.8
1972	5.6	2.4	1.8	10.3	6.7
1969	3.5	1.3	0.9	6.7	4.4
1966	3.8	1.3	1.0	7.4	4.4
1961	6.7	2.0	1.8	14.7	9.6
1958	6.8	2.0	1.7	15.1	11.0

*June

Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics

even though in one way or another, through unemployment insurance, welfare, or other benefits, it is maintained at public expense. If we were not slaves to outmoded tradition, what reaction would appear more logical than to allow the unemployed to work in the public service? In mass transportation, the development of public energy resources, environmental improvement, or care of children, the aged, and the mentally ill, the needs are most numerous and pressing. What would be more coldly economical, considering that the jobless are available to the public at about half their apparent cost: say an average salary of \$8000 minus the \$4000 or so that is now paid by society in any event for their maintenance? What better mode is there for rehabilitating the disadvantaged than to give them the opportunity to be useful, learn on the job, utilize whatever capacities they have, and earn their own way? Surely there is no more direct route to full employment.

With equal certainty, I think, there is no more direct route to price stability. If full employment were guaranteed by the pledge of public jobs, the federal government's budget could be directed fearlessly to the objective of maintaining a steady price level. The economy could be "dampened" with impunity when necessary, as it is right now, for the distress of mass unemployment would be a mere memory of a less enlightened past. No longer would the periodic need arise to pump up the economy to inflationary heights in order to relieve the misery of the jobless. There would be no unemployed except for the small, unavoidable minimum of those who are, at any time, briefly between jobs or otherwise temporarily displaced. And no longer would the submerged group be thrust into the front lines of defense against inflation, asked periodically to sacrifice what jobs they have—usually the most unpleasant and the lowest paid—for the welfare of the rest of us. Indeed, this weaker segment of the labor force would meet with better pay and working conditions than it could ever win in private industry. Nor could this improvement in their condition, as some have feared, provoke an inflationary upsurge in the wage level in general. The typically unemployed, those I have called "submerged," represent an essentially *noncompeting* group vis-à-vis the remainder of the labor force. Would the fees of physicians or the salaries of mechanics be affected if the wages of garbage collectors and cleaning women rose—even if they were doubled?

"Growing old," said philosopher Maurice Chevalier, "isn't so bad when you consider the alternative." It is the alternative that should be kept in mind when I point out that the cost of public em-

ployment must be met fully by higher taxes. Keeping prices stable requires it. The newly employed government workers, with improved incomes, would surely expand their outlays on consumer goods of most kinds. That potential contribution to inflation would have to be offset by a contraction in the outlays of others. Only an appropriate tax increase would do it, hardly a universally popular step—*unless it is realized, with rare honesty, that a price must be paid for services of all kinds, public as well as private.*

Those who are old enough to remember may perceive a connection between the proposal just advanced and some familiar landmarks of the 1930s—the Works Progress Administration (WPA), the Public Works Administration (PWA), and the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC). The apparent resemblance, however, could be misleading. The New Deal measures were taken when one fourth of the nation's labor force was unemployed and the world economy had collapsed. Their desperate goal was to relieve distress, restore dignity, and rebuild purchasing power for some of the 13 million jobless, out of a demoralized total labor force of just 51 million. What contribution to the nation's output the projects yielded was a secondary consideration, although a surprising number of fine buildings, roads, bridges, dams, guidebooks, and works of art do service to this day as a result of those efforts. Since an important contingent objective was to bolster the country's plummeting demand for goods and services, the WPA, PWA, CCC, and some other public enterprises were financed largely through government deficits. In nearly all respects the present proposal is different.

Employment of the jobless today, in the national service, would function as one major and critical element of an integrated plan for maintaining economic stability, for avoiding inflations as well as recessions. It would be deliberately shaped to satisfy the glaring, unfulfilled needs of the public sector, much more conspicuous now than they were forty years ago. It would be creatively organized to match techniques of production to the available talents and learning abilities of the jobless. It would be meticulously financed by taxes, in the long run. But in the shorter run—and this is most important of all—the pledge of a job guarantee would supply the missing link in stabilization policy today: it would make possible the use of tax changes, boldly and without inhibition, to keep the nation's spending on a steady, noninflationary and nonrecessionary course.

Employment of the jobless in the national service would function as one critical element of an integrated plan for maintaining economic stability, for avoiding inflation as well as recession.

Nor would the cost of the public employment program I envisage be anywhere near as great, relatively speaking, as were the emergency job-creating expenditures during history's greatest depression. I estimate that 3 million government jobs, on the average, would be sufficient to maintain full employment without inflation, when combined with the other elements of the plan summarized below. Its *net* cost to the taxpayer I estimate at \$10 billion, about 2 percent of the total taxes currently paid to federal, state, and local governments. The *gross* cost of the projects, based on an average salary of \$8000 and an allowance for overhead and materials, would be \$36 billion. The *net* cost is obtained by deducting offsetting savings: \$26 billion in reduced payments for unemployment insurance benefits, family welfare, food stamps, manpower training programs, housing and medical subsidies, and other social services out of the nation's total annual bill for "social welfare" of about \$220 billion. These are my best guesses. If day-care centers, run by some of the new government employees, were available, how many welfare mothers would take jobs if they could get them? How many fathers, in all the "mother-headed" households, would climb out of closets and other anti-social-worker shelters?

Yet the prospect of a tax increase of any kind, for a public severely strapped by a rising cost of living, raises a question and a challenge. Could we achieve a respect for government service, a pride in public works, a spirit of imaginative common enterprise that would permit public administrators to formulate and conduct productive programs? If the answer were clearly yes, and if our country were blessed with the creative national leadership it has missed for so long, then I think the modest net increase in taxes required might be gracefully accepted. The grace would be enhanced if people knew that they were getting their money's worth—or more than that—in the form of useful, badly needed government activities. Even enthusiasm is conceivable if the public were convinced that the way was open, at long last, for a stable society. That the measure is not infeasible politically is suggested by the qualified endorsement recently given a small public-employment program, "if unemployment exceeds 6 percent," by the conservative Republican Arthur Burns. Just three years ago, in response to similar ideas, Burns and his Nixonian colleagues had opined, "We don't want any more WPA's. Around here, we believe in private enterprise." No doubt "the times, they are a-changin'."

The American economy now is in the state of a critical pneumonia patient with a dangerously fluctuating fever, palpitating heart, and pernicious

anemia. No matter what miracle drug is administered, no immediate return to normal can be expected. Given the proper regimen, however, the prospect is for definite improvement in the weeks or months ahead, and eventual recovery. Let us suppose, as we may reasonably hope for another time and another Administration, that the necessary basic ingredients are available: a progressive, creative national leadership and a government service of good repute and spirit. Then the following four-step formula for economic stability would be feasible:

1. Selective price and wage controls embracing all sectors of the economy characterized by concentrated power and any others, such as health care, in which quasi-monopolistic exploitation is likely. The controls would *not* be intended to replace market prices, collective bargaining, or competitive activities generally. They would be standbys, ready for use whenever and wherever necessary to protect the public interest. The mere announcement of this program, together with an obvious readiness to enforce it, would do much by itself to suppress the present psychology of inflation.

2. Enlistment of the jobless in the national service to fulfill the unsatisfied needs of the public sector. For maximum efficiency, development of the program should be gradual, extending over perhaps three or four years. When completely in force, the number of public jobs required for full employment would probably vary between 2 and 4 million, bearing an average net cost (after offsetting welfare and similar deductions) of \$10 billion—not far from annual defense expenditures on *research* alone. At the present juncture, with the economy out of hand for so long, public employment would no doubt extend toward the upper end of that range before inflation could be quelled completely.

3. A conscientious paring of the present federal budget, cutting waste and special-interest subsidies. Vigorously pursued, even allowing for "political realities," these cuts could meet a good part of the cost of public employment.

4. A rise in taxes to meet the balance of the cost, or in any event to keep the nation's total spending at the amount required for a stable price level.

Most orthodox economists today solemnly intone the judgment that full employment without inflation is impossible. It is, and will remain so, as long as we allow their quaint prejudices of the past—the orthodox ideology—to substitute for reason in public policy. □

II. FOREIGN POLICY: MEN OR MEASURES?

by Thomas L. Hughes

Slogans lacking substance, personalities upstaging policies—these have been the characteristics of the Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy. So says Mr. Hughes, in this argument for a return to methods that put measures over men, and principles above procedures.

On Wednesday, July 17, President Nixon assured the American people through Rabbi Baruch Korff: "A resignation of the President would, in my view, have devastating consequences in terms of our foreign policy, would jeopardize the structure of peace in the world. . . . I must, of course, as everybody knows, refuse to resign. . . . I owe an obligation to continue the work that I have begun in the field of foreign affairs."

The next day, Secretary of State Kissinger happened to share the rostrum at a business-executives conference in Washington, and said to his platform colleague: "In the last speech of yours, I remember, you proposed that I fire the President." His interlocutor replied that the recommendation had made good sense six months earlier and now made more sense than ever. "But I now understand," the

Secretary continued, "that you also want *me* to stay." His associate responded that he had never advocated Kissinger's leaving, and therefore could only ponder the implications of the Secretary's own threats to resign.

Three weeks later Kissinger had withdrawn the latter and had been instrumental in arranging the President's resignation, Mr. Nixon's last historic first. It was the denouement of a breathtaking succession of events commingling foreign and domestic politics at levels of intensity unique in American history.

For months the President's own purposes had been painfully obvious. While the case of the *United States v. Nixon* consumed the courts and the Congress, spurious national-security arguments, designed to excuse domestic illegalities and to thwart impeachment, vied with compulsive presidential jetting wherever, and however hastily, summits could be contrived.

"The President was literally mobbed day and night by thousands of French nationals, who literally begged him with tears in their eyes to remain on the job," General Alexander Haig told the Republican Women's Federal Forum following President Pompidou's funeral. After seeing President Sadat's placards in Egypt saying "We Trust Nixon," General Haig commented in Cairo: "Unquestionably this will help Nixon in the United States." In Saudi Arabia King Faisal cooperated at

the airport: "Anybody who stands against you, Mr. President, in the United States or outside, stands against us." After the Moscow summit, General Haig again volunteered that President Nixon had returned from the Kremlin "intellectually and spiritually invigorated with a reinforced determination to stay."

The claims of foreign-policy indispensability were shamelessly thrust into the forefront of our escalating constitutional crisis. A summit a day kept impeachment away, especially if it carried an extracontinental dateline. According to this simple formula, Mr. Nixon, clinging to office, kept his travel agents busy. As late as midsummer, when the gathering storm clouds were rolling rapidly toward *Götterdämmerung*, the Imperial President was still trying to crank up state visits in the autumn to London or Tokyo, visits reportedly delayed in the end by the British Queen and the Japanese Emperor themselves.

But judged by what we saw and heard of Mr. Kissinger's behavior, his objectives appeared more complicated than Mr. Nixon's. Indeed, the summer of 1974 was full of rich material illustrating the use and abuse of foreign policy in the contrasting deportment of what were then our two-and-only foreign-policy personalities. For while the President was struggling to stay, the Secretary of State was threatening to leave. While the antihero stubbornly refused to resign until he actually did so, the hero openly contrived various resignation options, only to remain after all. Whatever Kissinger's actual intentions, the objective realities in midsummer were that the Secretary of State had staked out for himself a conservative way to leave (press harassment), a liberal way to leave (*détente*), a pro-Nixon way to leave (exhaustion), and an anti-Nixon way to leave (erosion of authority). As the most sophisticated of public figures, however, Kissinger knew that no matter how the cover stories might have read, his own volitional resignation would in fact have been seen as an anti-Nixon move with probable effects on the latter's own scramble to stay.

The desperate determination of the President to remain contrasted with the studied indetermination of the Secretary. In prior years, their paranoias had been mutually reinforcing; this summer, that sustenance was no longer there. Mr. Nixon, whose normal instincts, everyone knew, were flexible enough, was now no longer free to play across the

foreign-policy field with the agility and surprise to which he was once accustomed. Instead he was preoccupied with assuring the old-line conservative votes necessary for his retention in office. In the process he deprived the Secretary, who also gets A+ for flexibility, of his customary executive-branch authority as well as his normal room for maneuver. The growing dichotomy of their respective interests and situations was bound to affect their relationship. The President, who had feet of clay, was ineluctably being separated from the Secretary, who exhibited the fastest footwork in the business.

So the President's anti-impeachment tactics overlapped and interacted with the Secretary's threatened-resignation tactics. And yet for two reasons the latter were not for real.

First, there may have been very good reasons for threatening resignation publicly, something which Kissinger had done repeatedly in private throughout his career, and they were not to be confused with reasons for actually resigning. Second, considering Mr. Ford's extravagantly repeated guarantees to reappoint him on opening day, a Kissinger resignation would never in a sense have been seen as real, but rather as a temporary Clausewitzian continuation of the struggle by other means.

Kissinger had simultaneously demanded that the Congress endorse his "integrity" (an absolution, incidentally, which he would surely want to interpret as extending beyond wiretapping to validate his basic diplomatic method, itself increasingly under criticism for its deviousness). In so doing, he was also accomplishing the 1974 political equivalent of the Tenure of Office Act by which Congress forbade President Andrew Johnson to fire Secretary of War Stanton, the major issue of America's other impeachment crisis a century ago. The difference was that while Stanton clearly wanted to stay, Kissinger might on balance have decided to leave, depending on unfolding impeachment events.

At any rate these two processes of manipulation were in play for much of the summer, the rumors of conflict being amplified by staff leaks and press speculation. By any ordinary criteria, the Secretary occupied the stronger position, the President the weaker one, except for his formal right to fire. Incomprehensible as Kissinger's dismissal might seem, it could have happened. The jangling effects of two such concurrent high-wire performances, with all their upstaging and cutting down, produced dissonant vibrations that temporarily made almost anything possible.

To the outside observer Mr. Kissinger had always appeared, like Job, to bear his multiple burdens patiently. Indeed, unlike Job, he had always

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Not since Blondin walked across the tightrope at Niagara Falls with a man on his back had a high-wire performer had to carry such an unnecessary extra load.

appeared to enjoy them hugely until this summer, when the strains began to show. The strains were understandable. This had turned out to be one of those rare times in history when the hero had been called upon to support his antihero on an hour-by-hour basis. The Supersecretary was required to rescue the sinking President, and admirers were asked to applaud the effort that went into this capricious assignment. With all the diversions, distortions, and deceptions that such arrangements had to entail, here was a burden which no heavily laden foreign policy should have been asked to sustain and no Supersecretary required to serve. Not since Charles Blondin walked across the tightrope at Niagara Falls with a man on his back had a high-wire performer had to carry such an unnecessary extra load. It was hard to know what to admire the most: the feat of skill required or the capacious morality which accepted the assignment.

In the late spring Kissinger had ordered a trusted member of his State Department entourage to prepare another one of his disavowable secret studies. This one was to be an assessment of the probable foreign-policy implications of a long and indecisive impeachment crisis—a comprehensive rundown of the likely international consequences of a collapse of moral authority in the White House, of leaderlessness and irresolution in Washington, of the temptation to fill vacuums around the world. It would be material of possible use, if needed, when the time came.

In the final weeks before the August avalanche, the Secretary introduced a new note. In contrast to his repeated public statements that Watergate had had no effect on the conduct of foreign policy, he now increasingly intruded foreign policy into the impeachment debate, presumably in Mr. Nixon's defense. Thus in mid-July Kissinger was confiding to the press in background interviews that Watergate had weakened the United States in the strategic arms talks with the Soviets. By the end of July Vice President Ford was publicly using the theme that efforts to "undercut" Mr. Nixon "could have an adverse impact on foreign policy." But the foreign-policy argument this time turned out to be double-edged. The same arguments which failed to deflect the impeachment forces in Congress aided in persuading the President to step aside.

In the end Mr. Nixon was twice trapped by forces which he himself had set in motion. Publicly, his tapes brought him down. Privately, foreign policy helped provide the coup de grace. The same foreign-policy primacy which, Nixon once argued, made it indispensable for him to stay, now helped make it indispensable for him to go. Literally spending hour after hour with Mr. Nixon

during his last four days in office, Kissinger turned the foreign-policy rationale around to become one of the final convincing arguments for the President's resignation. By then, of course, Kissinger was working with history and not against it. Still, he knew the Nixon stubbornness as few others knew it, and at the end his round-the-clock diplomatic services inside the beleaguered White House weighed heavily in the decision.

Ironically, on August 6 Kissinger's and Nixon's crosscutting dramas converged on Capitol Hill with the caving of Nixon supporters on impeachment and the simultaneous clearing of Kissinger's role in the wiretapping by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Overnight Kissinger withdrew his own resignation threat, and within hours Nixon himself resigned. The king departed and the captain remained. No one with his priorities and proportions in good order ever really wanted Kissinger to leave, and Mr. Ford, in his televised remarks minutes after his predecessor's resignation speech, not only confirmed Kissinger's retention but gave nearly equal billing to the continuing Secretary and the departing President.

When the ex-President flew off to California, the overpersonalized presidency went with him. And just in time. For the growing personalization of foreign policy had, by then, become a disservice to rational policy-making. Summitry was becoming guilty by association with Richard Nixon, just as wiretapping was becoming acceptable by association with Henry Kissinger. Issues deserving of close inspection and full debate had been obfuscated by personalism. An honest analysis of measures was deflected by an excessive attention to men.

Even so grave a matter as détente had become a prominent case in point. Considering the conceptual breakthroughs that had come to naught, the excessive claims that had been shown up, the much vaunted momentum that was no longer detectable, détente, too, had had a hard summer. Once their mutual pride and joy, détente had become divisive, President Nixon leaving it more and more as a slogan without substance as he retrenched to bolster his conservative support, the Secretary suddenly sounding, *mirabile dictu*, like a confirmed arms-controller. His midsummer idea of holding a genuine national debate on détente in the midst of the existing impeachment debate passed comprehension. But the summer's cumulative sensations had thrown into bold relief the many-sided dilemma of personalism and foreign policy and the distortions that come with it. However much we tried to look at the issues, the men got in the way. The wild cards of personalism became the ascendant factors, not only in the con-

duct of our foreign policy but in the exaggerated claims asserted on behalf of foreign policy on the clarity and rationality of our decision-making processes. Men and measures, power and predictability, realpolitik and personalism—old dilemmas and old debates—were raised to new heights in our democratic experience. Now, at the beginning of a new Administration, it is appropriate to re-examine them, to consider where we are and whither we are tending.

THE MISSING MEASURES AND THE MISSING MEN

Men or measures? It was already a celebrated question a century ago, an argument which had erupted at the highest levels of British and American politics from Chesterfield to Goldsmith to Burke to our Founding Fathers.

The very persistence of the argument is one excuse for reviving it today. Over the years the argument itself has taken many forms. It has pointed up the contrast between personalities and parties, between politicians and doctrine. It has distinguished the bureaucratic man of practice from the intellectual man of theory. It has highlighted the tension between office-holders and office-seekers. It has been used affirmatively to distinguish the supposed conservative affinity for men from the supposed liberal affinity for measures. But it has also been applied critically to both conservatives and liberals—to those conservatives who are unable to articulate their major premises attractively or wish to hide them and therefore stress the appeal of a prominent personality; to those liberals who are adept at campaigning for measures but who forget them in office or lack the ability to carry them out. Sometimes the slogan has simply underlined the difference between men of action and men of ideas.

At other times the distinction has embodied skeptical propositions with awkward moral overtones. "Great men are almost always bad men," said Lord Acton, and he used to refer to Walpole's dictum that "no great country was ever saved by good men." A prominent American political tradition from Jefferson to Lincoln to Wilson always stressed the opposite. Wilson even presumed to advise Latin America to "elect good men," by which he meant honest men publicly committed to measures for which they could be held accountable.

For "measures" connoted a shared responsibility for steps deliberately planned, proposed, and discussed. Focusing on measures suggested a purpose-

ful investment in a persistent viewpoint, not a blank-check vote of confidence in an unpredictable man with all the negative nuances that would carry for institution-building and architectural creativity in foreign and domestic policy alike. An ongoing consistency was contemplated—an affinity for certain means, as well as an identification with certain ends. *Men*, capable of acting privately, perhaps irresponsibly, and alone, contrasted with *measures*, whose advocacy afforded an opportunity and obligation for coherent public understanding and even participation.

In the life cycle of ideas in action, the alternating currents supporting first men and then measures persist. They tend to be inconclusive and seasonal in nature. Nevertheless, one can stop short of moralizing about motives, and well short of imputing straight-line philosophical or political presuppositions in areas where they don't belong, and still not recall any time when the gap between what men in office were saying and what was actually happening—the gap between the presence of men and the absence of measures—was as great as it has recently been.

In part this is because we live in a time when much that used to be obvious no longer is. Landmarks, borders, and sovereignties have disappeared. A growing number of the world's new problems are beyond us emotionally. When we think what turbulence lies just ahead in the last quarter of this century, it is easy to identify the global issues for which measures are urgently needed. Yet the perceptions of men are changing on all of them: defense, deterrence, and détente; money, markets, and inflation; resources, raw materials, and energy; pollution, ecology, and weather modification; population and urban congestion; inequality and unemployment; famine prevention, poverty, and food production; genocide, discriminatory violence, and human degradation; drugs and terrorism; the world's \$200 billion annual arms expenditure; nuclear power; the oceans and outer space.

Yet far from focusing on the question of how 100 percent of the world's population can get at 100 percent of the world's resources, most of us do not even admit the legitimacy of the question. With one sixteenth of the world's population, we Americans devour one third of the world's resources. Far from lining up with the ascendant forces of human history, we fitfully try to apply the brakes. Far from addressing the tasks of analysis, allocation, and adjudication, or of the regulation, monitoring, and management of these enormous political, economic, and social issues, we avert our gaze. The actively imaginative actors

among us turn out to be multinational corporations jumping national jurisdictions to avoid constraints. We are directionless and frustrated.

Imaginative measures await imaginative men to devise, produce, expound, and implement them. Yet nations founder in the midst of a giant paradox: the conventional wisdom acknowledges the need for new measures to ameliorate the human predicament at the same time that most of the world's recent leaders posture, pontificate, and disappear.

For not only are the measures missing, but so, increasingly, are the men. Not long ago Secretary Kissinger created an uproar by telling the congressional wives a tale about European governments being "very rarely legitimate." His statement would have read more accurately as "very rarely lasting," because recently the mortality rate of European governments has been staggering. Since May, 1973, there has been a new head of government in every one of the thirteen NATO capitals in Western Europe: the Netherlands last May, Italy in July, Norway in October, Greece in November and again in July, Denmark in December, Turkey in January, Britain in March, Belgium in April, Portugal, Germany, and France in May, and Iceland in July. Never before has there been such a clean sweep in the leadership of NATO Europe. And this trend exists, or is imminent, in the Eastern and Southern hemispheres as well.

Against this bleak background of missing men and missing measures, the glare of publicity has thrown into lurid relief America's extraordinary recent flirtation with personalism. Here, after all, is a curious phenomenon. Contemporary America, the nation which had just emerged from a decade of demands for participatory democracy, expressly not exempting foreign policy, had now paradoxically lurched into a love affair with personalism in foreign policy on a scale unparalleled in its entire history. In a total world situation which would normally invite, indeed require, from 200 million Americans the dedicated application of many men and many measures, we have made instead an exceptional overinvestment in one exceptional man—Henry Kissinger—who has made some exceptional gains of uncertain durability. In the process, our national priorities have perforce become his preferences. Our national interests have become whatever he has time for at the moment.

Meanwhile, for months the ceremonial foreign-policy chieftain, an unindicted co-conspirator in another affair, lingered on in a strikingly anomalous situation. The public was treated to the minimum possible discussion of measures and the strangest possible deployment of men. A foreign-

policy government of two consisted of a discredited ex-hero in the White House and an ascendant superhero in the State Department—when he was there.

The conquering Secretary and the cornered President reversed all traditional notions of the master-servant relationship. Mr. Nixon said plaintively last spring: "Foreign policy is no longer made by foreign ministers. It is made by heads of state." But by then, he was the only one who thought so. The message failed to get through.

It was Kissinger who topped the polls and whose popularity extended as far as Manila, where the sixty-six Miss Universe contestants recently named him their runaway choice as "the greatest person in the world today." It was Kissinger who was idolized as a "miracle worker" by the Egyptians, as a "magician" by the Israelis, and as "Alexander the Great but not so beautiful" by *The Economist*. Everyone admired his intellect, irony, and articulation, his charm and wit, his energy, dexterity, and, until Salzburg, sure stage sense. He aroused alarm in the spring when he told a group of senators on an airplane that he would resign if the House voted impeachment, and relief when, after the story reached the press, he hastened to call Mr. Ford to say that he would not, after all, abandon the country. He astounded the country with his Salzburg ultimatum, but public, press, and Congress hastened to appease him. Few disagreed that he was the best Secretary of State imaginable under the circumstances. It was the circumstances themselves, domestic and foreign, that were so distasteful.

In the changed circumstances of the newly depersonalized presidency, Kissinger survives as the world's leading personality. Secure in the knowledge that he is secure, perhaps we may at last risk inquiring about the rest of those things we have always wanted to know about personalism and foreign policy but have been afraid to ask. It is pertinent to recapitulate where personalism has taken us and inquire whether we wish to project these recent aberrations into a long-term norm.

POWER AND PREDICTABILITY: The Seeds of the Sixties

It is only fair to begin with the foreign-policy men and measures of the 1960s viewed from a special perspective—the conflict between power and predictability in our democratic society. For the ironies of the 1960s were poignant: the educational and communications explosion created ever

Inevitably power and unpredictability become the handmaidens of presidential personalism.

more insatiable public demands on the official power-holders for predictable behavior just at the time when world realities seemed to them to require precisely the opposite—that is, maximum room for maneuver, another way of saying unpredictability.

From May, 1960, when the U-2 incident shot down both the Eisenhower-Khrushchev summit meeting and White House credibility, to May, 1970, when President Nixon ordered the invasion of Cambodia, the practicing instincts of all four Presidents—perhaps in ascending order—regularly ran in the direction of unpredictability on decisive issues of war and peace. From Eisenhower and Nixon planning the Bay of Pigs invasion to Kennedy ineptly carrying it out; from Johnson's headstrong escalations to his frenetic search for peace; from Nixon's summit mining and Christmas bombing to his belated withdrawal from Vietnam—none of these Presidents could be said to be following predictable courses of action appropriate, say, to the public expectations which they themselves had created in their foreign-policy campaign speeches.

These instincts toward unpredictability in a foreign-policy crunch were fortified throughout the sixties by a spate of intellectually coherent doctrines which supported presidential primacy, open options, and nondisclosure patterns, which themselves were said to protect security, tactical flexibility, covert operations, and diplomatic poker hands. The predilections of presidential advisers bolstered the behavior of the presidential power-holders. Together they made unpredictability another presidential prerogative. Part of the rationale was simply the politics of surprise. Another part was the techniques of bluff and brinkmanship. Still another was ordinary cynicism—an extrapolation of Dean Acheson's latter-day phrase: "there are moral problems and real problems," and his prescription for dealing with the latter, which featured the "moral autonomy of the strategic approach."*

But there were more complicated reasons too, and sometimes even commendable ones, why unpredictability became a consciously valued asset. The more diabolical the problems confronting the President, the more he leaned toward a stance of unpredictability. Often this turned out to be the same thing as *being* unpredictable. Arming himself with ambiguity as successive occasions demanded, he went out to confront his multiple domestic and international audiences, trusting to inconsistent nuances—in effect, fooling some of the people all of the time and most of the people some of the time.

The pattern repeatedly came through: unpredictability was valuable one way or another, in creating room for maneuver over the Congo, Berlin, Cuba, the Middle East, Cambodia, Laos, and of course, Vietnam.

The insiders' arguments for unpredictability were politically powerful. Unpredictability exerted an irresistible attraction on self-styled empiricists and pragmatists, and there were plenty of them around. And when an important insider like a President was on the defensive and his policies under attack, the gravitational pull toward unpredictability naturally became greater than ever.

Inevitably power and unpredictability became the handmaidens of presidential personalism. Many who lived close to JFK and LBJ have no trouble in finding the seeds of the cult of personality in both those Administrations. (Can anyone who experienced it easily forget encounters like the airport scene between the President and the staff sergeant who, seeing LBJ start off toward the wrong helicopter, said, pointing, "Mr. President, *that* is your helicopter over there," only to be embraced by the enormous Texan and advised, "Son, they are *all* my helicopters.") However, even the hyperbolic Johnson, domineering as he was, was saved from sheer personalism by his lines of communication to the Congress, the Cabinet, the bureaucracy, and the press. Johnson's foreign policy on occasion was conducted by a government of two hundred, and rarely by fewer than a government of twenty. It was never a government of two.

The personalism was not unbridled or undiluted. Prominent men around the President still jockeyed for position, which itself represented some splintering of power. And in the end the Johnson Administration, though weakened and wearied by Vietnam, still utilized major executive-branch resources. The best and the brightest, with all their well-advertised faults, were still around the President and represented some semblance of corporate responsibility. Openness had disappeared, the barricades were up, and hard lines were being drawn. But the personalism was held under control, albeit erratically. Summits were not available at the time they were desired. Vain men could not dispose of events, but were imprisoned by them. The China overture was still impracticable, the Soviet one unavailing. Alliance relationships, frayed though they were, still set the ambience within which policy moved. Assistant Secretaries of State still had responsibilities; so did their staffs. The civilian side of the intelligence community was relatively free to write what it pleased. In places in the government even a certain *esprit de corps* could still be found. For better or worse, there was no overlapping of

*Amherst College, December 9, 1964.

the bounds within which policy had been set for more than a decade, and this was often beneficial and limited damage.

For their successors in the early Nixon Administration who cast themselves in the role of de-escalators and extricators, unpredictability seemed even more appealing. In 1969-1970, how could one champion withdrawals and negotiations simultaneously? A serious negotiatory process could be wrecked by clarifying concessions along the way. Public ambiguity and private manipulation would be essential if negotiations were to succeed. The same men would have different measures in mind "out front" (to use the transcript phrase) and behind the scenes.

This new American thrust toward presidential unpredictability would have been accepted as the conventional wisdom by traditional European diplomats. By contrast, it would have been instinctively rejected by President Nixon's Quaker mother, by the American Society of International Law, and for that matter, by almost the entire heritage of the organized, programmatic, world-affairs activity in this country, whether inside or outside the government. Making a virtue of unpredictability was bound to be profoundly perturbing for a moral, legal, and bureaucratic tradition devoted to rational discourse, clarity of positions, and the orderly consideration and explicit elucidation of national interests. In that tradition the more given factors and the less ambivalence, the better. There was a high premium on continuity and consistency, on minimizing surprise.

A decent democratic dialogue on the most fateful foreign policies always depended—and still does—on gratifying certain minimum expectations of greater policy reliability. A decent institutional dialogue within the executive branch is desirable for the same reasons. But both were increasingly missing in the system. The reservation of presidential power implicit in keeping many options open, and most positions reversible, increasingly collided with a widespread insistence on a larger reliability factor.

At some point democracy and unpredictable government were fated to collide. The antithetical seeds of power and predictability were well sown in the sixties, and the occupant of the presidency, whoever he might be, was certain to be increasingly crowded by his fellow countrymen to declare himself. Not only was this bound to restrict his freedom to conduct nineteenth-century diplomacy in the 1970s, but the penalties for this noncompliance were lurking close to the surface of events. All it took was heavy new doses of private government to make the situation acute. All it took was

Watergate to convert this concern over unpredictability into outrage over deception.

REALPOLITIK AND PERSONALISM: The Harvest of the Seventies

Power and predictability, to their mutual detriment, contested unevenly in the 1960s, thereby laying a shaky foundation for the unexpectedly bountiful harvest of realpolitik and personalism to follow.

The decade of the seventies opened with President Nixon rather boldly comparing himself to Disraeli. Certain flaws in this comparison sprang quickly to mind. Nevertheless, it was clear that the President yearned for the kind of patriotic support which the British public often still gives to British foreign policy. Count Sforza, the interwar Italian statesman, once paid tribute to this phenomenon. The British, he declared, had a

precious gift bestowed by divine grace . . . the simultaneous action in those islands, when a great British interest is at stake, of statesmen and diplomats coolly working to obtain some concrete political advantage and on the other side, and without previous base secret understanding, clergymen and writers eloquently busy showing the highest moral reasons for supporting the diplomatic action which is going on in Downing Street.*

But Disraeli's Britain turned out to be light-years away from Nixon's America. In May, 1970, having ordered the invasion of Cambodia, the President went to the Lincoln Memorial at midnight, where he spoke to some students about Churchill and football. But to no avail. The next day the campuses were in flames, the clergymen and writers were eloquently busy showing the highest moral reasons for *not* supporting the White House, while inside the latter, many of his own best staffers were writing out their resignations. His Secretaries of State and Defense had opposed the invasion. All in all, one could have read the situation as an early warning of the potential unrealities of realpolitik. However, apparently undaunted, the President stonewalled.

Realpolitik and unpredictability came together again with full force in September, 1970, with the Jordanian civil war. Newsmen were briefed on the contingent possibility of a U.S.-Soviet confrontation, and President Nixon personally and emphatically made the point that it was of the

*Quoted in *Moral Man and Immoral Society* by Reinhold Niebuhr (1932).

Dostoevskian dashes of miracle, mystery, and authority helped deflect inquiries about what really went on backstage.

highest importance that the United States should avoid giving the Soviets the impression that we would always act rationally. "The real possibility of irrational American action is essential to the U.S.-Soviet relationship," Mr. Nixon said in Chicago on September 16. The other side should not be confident of our reaction. They should be kept guessing about even an *irrational* response. Success on the ground in Jordan stifled the arguments between those who accepted this proposition on its merits and those who found it to be a self-evident recipe for instability.

Ahead were the triumphs of summitry and the belabored negotiations on Vietnam. Once more the men and the measures were manipulated with little public awareness of the process and wide public satisfaction with the apparent success. Relationships with Moscow, Peking, and Hanoi were precisely those where realpolitik could be indulged in with maximum assurance of public acceptance. Secrecy was defensible, deception understandable, deviousness expected. The need for mystery and even stealth could be explained. The choice of three Communist capitals as the priorities for emphasis was triply congenial: no one doubted their importance; the techniques of realpolitik were widely accepted as appropriate for them; the obvious personal benefits would be well timed and undeniable.

Personalism accompanied realpolitik, promoted it, and was said to be required by it. Realpolitik magnified to the extreme the personal satisfactions of its two chief participants. The Nixon candidacy of 1972 was inextricably involved in the summit pageantry arranged by his nominal subordinate. The timing and orchestration were superb.

As the two heroes of 1972—the President and his national security adviser—moved from triumph to triumph, Mao and Brezhnev and Le Duc Tho were translated into solid votes at home by the Committee to Re-elect. Nixon and Kissinger cemented détente with doses of *Schrecklichkeit* visited upon the North Vietnamese in order to pacify our ally in the South. Thus American history's most breathtaking exhibition of high politics seemed to be vindicated by its apparent successes in Peking, Moscow, and Hanoi, and by Nixon's in November, 1972.

Thereafter, it was all downhill for the President, while Kissinger continued to soar, nearly dizzy with success. It was a painful paradox for the President, but somewhere en route, America's chief realpoliticians catastrophically misjudged the political realities at home and Realpolitician Number One had to confront the consequences. How this happened is a story which is still unfolding. Why realpolitik was attempted in Moscow, Peking, and

Hanoi is clear enough. Why it was allowed to burst its bounds and infect nearly all of our other relationships at home and abroad is harder to understand.

At first the casualties lay practically unnoticed: the almost complete noninvolvement of the American people, the American Congress, the executive's own bureaucracy, and the nongovernmental foreign-affairs community. These losses were probably counted as gains from the outset. At home opposition would be splintered or smothered. Realpolitik would reduce foreign policy to a spectator sport for all those except the two chief players. Successes with the Communists, if spectacular enough, would carry their own reward, turning the spectators into cheering fans.

In the meantime, public discussion of world affairs and citizen dialogue with officialdom would both fall into the public relations area which the White House called "theater." A nonaccountable foreign-policy process—invisible, unlocatable, non-testifying—would give *Lebensraum* for backstage brilliance. Dostoevskian dashes of miracle, mystery, and authority would help deflect inquiries about what really went on backstage. If skeptics raised questions about the process—about the habits of deceit it inculcated and the conspiratorial attitudes of mind it engendered—quiet reassurances or humorous turnoffs would do.

The probable costs of choosing these priorities and ignoring others was also well known in advance. Our official lack of interest in the rest of the world would increasingly be seen to be just that. The implications of our concentration on Moscow, Peking, and Hanoi would not be lost on others.

Abroad there predictably would be some unraveling of alliances and a general devaluation of America's reputation as the world's chief engine for humanitarian policies. But Vietnam had already diminished those relationships, and would-be Disraelis were never much interested in them anyway. The constant new public emphasis on America's national interest would not make America as interesting to others as it had always been hitherto, but that too was judged an acceptable loss. Rhetorical cosmetics could still be applied in the occasional speech at the UN. In the meantime, everyone knew that ideology had died, and if national interests sounded like less than human interests, we could live with it.

Climbing down from the inflated phrase, realpolitik would give America a pragmatic, nondifferentiated reputation. Such an America could do things without its previous embarrassments—without moral constraints. Ancillary benefits for our relations with colonialists, juntas, and other ex-

exploitative regimes of ill repute would be eased under cover of the new realism. Any latent qualms about General Pinochet's executions in Chile, General Khan's genocide in East Pakistan, General Ioannides' jailings in Greece, or General Park's repression in South Korea could be stifled under the same rubric. Too tough-minded to be bothered by Rhodesian racism or Brazilian torture, realpolitik would release American foreign policy-making from the normal discipline of meeting or failing to meet external standards, in favor of the self-discipline, or lack of it, of the foreign-policy manager of the moment.

Realpolitik would also have the estimable effect of enhancing the personal roles of the realpoliticians. Personalism would infect the subject matter; the news would become biographical, social, or stylistic. As one of my colleagues has written, it would be more like covering Marilyn Monroe.

Against a background of burgeoning global problems, increasing demands for multilateral action, and actual transnational relationships which increasingly bypass governments, the last true believers in the declining nation-state would, of course, be those holding highest office under it. Presidents in particular have recently had a supreme personal stake in the mysteries of foreign policy. Ordering out the B-52's was always the ultimate evidence of actually disposable presidential power. Thus on December 18, 1972, during the post-election Christmas bombing, Mr. Nixon said that he "did not care if the whole world thought he was crazy in resuming the bombing," according to columnist Richard Wilson's notes after a private White House dinner that night with Nixon, Kissinger, and Admiral Moorer. "If it did, so much the better. The Russians and Chinese might think they were dealing with a madman and so had better force North Vietnam into a settlement before the world was consumed in a larger war. . . . Kissinger interjected that he was not among the fainthearted, as then reported, who opposed the bombing." Realpolitik combined power and unpredictability in a soul-satisfying way for the holders of high authority. Its payoffs were undeniable.

But high payoffs carry high risks. It would seem elementary for the practitioners of realpolitik to have taken care to keep it carefully compartmentalized. Its very definition, in the Bismarckian sense, meant the careful weighing of limits, the balancing of interests, the manipulation of animosities, all within recognized boundaries and with due proportion. Unbridled, the spirit of realpolitik can be infectious. Unfortunately, in our recent foreign policy of two, we now know that Number One allowed his whole operation, domestic as well

as foreign, to move beyond realpolitik to Realpolitik Unlimited.

Eventually, of course, the assessment of history may reduce the enormous gulf which now separates the public reputations of these two realpoliticians. Depending on one's taste and preference, the conventional wisdom may one day regard Kissinger as a successful Nixon, and Nixon as an unlucky Kissinger—men of contrasting popularity and personal appeal, but whose core aspirations and methodologies were not so dissimilar after all—thus taking at face value a claim they both have repeatedly made. But life is unfair, and it is far easier to stay with the current public verdicts and treat them as they are now seen—at the negative and positive poles of personalism.

With the cascading Watergate disclosures of 1973, this split image of America's top team began to carry consequences that became devastating for one while still exhilarating for the other. In terms of their diverging concentrations as well as reputations, the President and the Secretary were seen to operate on different levels.

The former became earthbound, compelled to take the low road of grudging self-defense while the signposts of disclosures and exposures pointed toward judgment for the high crimes and misdemeanors of Realpolitik Unlimited. The latter, rarely earthbound, operated on the high road of Personalism Unlimited, shuttling tirelessly back and forth as ringmaster of the greatest show on earth and dealer in the only winning game in town.

REALPOLITIK UNLIMITED: Watergate and the Water's Edge

The water's edge was traditionally the place where domestic politics was supposed to stop. Watergate will now go down in history as the symbol of realpolitik overflowing the domestic dikes to flood the American political system with the techniques, the cynicism, the fraud, the covert activism, the wiretappings, the forgeries, even the hirelings themselves—many of them imported from the more odious side of our foreign operations. Even with the Nixon Administration's sensitivity to tariffs, nobody's instinct for protectionism was up to the task of keeping this foreign import from contaminating the domestic market. On the contrary, the adulteration was ordered by highest authority. As J. K. Galbraith recently wrote:

Nothing growing out of the Watergate episode has been more salutary than its advertisement of

We can help you go now, pay later. Our new *Book of Europe* is a beautifully compiled vacation atlas of more than 4,500 places in Europe and North Africa. Complete with color photographs, detailed text, and 109 maps, it may inspire you to plan anything from a religious retreat in Italy to a wine-tasting tour of France. When you take off, chances are you'll be carrying an airline ticket printed by Rand McNally. We print a great percentage of all airline, railroad, and bus tickets. If you choose to finance your trip with a bank loan, you might well make your monthly payments by means of a Rand McNally computer-printed coupon book. It is only one of the many highly technical services we now provide for banks across the country. If you really want to give substance to your dreams, start with the *Book of Europe*. **RAND McNALLY**



and
you thought
we just made
maps



Foreign policy considered only as a spectator sport may assure that cheers today sound hollow tomorrow.

the banality, ineptitude and general unattractiveness of the people who, released from foreign employment, sought to bring the darker arts nurtured by our recent foreign policy to domestic purposes. . . . A foreign policy that needs E. Howard Hunt can't be right.

Ironically, few have put it better than E. Howard Hunt himself, ghostwriting a book in the early sixties for Allen Dulles, *The Craft of Intelligence*:

Free peoples everywhere abhor government secrecy. There is something sinister and dangerous, they feel, when governments "shroud" their activities. It may be an entering wedge for the establishment of an autocratic form of rule, a cover-up for their mistakes.

In the same book Dulles and Hunt warn us:

Forgery is not available to Western intelligence in peacetime, for, quite apart from ethical considerations, there is too much danger of deceiving and misleading our own people. . . . In totalitarian systems the intelligence function is often combined with internal security operations. . . . There have been many instances in which dictators have converted authentic intelligence services into private gestapos for maintaining their rule. . . . This country certainly wants no part of an organization like the NKVD of Stalin or the KGB of Khrushchev. The very nature of our government under the Constitution and the Bill of Rights would outlaw such organizations as these. . . . It can't happen here.

A few years later Hunt was complaining that John Dean simply did not understand the routine practices of our foreign clandestine services, otherwise he would have seen clearly that Hunt's demand for \$120,000 was not blackmail but normal family support.

The glimpse given the American public, through the prism of Watergate, of what goes on in the covert underworld of foreign policy carries its own heavy negative implications for American foreign policy generally, and for realpolitik in particular, if it can't keep its manipulations outside the continental limits. The distinctions themselves are hard to handle: that lying at home is criminal, but lying abroad is patriotic; that breaking and entering is illegal, but not if it is a foreign embassy; that the same act which merits jail if "unauthorized" might win one the Distinguished Service Cross if done in the name of national security. In addition to the other reasons for the contemporary disaffection from foreign policy, there is this new one: if graduates of the seamy side of foreign policy are now to get early retirement and pump their talents of prevarication back into the mainstream of American domestic life, then that is just an additional reason for copping out of foreign policy.

The revelations that nobody even tried to keep these matters separate—to keep the Watergate mentality safely on the other side of the water's edge—are shocking enough. But then we learn something worse—that these were not sins of omission but commission. Deliberate efforts were made to confuse foreign and domestic jurisdictions well before Mr. Nixon's fateful tape of June 23, 1972. Again there were seeds well planted in the sixties. But this time John Mitchell himself was appointed by the President to serve on Henry Kissinger's 40 Committee—the National Security Council's foreign covert operations group. It was there he probably first heard the phrase "plausible deniability." This base allowed Mitchell, the national security adviser, the wiretapping enthusiast, the once-and-future campaign manager, and the chief law enforcement officer, to roam for years across all jurisdictions with precautions and protections thrown to the wind. When sitting down with the same set of ITT officials, it is hard to espouse one set of values at the 10 A.M. meeting on Chile, another at the 11 A.M. meeting on the antitrust merger, and still another at the 12 noon meeting on financing the Republican convention. Nobody expected the Big Enchilada to behave differently from the way he did.

Here we confront the covert test of presidential predictability: the murky, protected area where the President is a free agent, where the customary restrictions on men and measures don't apply, where the man's inner boundaries are his chief restraint. Here is the ultimate private test of presidential accountability: what covert measures the man requests and what measures he rejects.

If realpolitik has to operate under a democratic handicap, so much the better for democracy. If personalism carries penalties as well as satisfactions, that's life. Our brief experience indicates that men with the requisite inner boundaries are hard to combine with Realpolitik Unlimited. In such a context, slippery men seek slippery measures, and odious measures seek odious men—a fateful combination destructive of democracy.

THE PENALTIES OF PERSONALISM

With debacles of personalism fresh in his mind, Secretary Kissinger, the Great Survivor of the wreckage of the Nixon Administration, might well begin to contemplate the probable penalties of Personalism Unlimited because they might prospectively apply even to his own spectacular case. Last year when he joined the State Department, he promised to institutional-

ize foreign policy. He could do worse than review that commitment today after more than a year of nonimplementation.

For here is a burden which is self-imposed. It requires only his own thoughtful determination to resolve. Unless he really starts thinking about lessening his load, his critics' charge—that personalism has gone to his head—will seem more and more plausible. From the outset he has been confronted with resignations and vacancies at the under-secretary and assistant secretary levels immediately below him in the State Department. Those who have departed have regularly complained of lack of access and of nothing being left for them to do. Yet apart from his proprietary interests and the time he has available for them, there is just about everything left to do, if he would only let others do it.

We know his distaste for the bureaucracy. We notice his apparent inability to free even his own major appointees from their consignment to fringe roles. We hear about the deliberate wheel-spinning, the enforced inactivity, and the frustrating waste of talent. Yet he has surrounded himself with personal appointees. Why not turn this supporting cast to useful pursuits in the vast areas of neglect which cry out for policy attention?

If he is bored by economics—arguably our most critical and pervasive priority—why not find someone who likes it? If he doesn't care for Africa, why not put somebody in charge who does? If he has no time for Latin America beyond Acapulco, why not let competence rise in the field? If he has no taste for the day-to-day cultivation of alliance relationships across either the Atlantic or the Pacific, there are many who can do it well. If he prefers to forget about the frustrations of the Fourth World, they nevertheless present a picture full of foreboding for the one billion poor persons involved.

Traveling and telephoning by the Secretary must be bolstered by persistent and tangible effort across many networks in Washington and around the world. Otherwise, someday, intimidation will prove less magnetic inside the State Department, charm will prove less enduring to the press corps, and the next act under the Big Tent will cease to captivate even the fee-paying public as much as the last one. When that happens, personalism will begin to peter out, and its fuller consequences will appear.

Ultimately, especially in a democracy, personalism carries the seeds of its own destruction. Personalism breeds fragility in relationships generally. The ties of personalism begin to disappear when the men themselves begin to disappear. Last year's Western leaders are gone today; today's leaders of the Communist world will be gone tomorrow.

It is poignant, even now, to recall the summer summit in Moscow. In his opening toast at Brezhnev's Kremlin banquet, Mr. Nixon said: "Because of our personal relationship . . . there is no question about our will to keep these agreements." Having had more experience than the rest of us have had with the cult of personality, the men in Moscow considered these references unacceptable and deleted them in the official Russian translation. Undeterred, Mr. Nixon returned to the theme a few days later in his closing toast, once more praising "the personal relations and the personal friendship that had been established." Mr. Brezhnev replied impersonally, stressing instead the "feelings of respect and friendship of Russians for Americans."

If we must take seriously the proposition that incremental progress in U.S.-Soviet relations merits full-time tending, and that otherwise nuclear war lies in the balance, then the shuttle service between Washington and Moscow is all there is to foreign policy and all there needs to be. But what if those incremental advances are mostly public relations? Or what if they are really not solidly based in mutual advantage? Or what if "arms control" agreements stimulate the arms race? Or what if it turns out to be true that one country less prepared than America to meet and come to grips with the significant nonstrategic global issues is the Soviet Union, and that devotion to that particular relationship constitutes an easy and mutual opting out of the world's work for the rest of this century?

For personal relationships can invite misunderstandings as well as understandings, false expectations as well as reasonable ones. The risks of nonperformance and subsequent retribution can mount, often in direct proportion to the personal stakes invested in the outcome. Irreversibility becomes reversible. Personalism breeds weakness in eroding its dependable support. Major tradeoffs leave little room for institutionalized loyalties in the executive branch, the Congress, or the country. Foreign policy considered only as a spectator sport may assure that cheers today sound hollow tomorrow. The troops may not be where they are supposed to be when they are called.

Personalism, therefore, often tends to prefer the superficial and the transitory over the deep and fundamental. Personalism has a short-term timetable. It is tempted to take benefits now and leave the unknown costs to its successors. The more intractable the problem and far-reaching the measures required to meet it, the more a narrow leadership will be tempted to indulge in pseudo-solutions for appearances' sake. Personalism tends to deal with the thin crust of affairs, to concentrate

We confront an issue more enduring than the men: how to break free from the politics of exclusion.

on personal arrangements for the moment rather than partnership arrangements for the future.

Personalism gives priority to other personalisms, often gravitating to personal counterparts who can always be found on the authoritarian side of the East-West agenda. It tends to filter out the larger galaxy of the public issues of North-South and West-West relations. Thus our policy toward genocide, militarism, and self-determination in the vast Indian subcontinent becomes a simple function of a decrepit Pakistani government's willingness to facilitate our first secret trip to Peking. Thus personalism pulls us into personal embraces with authoritarian personalities in Madrid and Lisbon while praising their "moral courage" literally hours or days before they are assassinated, expelled, or overthrown. Every sheikh on the Persian Gulf insists on nothing less than the Secretary's personal attention.

Consequently, personalism has to become fastidiously restrictive in determining how a small entourage spends its time in a narrowly chosen field. Personalism breeds selectivity of an often idiosyncratic kind. The greater the selectivity, the greater the other issues which are ignored, short-circuited, suppressed, or bypassed. However vital the issues chosen for the great man's concentrated attention, his whims are determining, and a host of other issues pile up on his desk or enter the dustbin of history. Usually these will be the vital longer-term global issues that require many men and measures—the complex economic, cultural, social, institutional issues which do not lend themselves easily to the high drama of high-wire acts.

Faced with unfulfillable requirements, personalism naturally prefers the episodic over the continuing, the specialized over the comprehensive, the spasmodic over the consistent, the urgent over the pervasive. Unless somehow compensated for, personalism promotes a bureaucratic reversion to sullenness, a political reversion to cynicism, and a popular reversion to isolationism—all of them penalties for noninvolvement and manipulation.

The institutional chaos left in the wake of Kissinger's triumphs of personalism has been hidden, but it is equally dazzling. Foreigners want him to be desk officer for everywhere. We are left asking, Why do those with contempt for institutions feel compelled to seek institutional leadership? Why do they insist on pre-empting control over policies toward nations and continents they are determined to ignore?

It is precarious for any society to find itself for long in this fix, doubly so for the United States with its Constitution and democratic ethos, and triply so considering our philosophic rejection of elitism and widespread demands for greater public participation.

Most of us know instinctively that genuine solo performances, good ones and bad ones alike, eventually come to a close. They are the least likely thing in the world to be institutionalized. Meanwhile millions of Americans interested in foreign affairs in and out of government are unlikely to have an indefinite capacity for being manipulated as the passive partners of *realpolitik*. They will tire of playing out the bit parts and nonroles assigned them by Central Casting. This is true on Capitol Hill. It is true inside the State Department. It is true in communities across America. However glamorous the personality, and however long the success lasts, the self-discipline of enforced indifference will eventually be hard on the spectators—especially hard on an American public already impatient with the insider mentality. Their impatience will widen the pervasive gap which already exists between those few sitting uncomfortably in the seats of power and the multitude sitting equally uncomfortably on the sidelines of events. As the euphoria diminishes, the onlookers will begin to distinguish between our foreign policy as it has recently been perceived and our foreign policy as it has actually been pursued. The omissions, costs, and contradictions will come to the fore.

When the era of personalism ends, the search will resume for reliable new links between men and measures. It will not be easy to begin the painful process of restoration for a nation wrung dry with manipulation and the collapse of public rectitude. Indeed, the only route we can take is consciousness-raising and confidence-building—increasing the proportionate attention we pay to measures in our national life, while weaving them into the fabric of human commitments, sympathies, mandates, institutions, bureaucracies, and legislation.

But the test of a people has often been what they will do when they are tired. America is tired now. Beyond the fates of those who have deprived the nation in so many ways of its reputation, its credibility, and its capacity to function, we again confront an issue more enduring than the men: how to break free from the politics of exclusion and reinvest constructively in the politics of inclusion once more. □

ANOTHER HORSE

A story by Thomas McGuane

Gene was sure there were enough horses. When I called him I said my friend Scott wanted to come and we would need another horse. I told him I had the saddles: a Mexican roping saddle; and an A-type, marked *Montana Territory*, in case we met any antiquarians in the mountains.

I drove south in the Yellowstone Valley the next morning; Scott got the gate and we headed up the road to the ranch that Gene stays on. It was a cold late November day; Gene and Keith were putting the horses in the stock truck to take them up to the trailhead in Tom Miner Basin. Gene had a bandanna tied around the crown of his hat to ward off nimrods and was wearing green chaps he won bull riding in Williston, North Dakota, in 1965 (it said so on the chaps). He was wearing a gun.

Keith was dressed in his National Park Service coveralls and it was he who discovered we were shy a horse. Scott and I were hikers, though not so committed that we'd forgo the one horse. So, I said we'd take that and they could pack our gear in the panniers and we'd meet them in camp.

Keith had secreted his little camp up some six-inch creek in the Gallatin Range; so, we all hunkered around a clean piece of bare mud and scratched out directions. I made sure Scott and I had matches. We were going through an area of some grizzly concentration. I don't know what you bring for that unless it is Librium and a glass of water.

We put the territorial saddle on a bunchy short

mare that jumped every time you took off your coat, though Gene said she was "a good little bitch"; and I noticed she tipped up her left hind hoof when you walked around her. She pulled back all the time when you tried to use her in the pack string; and when Gene had tried to cure her by securing her to his pickup truck with a logging chain instead of a rope, she rared until she broke the logging chain. Then didn't go anywhere.

"What kind of logging chain, Gene?"

"Just a damn logging chain."

I wanted to wear my John B. Stetson hat with the big feather in it; but my ears hurt already; so I put the hat away and with it a certain portion of my self-esteem and pulled on a woolen hat instead.

Keith and Jim (another fellow from Bozeman) headed off in the pickup carrying the pack saddles, panniers, and all the gear. Scott and I went with Gene in the stock truck. When we got halfway down the ranch road, Gene spotted his dogs following us in the rearview mirror. He hit the brakes, jumped out of the truck, drew his gun, and fired. The dogs hightailed it for the house. I looked at Scott.

We crossed the Yellowstone and headed up Tom Miner Basin, struggling for traction on the long, snowy canyon road. We parked the trucks at the top. Somebody had a tent there; and there was a small corral with four bales of hay in the snow.

Jim said, "Can you throw a diamond hitch?"

"Not hardly," I said.

Scott and I led the five saddle horses and the

two packhorses up to the corral and tied them. There was a lot of snow and we were going up another three or four thousand feet, Scott and I trading off on the antiquarian saddle, being too big to double-team the twitchy mare.

Some hunters came up to the head of the road in a little Jeep, packed inside, all guns and hot orange hats.

"I don't see nothin' hangin'," said the driver.

"We're only startin' out," one of us said; though the truth was Scott and I were just going to make a bloodless round trip to see the Gallatins under snow.

Gene knew where Keith's camp was for sure. Scott and I knew where it was on the mud map back at Gene's place; but there was more snow than we thought there would be and trails would be obscured. So Gene went ahead to cut a trail. Jim and Keith agreed to pack up and follow when they were done; and meanwhile, Scott and I would start, trading off on the mare.

We started up the easy grade along Tom Miner Creek, Scott getting the first ride, up through the bare aspens and gradual snow-covered slopes dotted by dark knots of sage. We could see the snowy Absaroka range across the Yellowstone.

Then the canyon steepened during my turn on the horse, as I saw Scott fade trudging behind in six inches of snow. The trail contoured around high on the north side, really quite steep; and I remembered two years before in the summertime with Keith, taking two riding horses and a three-year-old that had never been packed between us, me in front. The young horse banged the plywood panniers on a tree and panicked, chasing my horse headlong down the skinny mother of a trail, the creek sonorous in the deep canyon below me. Finally, my horse swerved up on a short leveling of the slope and stood crooked and not half so unnerved as me. The young packhorse shot on through, bucking and emptying the panniers of everything from sleeping bags to Pepsodent and a German chocolate cake.

Today it was relaxed with the snow muffling the horses' hooves; and the altitude beginning in the cold air to produce the radiant and astringent combination of air and light that is year after year fecklessly pursued by the manufacturers of beer calendars. I noticed that riding was colder than walking; my toes were a little numb as were my nose and cheek points; my ears, thankfully, were warm, due entirely to the abandoning of my High Lonesome hat down there at Headquarters. I stopped and waited for Scott.

When Scott caught up, he confessed to thinking about grizzlies. "If one came after me," he said, "I

would dodge around in those aspens, in and out, in and out, until somebody came and rescued me."

I trudged along behind as he gradually disappeared ahead. I noticed the snow getting deeper; and now the sky was deeply overcast and snow was beginning to pour down the canyon in a long sweep. After a while, I could see it streaming into the horse tracks, obscuring them. I transferred the matches to an inside pocket and mentally reviewed Jack London. I thought, when I get back, I'm going to buy a whole mess of horses so we never run out.

My eyes flicked to the brushy creek bottom for grizzly sign; just like one of those fang mongers to come on a man having a hard enough time as it was. I had the strange thought that nothing could happen to a person by way of grizzer charge or vanishment beneath snowbank *who had as many magazine subscriptions as I do*. But it was getting to be Grimsville-on-the-Rhine out here. I could see about fifteen inches ahead of me.

The snow was deep enough that it was a struggle to walk and my boots were full. If I had stayed home, I could have watched the Colts and Dolphins play, up in my room with snacks and the Sunday Livingston *Enterprise* and cozy telephone calls to my friend the writer down the road as to the relative greatnesses of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Or I could read a Zap comic from San Francisco.

I caught up with Scott in about half an hour. I climbed on the horse, not describing to him what he was in for as to wallowing. I noticed, though, that my boots disappeared into the snow, stirrups and all, making wakes. Scott remarked the horse looked like a cocktail waitress. So, it was beginning to get to him too.

In two trade-offs, we made it to the top. We looked back into the immense valley of the Yellowstone and rode (or walked) through the trees on a kind of plateau, Buffalo Horn Pass, where the Indian hunting parties crossed; and then to the Western slope and a tremendous view of the Gallatin drainage with white, jagged ranges angling in from the north.

The snow let up and we were in deep powder. When it was my turn to ride, I started down a long switchback that ended in the trees. Scott on foot decided to run straight down. At about the point I reached the trees, Scott was pinwheeling in a cloud of snow. Then the horse fell; though fearing getting hung up in the stirrups, I ejected U-2 style, before she hit the ground. The snow was so deep and soft that Scott and I and the horse wallowed around and made no very great attempt to get to our feet again.

The sun came out and the raucous birds of the high mountains started in with some brazen appreciation of the general improvement.

Thomas McGuane is the author of three novels, *The Sporting Club*, *The Bushwacked Piano*, and *Ninety-two in the Shade*.

Another Horse

The horse was getting silly. When one of us rode ahead and the other reappeared, she jumped back in horror as though from a representative of a dogfood concern. And on the steep switchbacks, she slid down the snow on her haunches. I felt she was stunting and might pull anything next, an Immelmann turn, for example.

Then Scott galloped off through the trees, the trail making a soft white corridor and the speed of his departure producing a sun-shot curtain of powder snow. The laden boughs poured white powder in the sunshine; whole sections of snow dropped from the treetops onto the trail with a soft concussion. Suddenly we were in camp: a wall tent half buried in powder and a pole corral.

Gene was cutting "standing dead" for the sheepherder stove in the tent; and we took turns splitting it. (You had to have all your terms straight if male self-respect was to survive in a hostile world. When you went fishing, you went "out"; when you went to the mountains, you went "in.")

Keith and Jim arrived almost immediately with the pack stock. Keith complained that Gene had cut the trail too close to the trees; so that the pack animals banged the panniers all the way up; then, to Scott and me, he allowed as how the snow had been unexpectedly deep.

"Did the horse fall?"

"Yes."

"I saw the place. See any game?"

"Gene saw two moose."

Jim said, "The sorrel packhorse fell and slid forty feet on its stomach and got up straight without spilling anything."

We all admired that.

"How many of these horses you want to picket?" Gene asked Keith. Keith looked around and shared with us the idea of losing horses in all this snow.

"All of them," Keith said. "Then let's butcher up a good mess of wood. It's going to get cold."

The sun was starting to go down at that. We had one more tent to put up. It took an hour to shovel the snow out of the site and get the ridge pole in place. The pile of split wood, fresh and lemony-smelling, was building in front of the first tent. And by about sundown, the second tent was up, the heater in place. We threw in two shovelfuls of dirt so the bottom wouldn't burn out; put the sheet metal tubes together to form the chimney and ran it up through the asbestos hole in the roof. We built a fire in it; and the snow inside started to melt in the warmth and form the mud hell that was necessary until the tent had aged in a few days.

We went to the other tent about sundown. It was very cold; and we started to work on making dinner, spacing the job out with bourbon and one



of those ersatz wines that is advertised right in there at half-time with Gillette razors and the Dodge Rebellion. Some of us were swaggering around with cigars.

Scott and I peeled potatoes and onions. Keith and Gene cooked some elk, sliced up a head of lettuce with a hunting knife. Jim explained how he had expelled Allen Ginsberg from a coffeehouse for running down America.

We ate, greedily, for the first time that day. The mud was starting to deepen in the tent.

Somebody hauled some feed to the horses; I looked out the tent flaps and saw them picking precisely through the snow with their front hooves for the pellets.

I was pouring bourbon into cups full of powder snow; Keith would drink half a can of Seven-Up and pour whiskey down through the triangular hole into the can and say, "Right on!" to no one in particular.

Gene rose imperfectly to his feet and began doing six-gun tricks, whirls, drops, spin-and-draws, fanning back the hammer.

"Is that loaded?" I peeped.

"Yes."

We all backed away into the corners, fearing a general O.K. Corral. Finally, Gene, winded, put the gun back in its holster.

Jim dropped his elk steak on the floor. When he picked it up, it was covered with mud and had a few mothballs stuck to it. "Go ahead and eat it," everyone encouraged him. He said he wasn't hungry.

Jim took the bucket of heated water off the sheepherder stove and started washing the dishes. In passing, he explained that Dave Brubeck liked to pinch girls' bottoms.

"Where's Keith?" I asked.

No one knew. After a while, I went to look for him. He was asleep in the other tent, laid out in the mud in his sleeping bag next to a pile of saddles. I put a couple of pieces of wood into the heater and the base of the chimney glowed cherry. When I walked back to the other tent, I stopped in the cold, still air and, needless to say, looked up at the stars. They seemed to swarm a matter of inches over my head.

Scott came out. "That's Orion," he said. "See the belt and the sword there?"

I said I did; but the truth is I never could make those things out much beyond the Big and Little Dipper and the North Star if I didn't take my eyes off of it. I heard a coyote. I thought, I am on top of the earth and I don't work for the government.

I went back in the tent. Jim was telling Scott that his recollection of jazz in the fifties was too good for him to tolerate these rock 'n' roll creeps. We told him to listen to Eric Clapton, Sugar cane Harris, and Mike Bloomfield; Jim dutifully wrote it down in a notebook, commenting as he gazed

sleepily into his breast pocket that he had left his altimeter at the house.

Jim, Gene, and Keith all slept in the same tent because they were going to get up before dawn to look for elk. Scott and I rolled out our bags on the floor and turned off the Coleman lantern. For about half an hour, we could hear the banked-down stove crackle and see the rectangle of bright light around its door.

When the stove went out, the mud froze. I wished I had flattened out some of the mud under my bag because it froze in shapes not reciprocal to my body. I pulled the drawstring up tight around my face. I was warm in the good Ibex bag; but my head felt like it was in a refrigerator. I put on my wool cap, feeling for it among my frozen, board-stiff socks and the hiking boots that were as rigid as building blocks.

I could hear when I woke up the next morning the other three crunching around outside, wrangling the horses and falling silent as they drank coffee in the tent. It was insultingly cold.

Scott said, "Oh, no!" from the interior of his sleeping bag.

"What?"

"I have to go to the bathroom."

We got up shortly and had a crackling fire going in the sheepherder stove. We made a pot of coffee and lazily divided a vast sheet of Missus So-And-So's breakfast rolls. I thawed my socks and boots in front of the stove; rivers of steam poured from them into the stove's open door.

When I stepped outside, I could see where the snow was trampled from the morning's wrangling. Their trail led across the small open meadow and over the rim, a soft trough in the perfect basin of snow. The light was tremendous and the sky formed an impressive light-shot blue dome, defined on the side of our camp by a row of snow-laden pines; and opposite us the glittering range of the Gallatins. A big lone spruce stood between us and the newly risen sun; full of snow and ice crystals, it exploded with the improbable brilliance of an Annunciation. There weren't words for it.

We put the bags in stuff sacks, straightened out the tent, and let the fire die. I printed a note and left it on a pannier, weighted with a jackknife.

Boys,

We're going to work our way on back. We'll leave the horse in the corral at Tom Miner Basin.

—Tom and Scott

We got the bridle and saddle and headed out for the mare. A pine bough had shed its load of snow and her back was white and powdered with it as she stood in the glittering mountain light. I swept her dry as Scott warmed the bit in his hands.

We saddled the mare and took the long way home. □

IN PRAISE (AND CASTIGATION) OF "THE FOLLY OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE"

Writing in last month's *Atlantic*, architect Peter Blake raised, as he put it, "nine outrageous questions about modern architecture that modern architects do not raise very frequently." He put them in the form of "notions or assumptions" that have been "drilled into every modern architect over the past half-century," (see next page) and called them all false, or "largely so." Said Blake in summary: "I have seen the future, and it doesn't work." *The Atlantic* invited architects, writers on the subject, planners, builders, and officials past and present to respond. Herewith a sampling, traveling the spectrum from outrage to concord.

UNDER THE RUG

Peter Blake is so eloquent in argument that, to revive a cliché, one scarcely has the heart to examine his logic. When higher education is cultivating the nontraditional stu-

dent market, I can only applaud his plea for professional continuing education, and any longtime city-watcher is glad to find an architect observing his undertaking with detachment and criticism.

But as humble a seeker after new knowledge and as uncommon an architect as Mr. Blake clearly is, he fails to observe the first law of professionalism: respect for another professional's territory. Tough, complicated, sticky problems such as America's urban ones rarely yield to single-factor analysis or the dominance of a single profession. Yet in his excessive faith in the now familiar thesis that new forms of communication can replace old forms of transportation, and in his scorn for bankers and bureaucrats, Mr. Blake adopts both fallacies.

So one traces, step by step through the article's nine propositions, how the analysis goes astray. Propositions 1, 2, and 3 are essentially architectural in substance, and the evidence is explicit, the critique crisp, and the conclusions persuasive. Number 4—tall towers in large urban parks—is a more complicated matter, and here Mr. Blake adopts the fallacy of the single example: dragging out poor, tired, Eisenhower-era Pruitt-Igoe as the case that proves children don't like high rises. Rich or poor children? With parents from urban or rural

backgrounds? Black, brown, or white?

By proposition number 5, Mr. Blake is outside his territorial limits. All the clichés about public housing come tumbling out in one long paragraph, the vintage one being, "The bureaucrats who build and administer projects are usually so incompetent that those projects cost twice or three times what they would cost if built by private enterprise." The author is again back in the 1950s; for in the sixties, the preferred policies were Turnkey (*private* construction of public housing), and Section 23 (scattered-site public housing, *privately* provided and designed for mobility). As for Nixon's "rent supplements," they were first proposed by FDR and first enacted by LBJ. What's missing now is money in the executive budget.

By proposition 6—the only good transportation is foot transportation—it's pretty much downhill. Proposition 7, favoring renewal of old neighborhoods, is interesting. Number 8 is right in its skepticism of assembly-line housing, but it ignores the mobile-home industry.

Proposition 9—why travel, just communicate—is an architect's disastrous venture into economics, electrical engineering, and psychology. No hint of Raymond Vernon's classic dissection of why home offices and confrontation trades congregate

in New York; no acknowledgment of Wilbur Thompson's thorough documentations of the economic advantages of large cities; indeed, no acknowledgment of the high rises actually under construction in downtown San Francisco, Miami, and Boston. Instead, here is the amateur's excessive enthusiasm for the promise of TV, a promise that MIT examined eight years ago for business decision-making and found unfeasible.

The plain fact is that large compacted cities are here to stay—and how we upgrade their inner composition and change their relations to the suburban ring are very live questions, deliberately pushed under the rug of national policy for the last six years. The critical decision, I think, will involve not so much architecture or housing, but *land use*, most particularly, *land prices* and the public's capacity to recoup speculative profits made possible by public investment in roads, water and sewer lines, and community facilities.

But that's an article in itself, and I hope Peter Blake will try it. For although he did venture too far out-

side his field of competence, his indignation is justified, his vision powerful. Now, if all our urban professionals can only think in his broad terms, but think together . . .

—ROBERT WOOD
President, University of
Massachusetts
Secretary of Housing and Urban
Development, 1968–1969

WHAT PEOPLE WANT

Peter Blake's article was more than a surprise. It is a sort of shock, whose effects will reverberate for a long time to come. All I can say is, "Bravo, Peter Blake."

I have known Peter Blake for many years, but we have held widely divergent views about *good* architecture. His architectural gods were simply not mine. For a man of Peter Blake's standing in our profession to admit publicly a discovery that his gods have feet of clay is a credit to his erudition and his honesty. Many architects will probably brush aside Blake's *mea culpa* and brand him as an iconoclast seeking notoriety by turning his back on the

towering masters of twentieth-century architecture.

Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, Gropius, and Breuer were teachers who led us out of the quagmire of beaux arts eclecticism that was taking us nowhere. Moses led his people over the Red Sea (or the Sea of Reeds) to a Promised Land. We architects, like the Chosen People, wandered for forty years never knowing where we were going; in fact, we thought that we really had arrived. Our "downtowns" have become our canyons flanked by towering glass cubes. The open spaces under, or adjacent to, our buildings are invitations to desolation and dreariness. Urban planning, housing, prefabrication are not what they should be. With this I have no disagreement. So far, so good, Peter Blake, but where do we go from here?

The great form-givers who were Peter Blake's idols seem to have lost sight of whom they were designing buildings for. We, the architects, must address ourselves to what people, the ultimate users of our architecture, really want, what will make their lives fuller, richer, more

PETER BLAKE'S LIST OF "FALSE" ASSUMPTIONS

1. "Structure is the ethic of architecture."

2. "Glass skins draped over steel or concrete frames are the most rational, and most ephemeral, visions of the twentieth century."

3. "The best way to bring life and happiness into a modern city is to construct it of tall towers, raised off the ground on columns (or pilotis), so as to permit pedestrians to circulate freely at ground level, through wide-open spaces, parks, playgrounds, and so on."

4. "Towers in a park are the best solution for families living in urban areas, because open space will be available in the great parks

created by building vertically rather than horizontally."

5. "We need large housing developments in our cities, to solve our desperate housing shortages."

6. "More sophisticated transportation systems will make our cities work."

7. "Modern architecture will make people happier, healthier, sexier, more creative, and so on."

8. "Prefabrication will solve most of today's building problems."

9. "Cities are essential if civilization is to survive."

fulfilling, and happier. We must understand the likes and dislikes of people, their basic emotions, their life-styles. We must create structures and environments which satisfy not the architectural critics, the editors of architectural magazines (and Peter Blake is one of them), or our form-giving colleagues and peers.

Years ago Peter Blake and I clashed during a Mike Wallace television interview, at a time when I was daring to depart from the Miesian cube to create an undulating plan for a hotel structure and clothe it with a rather free use of color on the exterior as well as the interior. I was designing to please people, not architects. People will continue to hunger for better housing, better schools, better places to work, to play, to find happiness. Now that Peter Blake has cleared away the "powder in the eye"—to Americanize a French saying—architects must find ways to achieve all of this through the use of new techniques, new economies, and a new vision of viable structures regardless of style or form.

Thank you, Peter Blake, for pushing aside the architectural idols of the early twentieth century and opening wide the doors through which we must find our way in our quest for an emotional architecture that will soothe our spirits in our troubled world.

—MORRIS LAPIDUS

Architect; credits include

Americana Hotel, New York City;
Fontainebleau Hotel, Miami Beach;
housing, hospitals, shopping centers,
office buildings

UP THE CITY

I sympathize with the problems faced by professional architects, problems of structure and design, and I feel strongly that public officials should know more about good architecture. But my seven years' experience as mayor of Boston compels me to take exception to Peter Blake's thesis that the city is passé, obsolete, and anachronistic. I cannot accept his postmortem of the metropolis—that it is a derelict and dy-

ing species, that the urban future can't work, and that McLuhan's vision of a "global-telecommunication-village" is the answer to the future distribution of our social resources—human and cultural.

I was disappointed to read that Mr. Blake had reversed his assessment of the city. His enlightened book *The Master Builders*, published in 1960, warns advocates of diffusion and sprawl not to assume "that people don't like to live in cities; and . . . that businesses and industries can operate efficiently when cut up into smaller units." And it reminds us that "many people like big cities. . . ."

We welcome sensitivity to a changing reality and recognize the need for new tools and ideas in his profession; but a blanket indictment of urban viability is a retreat from idealism, leading inexorably to the bankruptcy of national purpose, social integrity, and human respect.

Mr. Blake's statement of fifteen years ago is substantiated by the American city today. Our thirty largest cities accounted for half the total growth of production in their metropolitan areas in the 1960s. They gained 1.5 million jobs—an increase of 15 percent—their production of goods and services rose by more than one third and accounted for fully one third of the nation's total economic output by the end of the decade.

My own city of Boston is more popular, more livable, more stimulating, and more viable in 1974 than it was in 1960. It gained 40,000 jobs between 1963 and 1972, and its mean household income, expressed in dollars of constant value, rose by one fourth from 1960 to 1970.

The cities have not withered, they have expanded in recent years—as centers of finance and insurance, as headquarters of government, communications and business, as the focus of recreation, tourism, and personal services. Furthermore, the demographic pattern of the 1970s shows that, far from alienating people, the city is attracting them. Boston, for instance, now enjoys an annual population growth rate of 2

percent. And the 20,000 people who have moved to Boston are not just the "very poor" and the "very rich in pursuit of penthouse status." They are people from all levels of society, eager to renew the search for community, to rebuild old neighborhoods for themselves and their families.

Blake's thesis—that we can afford to retreat from contact with each other because of the panacea of technology—represents a dangerous trend. It encourages the siege mentality of suburbia, leading us toward a nation that is growing separate and fragmented, and, as the Kerner Commission reported, increasingly unequal.

And as for those "technical dragons" which Blake claims terrorize the architect's realm, his fears of the designer's dilemma are unfounded. He has missed the forest for the "pilotis," so to speak.

If, as he suggests, the form of urban life dictates the city's functions, and not the other way around, it is then up to talented architects such as himself to change these forms and thus better serve the human needs of today's besieged and beleaguered cities.

If indeed airy, windswept plazas are slowly strangling the metropolis with spacious but bleak expanses, city planners have an obligation to restore the streetside shops and restaurants that provided the safety-in-numbers for pedestrians of the pre-plaza days.

If mass transportation treats only the symptoms of urban/suburban balance, we must face the distribution question head on. The answer is not to homogenize society into one great national suburb, where everyone would suffer equally from diffusion and high transportation costs, but rather to relocate human resources. Urban sprawl is dead. . . the assassinating bullet was energy—or the lack of it. Today, the ideal answer, the only answer, is the city.

Mr. Blake has lost his perspective and priorities. The human community is far more important than the stone and concrete patterns we choose for shelter. Without the need

to relate to other men through the "interface" of the city, man-individually and collectively—will lose his ability to live with other men or to govern himself. Isolated from his society by the protective distances of rambling suburbia, he will become socially soft, alienated from others by his vicarious experience of the world and forces around him. Not only soft, but vacuous. Not only alienated, but disenfranchised.

The city is viable, and Blake's "technical dragons" are chimeras of stale imagination.

The answer to today's problems is not the doomsday dismissal of urban America, but the return of human community—a return that can only be realized through the renaissance of the dynamic and creative source of civilization—the city.

—KEVIN WHITE
Mayor, Boston

FUTURISTIC NONSENSE

Someone had to say it, and I am glad it was Peter Blake. He says it so charmingly. What is more, I think he scores eight to one in his true-or-false architecture quiz.

True, the only thing worse than most of the new architecture that pollutes our surroundings is the "boulle chitte," as Mr. Blake so delicately calls it, which architects keep dishing out to rationalize their work. Our architecture is indeed lost in utter abstraction. And the first step back down to earth where the people are is to force architects to re-examine the assumptions on which they are building their dreams and our nightmares.

But Mr. Blake is false—at any rate, I think he is terribly wrong—with his answer to his last question: "Are cities essential?" He knows damned well they are. Peter Blake, for those who haven't seen his magazines, *Architectural Forum* and *Architecture Plus*, has been defending the city for years in his own pieces and those he edited. So when he suddenly resorts to all that obsolete, futuristic nonsense about how the cities are doomed, and how au-

tomobility and electronics make the suburbs inevitable, he is not true to himself. Either he suffered examination fatigue or he is just provoking us.

Perhaps, having answered his first eight questions so brilliantly, Mr. Blake simply got tired when it came to number 9, and let his architecture-school-conditioned reflexes take over. For half a century the modern masters have drilled it into their disciples that everyone will soon be scattered and telecommunicating all over happy suburban tracts, Broadacres and Radiant Cities. To a large and perverted extent that has most unhappily happened. The prophecy was fulfilled with the generous help of federal mortgage insurance and highway trust funds. They let the city rot and gave us no choice. It's part of the future that hasn't worked and that Peter Blake says he wants no part of.

I am therefore inclined to think that Mr. Blake, that devilish advocate, repeated the old anti-city sermon only to arouse outraged responses like this one—and accelerate the current trend back to the city.

—WOLF VON ECKARDT
Architecture critic,
the Washington Post

STIFLING ARCHITECTS

I have seen Peter Blake's article and it works—as a piece of provocative journalism. I only hope that *Atlantic* readers are what I think they are: intelligent, perceptive, and fair-minded enough to agree with the last paragraph of his piece, in which he says his questions are "unfair to architects" and that we have "less and less say in the shaping of the man-made environment."

I have to say bluntly that the limitations imposed on architects by building codes, zoning regulations, safety codes, the demands of the disabled, and, finally, the objectives of the client, the community, and the banks and politicians are so great that the creative powers of the

architect are almost wholly stifled. He has almost nothing to say in his architecture to deny the charges of the Peter Blakes of this world.

Not long ago Marcel Breuer designed a skyscraper to be built over Grand Central Station. To the sensitive layman and the architect as a citizen, it was an outrageous concept. Breuer was heavily criticized for accepting the commission. Undoubtedly he accepted on the grounds that if it was to be built, he had better design it, as someone else would surely do it but not as well. He also probably argued that it was not within the power or jurisdiction of the private architect to make judgments relating to zoning and land use. They were matters of law and public policy.

Peter Blake would undoubtedly have advised Breuer to turn down the commission with a fanfare of publicity, and it might have been good PR for the architect. It certainly would have made a good novel for Ayn Rand.

As it turned out, the project was never built, because the forces of public policy and opinion worked as they should. I think in the long run that the policy of "rendering unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's" is wise in a country dedicated to government by law, not men. Blake does admit that our clout should be exerted as citizens, not architects.

Inflation and the interest rate may well solve the architect's dilemma and Blake's, too. We will soon have no work to do in our profession, so we will have lots of time to write and run for office. However, if the blame for all our ills today is successfully attached to us as architects, what credibility will we have to succeed in our new roles?

Come on, Peter! Let's hear something constructive from your talented pen! Why don't you write about some of the good things that are in prospect. Systems building, for instance, or community development corporations, or performance specifications, or National Land Use Planning.

Ben Franklin once said, If we

don't hang together we'll hang separately, or words to that effect. That's still good advice today. You have disparaged teamwork, but I think it is high time that the professionals in our society work together to restore our credibility as problem-solvers, not problem-makers.

The architect philosophers of the beginning of this century may have been wrong, but they dared to look to the future with optimism and confidence. We desperately need that spirit today.

—NELSON W. ALDRICH

Architect; credits include consulting work for Dartmouth College and Phillips Exeter Academy; associate architect of Boston City Hall.

WHAT'S NEW?

Peter Blake makes a lively case for his admittedly naïve group of youngsters; that is, 1920 to 1970 plus thirty years—a mere flick of God's eyebrow in time. I would get a sneeze at least—1900 to 1970 plus thirty—and can remember before Blake's dogma fell through, or even arose.

For a long time, I have considered the product of that dogma and of this age mere compost in the cycle of time. Blake, as a rare and brilliant intellectual, stirs the surface of the problem into a mighty froth, but doesn't get very far into the turbid waters of the deep, deep problems concerning, among others, the land ethic and habitat.

First, of course, there can be no dogma that is anything more than the reflection of one man's ego; thus, Wright, Mies van der Rohe, and Corbusier can be explained. And that is why when they fell, their dogma fell. Thank God that dogma did fall apart.

Now I would like to offer some thoughts. Let's take Blake's first premise. Number one, add "social" in front of "structure," and you've got it. I quote: "[social] Structure is the ethic of architecture." Now let me ask this, is architecture the mirror reflecting society? True or false? Get a better society, and they'll give them, those people, a better archi-

itecture. The other points Blake makes concern details of a bad dogma. One problem with architects that Blake only touched on is their generic illiteracy, their detachment from reality, their egomania. True or false?

Here is another true or false for anyone to look for if they're seeking a clue to the future: Look back to Greek island villages; high Hopi villages on a mesa. Look to high-density, low-rise, stratified centers around a plaza with open spaces in between.

I also suggest reading Nietzsche's *Beyond Good or Evil—A Philosophy for the Future*. There you can get perspective. He says that any truth more than twenty years old is getting ratty.

After all, the world's second oldest profession isn't as vigorous as the first at the moment, but don't write us off, baby—the old person isn't dead yet.

Man's habitat may yet become our first concern, leading to a *pro bono publico* city-state. And then for a conclusion, here are some thoughts to remember:

When it's popular, it's obsolete.

If we are satisfied, we are wrong.

Look back, young man, there's nothing new in the world.

Our heritage is probably better than our future.

And finally, all generalizations including this one are false.

—NATHANIEL ALEXANDER OWINGS

Architect, founding partner, Skidmore, Owings and Merrill.

Private commissions include Lever House, New York City

IVORY TOWER DISDAIN

Peter Blake, whose career, it seems to me, has been marked by tons of rhetoric and minigrams of accomplishment, has simply switched old errors and old dogmas for new ones.

He is to be commended for his re-examination of the "fashionable" dogma and slogans which he and those colleagues he appropriately refers to as "radically chic" have im-

posed unflinchingly upon all of us for several decades. He deserves our sympathy for having endured his own self-criticism and introspection only to arrive at a new "fashionable dogma" as entirely removed from the real issues of urban design and of human and social organization as was the earlier credo.

The questions Mr. Blake asks almost speak for themselves. "Structure is the ethic of architecture." True or false? "Glass skins draped over steel or concrete frames are the most rational, and most ephemeral, visions of the twentieth century." True or false? Who, outside of an elitist coterie of academicians who never heard of Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx, Staten Island, most of Manhattan suburbia, really cares?

Happily for Mr. Blake, he can dethrone Corbusier and elevate Jane Jacobs with the stroke of a pen. Unhappily for the city of New York, the former's precepts became law in 1961 and we now are told we should have waited for Ms. Jacobs to become "chic." Happily for Mr. Blake, he can ignore an inflation-ridden economy and a 0.5 percent vacancy rate in New York City housing and endorse the Nixon Administration's irresponsible response to the most severe housing crisis we have faced. Finally, it is of great interest to learn that our cities will shortly be rendered obsolete through more imaginative use of television. Tell that to the poor and to the working-class millions who will never be permitted to own a home anywhere near the pastoral industrial parks which are attracting their jobs. Tell that to those few of us who believe there really is an energy crisis. Why don't you ask yourself some questions about these issues, Mr. Blake?

New York is not limited to the central business district, Greenwich Village, and the Upper East Side. While Peter Blake worries about whether "structure is the ethic of architecture," thousands of New Yorkers pursue lives of desperation leading them to drug addiction, violence, and crime. The health care provided for the average New Yorker is substandard. Our mass

transit system is a mass disaster. There is little housing for the middle-income family and almost no decent housing for the poor. Historically critical industries such as garment and printing continue to struggle in antiquated quarters. The theater district, once the showplace and tourist attraction of New York, is now dominated by pimps, prostitutes, and perverts. The financial district has become a ghost town reminiscent of those little towns out west that closed their doors at the end of the Gold Rush.

And yet, New York has a strength that Peter Blake could never comprehend. What is that strength? It is that we are dealing with a still vital and competitive commodity . . . New York City itself. This city is built upon the most extensive and powerful social, economic, and physical infrastructure in the world. New York is the cultural, financial, and communications capital of the world running on "people power," born of ethnic diversity, and nurtured by confrontation and challenge. New York is neighborhoods and people, not "glass skins" and "steel frames."

Peter Blake sits in an ivory tower wrapped in gauzy, irrelevant generalities, issuing dictates and fiat. His attitude toward money is one of aristocratic disdain, and high rents for the working class are merely an inconvenient impediment to accomplishment of his questionable design ideals. He cannot relate to the New York masses, only to other savants and intellectuals. He suffers from the "garment-center syndrome," being a slave to fashion where fashion-thinking changes every year.

Peter Blake has had the good sense to challenge the precepts he grew up with and the lack of sensitivity to pose one question after another with no more than secondary significance to all of us who do not qualify as "radically chic."

In conclusion, I would like to tell Mr. Blake that I like strawberries but when I go fishing I use worms.

—SAMUEL LEFRAK

Builder of Lefrak City,
Forest Hills, New York; President,
Lefrak Organization

ARCHITECTURE AS AN ORCHESTRA

I was born into the same past as Peter Blake, and it didn't work either. I read the first half of his article in Barcelona, between rounds of walking in the pedestrian back streets of the Barrio Gotica and along the crowded, delightful Ramblas. One can't breathe the air, of course, which supports Peter Blake's theories of technological progress.

The second half I read in the fishing village of Cadaques, where all the houses are either the same as they have been for the last 300-odd years, always without the help of architects, or "recycled" by modern architects, on the insides only. The architects are protected from themselves by local laws, which do not permit styles other than that of the original town to appear publicly. All very supportive of Peter Blake's general warnings and observations.

It's too bad that architects are commonly so egocentric as to actually believe, despite the evidence to the contrary, that they are best qualified to make architecture. The best of them have all died, the second-best prove limited points, the third-best do the obsolete and unnecessary superbly, the fourth drop out into academia and discuss the irresponsibility of those who stay in, and the balance just make a living or try to, wisely ignored, along with their more intelligent and talented colleagues, by 80 percent of those really responsible for building and developing.

Perhaps Peter Blake has hit on a solution. For example, first the client hires architect A to design a brewery; second, he fires architect A during basic construction; and third, he hires architect B to redesign the structure as a Rehabilitation Center for government bureaucrats. At the completion of the project, architect B is replaced by architect C, who "recycles" the building into apartments for the architects of the future. Expensive, but guaranteed to produce rational and interesting architecture eventually. Maybe.

Giancarlo de Carlo, the Italian

architect, has pointed to another way which shows promise. He acts as an architectural conductor, allowing the inhabitants to help him, and vice versa, to orchestrate the places they as individuals will eventually live in.

—IVAN CHERMAYEFF

Architect, partner, Chermayeff & Geismar Associates, New York City; Cambridge (Mass.) Seven Associates

OVERBOARD

That as a vital cultural force the modern movement in architecture is dead, and that its belief in architecture's ability to assure the good life for all is (alas!) absurdly naïve, are assumptions which I had thought had become part of the common wisdom by now. So my first reaction to Peter Blake's "The Folly of Modern Architecture" was one of surprise that an architect whom one would expect to be current would present as news what has been in the air for a long time. Architects would not be "totally lost," as Mr. Blake says, if the modern movement's dogma were suddenly to be proven fallacious; Skidmore, Owings and Merrill might flounder a bit, but the really creative minds in architecture have been operating beyond the physical-determinism rhetoric of Le Corbusier and Wright for years. There is Robert Venturi, for example, whose *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture* (which Mr. Blake, by the way, panned when it appeared in 1966) has surely been as important as Jane Jacobs in turning the tide against the orthodox modern movement's schemes for a pristine, ordered architecture to cover the world. And there is Charles Moore, who has written extensively about the "vernacular" architecture of the everyday environment, and designed buildings clearly inspired by it. And how about all of the students in the mid-1960s who revolted against the formalist aesthetic and tried to shift the profession toward more social concerns?

Mr. Blake's *God's Own Junkyard*, a polemic against the disorder of

the American environment which suggested more buildings by great architects as a cure, was published in 1964, three years after Jane Jacobs' cries for urban diversity, which he cites as an important influence on his new thinking. So his changeover is obviously a very recent one, and like all converts, he seems to have gone somewhat overboard in his zeal. In *God's Own Junkyard* he called for the elimination of honky-tonk areas, like New Orleans' Canal Street, which he said "defile America," and now he tells us that downtowns are obsolete altogether, and are destined to become "quaint historical sites."

Both statements are simplistic and, if I may say so, silly. There is a great and continued move to the suburbs, as Mr. Blake says, and there is a serious need for architects to get out of their ivory towers and try to understand the choices many Americans have made with regard to their physical environment. But that does not make all cities *ipso facto* anachronistic, and it does not convince me that the Walt Disney people, who do brilliantly execute amusement parks, should therefore take over from Mayor Beame.

Mr. Blake's comments on the city disturb me deeply, because they seem to reject the very responsibility to see reality and deal intelligently with it that he demands of all architects in his closing lines. Modern architecture has failed in its revolutionary social goals. It is absurd to plan cities totally, and not to allow for diversity and spontaneity. But that does not make all cities useless, and it does not make all new buildings inferior to old ones, as Mr. Blake also suggests. The end of the modern movement should teach us not that architecture is unable to be of much use to society, but rather that architecture and ideology do not mix well. There will always be much that the individual architect can do, and there will always be much that the individual building, new or otherwise, can mean for its occupants and for its surroundings. I fear that in his attempt to free himself, rather belatedly, of the modern movement's ideological bag-

gage, Mr. Blake has come close to thrusting architecture aside as well.

—PAUL GOLDBERGER
Architecture critic,
New York Times

THE ICONS ARE FALLEN

Blake's witty attack on this century's architectural icons is long overdue. But why the depressing verdict? Why will the "future not work"? Our eyes are open. There is hope! For although the prestige of the "famous names" over the past fifty years did indeed tend to stifle debate of their basic premises, many an architect has long since questioned them—and from there gone on to refute them in his work, if not by his words.

But I wish that Blake had probed further, asked deeper questions, for he writes well.

How much, for instance, in the final analysis, does the written word influence architecture as opposed to executed work? Surely the latter is more capable of winning followers than all the words ever written, yet why was the architectural world so long in thrall to a handful of architects, more given to the "word" than the "deed"—for their executed work was relatively slight? The answer could be that it was the character of the age in which they worked; an age of profound confusion, of transition, but above all, of vast uncertainty in matters architectural. It was out of such an era that Gropius and Corbusier emerged as the great polemicists, dogmatists, and propagandists. Supremely self-confident, they urged their beliefs from center stage with vigor, eloquence, and unrelenting persistence. The "word" prevailed.

But they did, of course, have something of real value to say, something that greatly needed saying in the first decades of this century. The flaw in their philosophies, which became ever more apparent as the years passed, was their excessive emphasis on the rational, which left no place for the intuitive; for anything, in short, that spoke to

that part of the psyche that apprehends beauty, mystery, surprise, delight.

What interests one looking back at these great figures is that toward the end of their careers, they themselves seemed to have sensed this want. How otherwise explain the famous Chapel at Ronchamp in France except that it dramatically marks Corbusier's conversion to a totally new approach to architecture, a conversion that sent shock waves throughout the architectural world.

Although one can point to no similar sea-change in Gropius' case, I do know, from personal conversations with him, that his trip to Japan in 1962—his first, at the age of seventy-two—had a profound effect on his thinking, and that from then until his death he lost no opportunity to stress the vital importance of beauty in the total environment of man, in marked contrast to the teaching of his early and middle years.

We owe much to these men. They played great roles, but long after their mission was accomplished, their dogma lived on to obstruct rather than free the creative stream. One is grateful to Blake for his further freeing of the channels.

—JAMES LAWRENCE, JR.

Architect, partner,
Lawrence, Shannon & Underwood,
Boston, Mass.

A GULL

Mister Blake's complaint, simple, classical, is that he and his friends "... received our dogma from Mies van der Rohe, from Le Corbusier, from Gropius, from Breuer, and some even from Frank Lloyd Wright [sic]."

Further, that: "... I (and others) have begun to discover that almost nothing that we were taught by our betters ... has stood the test of time." And, "Nothing—or almost nothing—turns out to have been entirely true. The premises on which we have almost literally built our world are crumbling ..."

Finally, that: "It is quite a blow."

Sorry about that. But how any-

body could expect to be vouchsafed a unified dogma from such a disparate group of oddballs, or why they should want one, is a puzzle. Mies van der Rohe, who suffered from acute artistic constipation (diagnosed as Mondrian's Disease); Le Corbusier, poet and divine draftsman of one facet of the spirit (like William Blake); Gropius, lacking in creativity and therefore doomed to galloping teamworkeritis; Breuer, just the opposite, creative all over the place; Wright, juicy as an overripe plum, reveling in the most severe case of egomania in the annals of architecture, not to mention six others, were (or are, in Breuer's case) the most absurd, fascinating, compelling, talented, wonderful architects of our time, each with his very own little old dogma. Supermen! If I had a buck for every hour I've spent thinking about their gross and lovable idiosyncrasies (supermen shouldn't have them), I'd be a millionaire. They taught me never to trust a T square and triangle around a corner. Them dogmas hang too tough.

All of Mister Blake's "... nine outrageous [sic] questions [sic] ...

that modern architects do not raise very frequently [sic]," are, in fact, problems which have been discussed, written about, explored in practice and in research, agonized over, mocked, from the moment they burgeoned, as the result of ideas, or drawings, let alone as buildings. It takes no acuity, when faced with one of Wright's or Le Corbusier's badly distorted, crumbling structures, to moan, "Gee whiz! Whadya think's wrong here, huh?"

Mister Blake's avowal that "... like all of my dearest and closest friends ... I want to remain radically chic ..." reminds me of the dress designer who yearned to get into the cement overcoat business.

"... the architects of my generation ... stopped asking questions the day we obtained our licenses ..." Sudden withdrawal like that must have been something awful.

"I decided that it was time to re-examine things quite [sic] ruthlessly," Mister Blake confides, *Vogueishly*. OK, but does he *have* to start with the question, "Was the earth really flat?"

All this is very soft stuff, *caca*

d'colombe, rather than "bouille chitte," so weak in its approach to mankind's affairs that the entirely unintended effect is one of a gull. It's sad, as is Meredith's comment on the basic problem: "Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul, when hot for certainties in this our life!"

Now, let's commence with the architecture!

—ROBERT WOODS KENNEDY
Architect, Cambridge, Mass.;
author, *The House and
the Art of Its Design*

PETER BLAKE RESPONDS

Some of the above comments seem to me so thoughtful that I would have to write a book to struggle with them—and that is one thing I am trying to do at the moment. Other comments seem so deliciously silly to me that I would prefer to let them stand. I am very pleased that my article stirred up so much controversy. Obviously my questions were at least timely. □

ON PICKING AND SMELLING A WILD VIOLET WHILE WEARING DRIVING GLOVES

by L. E. Sissman

Eponymous violet dandled in my fingers,
A swatch of violet upon the blackness
Of the thin kangaroo skin dully shining
Where it had fixed the wheel between my fingers
For miles through lowing droves of evening traffic
Stampeded westward from the epicenter
Of meadowlessness to the greening country
On the first Monday after daylight saving,
I lift your violet petals and gold chamber
To my gross nostrils rankling with tobacco
And sniff for any fragrance. At first nothing—
Certainly not the violet of perfume—
Can penetrate the nose of civilization.
A second whiff, and then the faintest sweetness—
The finest elfin essence of distinctive,
Generic airs, the rarest violet gasses—
Comes through, as clear and tiny as a baby's
First word, and reforms my understanding.

CHECKMATE IN VEGAS

by Walter Tevis

If there's an American who will beat Bobby Fischer, he's probably in this room right now.

In this city, chess is for peanuts. Downstairs from this very room, during the past half hour, a dentist's wife from Boise won twenty-three thousand dollars at a crap table. What she did was pile those multicolored Stardust chips on the *don't pass* line, smoke her Winstons, refuse the free drinks that Bev, the cocktail waitress, would sweetly offer her, and pull her earlobe every time the shooter threw the dice. A small crowd—a few senior citizens, a few red-eyed swingers, me—increased as shooters crapped out, and the dentist's wife would increase or decrease her bet as, perhaps, messages from her earlobe would dictate. The lady was no born loser; when the stack of chips in front of her got big enough and bright enough, she quit. That's *twenty-three thousand* dollars. And she never touched the dice.

And in this room upstairs, the Pan-American Room of the Stardust Hotel, a faceless convention room big enough for basketball, with beige drapes cutting out the brilliant Nevada sun, two hundred and eighty-six men and

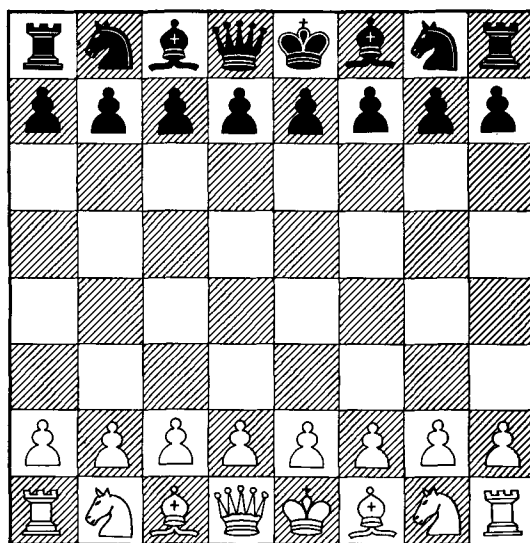
fourteen women are sitting in pairs, face to face, across banquet tables with green-and-white paper chessboards on them, as silent as the woman from Boise. Playing *their* game. For a total of five thousand dollars in prize money and five trophies. Top prize will be one thousand dollars. To win it, and the trophy, will take five days of the most brilliant and exhausting mind game ever invented in the convoluted history of human competition. From medieval Persia, where it was *shatranj*, to feudal Europe, where it became *échecs*, to present-day game-mad Las Vegas, where it is chess.

This is the National Open Tournament of the United States Chess Federation. It is played once a year in this most improbable and yet most appropriate of American cities. This year it is at its heaviest ever, with masters, life masters, grand masters, and those prima ballerinas of chess, international grand masters. Perhaps only in Moscow

could you find stronger chess. Or in a hotel room on the other side of the Sierra Nevada Mountains where the rude Mozart of chess—if he would play you—would crush you with the deadly accuracy and force that Hitler used on Poland. I refer to Robert Fischer, the best chess player in the world. Probably the best who has ever lived.

Fischer, in the long run, is, of course, the man to beat. He no longer plays tournaments like this one; from now on he will de-

FLETCHER



fend his title every three years if the lighting—and everything else—is right. And if eventually an American should beat him, that person may well be in this room right now, pushing wood and punching his clock, his mind as busy as the Stardust's casino downstairs. Only it isn't wood he's pushing; it's plastic.

Las Vegas dice are nice: geometrically perfect, measured with micrometers, sandblasted to a surface that will bounce and tumble; they click well in your hand. Chess pieces can be beautiful too; a Staunton pattern set turned from maple and ebony, weighted with lead, felted on the bottom, is a lovely thing to play the world's smartest game with. But here in Vegas the beauty is all in the mind; grand masters are pushing knights and bishops of cheap plastic across paper boards. What is beautiful here is exactly what was beautiful in the mind of Euclid, who, as some bad but knowing poet said, "looked on beauty bare": it is the patterns, the absolute relationship of one line of force to another, the irrefutable logic of pure reason, the *quod erat demonstrandum* of checkmate.

I used to think the professional chess-playing scene would be one of tweed jackets and briar pipes and sweet, gentle old men who might look like Albert Einstein. Then I saw Bobby Fischer, two years ago, that moody, long-legged, overwhelmingly brilliant killer shark, and I thought, In fifteen years of following pool hustlers, I've never seen a clearer case of the killer instinct written on a young man's face while playing a game. I've seen the Nashville Bear shoot pool; I've watched Wimpy Lassiter, Willie Mosconi, Rags Ragland. Hell, I *invented* Minnesota Fats, and a fat man from New York came out of the woodwork to claim my own fantasy as his. I've watched the Ufala Kid shoot nineball for twenty straight hours in Lexington, Kentucky. Those men are all killers—born winners—and I've tried a few of them on a table. But I wouldn't play *croquet* with Bobby Fischer.

And I wouldn't play Monopoly or Chinese checkers with Walter Browne, the man who wrapped up the National Open Tournament in Vegas last year and said, "From here on out, Vegas is *my* tournament." Browne is a one-time U.S. Open Champion and five years younger than Fischer in a game that turns out to be as much a young man's game as pro football is. He is fresh from Holland, where he won the Wick ann Zee International. He looks like a rock singer, with a Fu Manchu and a floral shirt, and a hyper, gangbusters manner.

The way it worked that first morning of the tournament was that, after breakfast, my two-faced

chess clock in my hand, I threaded my way through the casino's slots—alive at 10 A.M. with hypnotized handle-pullers and always the jangle of a small jackpot somewhere in the room—and up to the Pan-American Room to my first game. The night before, I had made thirty at blackjack and had no few gut-twinges over five-dollar hits, but when I sat across board ninety-six from a mild-mannered young man from Salt Lake City with a chess rating of 1819 and opened with a pawn to king four of the utmost orthodoxy (Fischer plays almost nothing else), and he replied with the equally orthodox pawn to queen's bishop four, which means the Sicilian Defense, I abruptly got a twist in the gut as palpable as a wicked hand, squeezing. What was there to be afraid of, at least yet? I don't know. But there I was, playing as scared as a rabbit in a game I've known since I was six years old. And the young man—whose name was Kitchen, and who, it turned out, had quit pool hustling to take up chess—beat my ass in an hour, on the thirty-fifth move, with a double attack that was, for me, unstoppable. I resigned, and without even pausing to watch the action behind the ropes where the grand masters were playing, headed straight for the casino, to hide my embarrassment I guess. That's where I saw the lady from Boise. She was pretty sexy. Well-stacked, with a white cotton dress and pale lavender lipstick, and that look of wickedness and ready-for-anything that the game of craps automatically confers on anyone who wants it. Or invites it. Anyway, neither refuses the meeting at such times; and she and the game were, although not touching one another, sinning merrily along at 11 A.M.

Then when she quit and headed toward the casino cashier to bank her loot, I went back upstairs to watch Walter Browne play a master named Fletcher at board one. Somebody had once asked Browne what he thought of Bobby Fischer—whom he played to a draw in their only meeting—and Browne had said, "Fischer is God; but I am the Devil." I of course wanted to watch the devil play chess.

First I had to get permission from George Koltanowski, the tournament director, to slip behind the ropes, where we low-rated players were forbidden to trespass, so that I could get a good look at Browne's face. Koltanowski himself was once quite a man at the boards; in Edinburgh, in 1937, he played blindfold chess simultaneously against thirty-four open-eyed Scots and didn't lose a game. Now he hovers over the tournament like an amiable mother hen. George gave me the go-ahead, and I stepped over the ropes into grand master turf as though I belonged there. Up to this time in my life I had never played chess against more than an expert, and he had wiped me out in ten minutes. An expert's rating is between 2000 and 2200 points and can take a lifetime to achieve.

Walter Tevis is the author of *The Hustler*.

Checkmate in Vegas

A master's starts at 2200; a grand master's at 2400. Browne's is 2595.

Browne was standing in tight, flared Levis and his floral shirt, twisting his hands and grimacing, staring at the board. Every part of him seemed to be in motion. He pulled at his hair. He snapped his fingers. He shuffled. His opponent seemed oblivious of everything but the position on the board. Browne's clock was ticking. I checked the captured pieces. So far they were even in material. I tried to ignore Browne's Mick Jagger act and make out the position. It looked fairly routine, except that Browne had pushed his knight's and bishop's pawns up from his castled king in a way that seemed to invite attack, and he had a bishop on queen's knight three that seemed out of the game because of Fletcher's two black pawns locked on the long diagonal. I tried to think of what I would do if it were my move, and had pretty well decided on a pawn push on the king knight file, when Browne reached forward, grabbed one of his white knights between two fingers with great grace, picked off a black bishop with it, and used the captured piece to punch his clock. No surprise there; the bishop was protected by one of those two black pawns on the long diagonal. Fletcher could retake. Browne sat down, and put his face in his hands. For the first time he looked like he was playing chess. He did not move.

Fletcher waited about five minutes, and then took the bishop with the pawn. He punched his clock. And then, as quick as a cat, Browne picked up that bishop from queen's knight three, the one whose diagonal had been cluttered before by two pawns, took the remaining pawn with it, and said softly, "Check." Then I saw it. Fletcher didn't twitch, but I knew what he must have been feeling in his stomach, because he had just been hit out of left field with one of the most potent moves in chess: a king-queen fork. Because the bishop was not only checking his king; it was aimed right at his queen as well. And he *had* to get out of check. He could do that by taking the bishop with the queen easily enough, but Browne had an innocuous-looking knight that had been sitting on the rook file for no telling how long that was going to take Fletcher's queen when that happened. Beautiful!

Fletcher could have resigned right there, but he played it out as though hypnotized by the inevitability of it: queen takes bishop; knight takes queen. Then bishop takes

bishop, check, and Browne slid his king to utter safety on rook one, and *then* Fletcher laid his king on its side and shook Browne's hand. There was a murmur from behind the ropes.

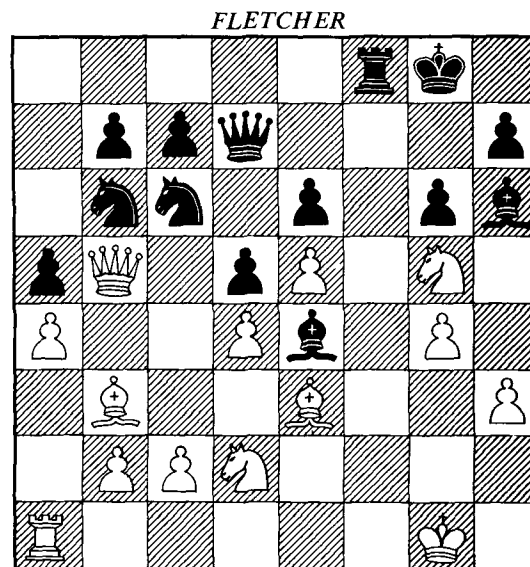
Then came the thirty-seconds ritual of each player's signing the other's score sheet (each has to record every move), and Browne grabbed the two copies that the winner turns in at the tournament director's desk and jumped up from his seat. It was so quick he almost hit me. He twirled his head, looking at but not seeing me and the crowd of maybe forty on the other side of the ropes, hesitated a split second, and then stepped over the ropes, pushed his way nimbly and quickly through the awed crowd, and almost ran to the front of the room and dropped the score sheets in the winner's box. I tried to follow, but the last I saw of him, he was heading down the stairs, toward the casino and lobby. I had heard he was a tennis freak; I figured he was going for a game before the afternoon's match at three o'clock.

Was it my imagination, or was there something about his eyes when he looked my way? I think writers should be careful about talking about people's eyes; it can be an easy cop out for failing to get the right language. But there *was* a look there that I've seen before—on the faces of some pool hustlers. On Joe Namath, too, and George Blanda. It's not exactly a look of triumph or contempt, although those are there, I guess. It's a *pre-occupied, inward* look. Narcissistic and almost infantile. Like Brando's.

Whatever it was, it scared me. And maybe there's no way that one look can convey that much. Maybe it was really in the way that bishop had come out of nowhere, into the middle of a tame chess game. Or the sudden, final knowing way that Browne's hand had shot out and deftly taken the pawn that forked the queen.

Playing on board number two, with utter calm, is John Grefe, who tied last year for the United

States Championship. He too wears a Fu Manchu. He is twenty-six, and has pinned on his dungaree shirt pocket an ashtray-sized button with a color picture of the pink-cheeked, beaming Maharaj Ji. He claims that the spiritual discipline he follows has made him co-champion of the country. His rating is 2524, so who could argue? He stares at the board as the Buddha might have. On board three is Florin Gheorghiu of Romania, small, dapper, outwardly calm, the



thirty-sixth-highest rated player in the world at 2550, but, I think, a bit outclassed by the younger men around him. I am to have dinner with him that night and be impressed by his civilized manners, his command of a French menu, his unflappability.

On board four is Norman Weinstein, the U.S. Open Champion, a good-looking boy with glasses and a computer brain. Rating: 2504.

I know that the Canadian champion is here, and Levente Lengyl of Hungary; and the hot young grand master from the Philippines, Reuben Rodriguez, and Julio Kaplan, and the Cuban Eduardo Celorio, and Arnold Denker, other names I have heard discussed with reverence at places like the Ohio State Championship, which I played last September in Columbus. But a man I almost missed has been sitting at board number seven all the time, looking like an amiable jeweler: Arthur Bisguier. That was a name to conjure with once, in chess circles. In his early forties now, Bisguier was United States Champion for four years in the nineteen fifties, an international grand master with his first international tournament won, in England, at twenty years of age. He won his first U.S. Open on his honeymoon. And then, in 1958, a fourteen-year-old boy named Bobby Fischer appeared on the scene and started stripping him of his titles, one by one, until he was, in his own words, "rendered obsolete." He had the famous Fischer jinx on him, and found himself, like so many others since, making crude blunders in games against Bobby. Now here he sits, at board seven, looking slightly chubby, harmless. No killer look at all.

I watch Bisguier play and wrap his game up very neatly, very professionally, with just a touch of weariness. Afterwards, I want to introduce myself, but for some reason I hold back. Maybe I'm ashamed of myself for getting so turned on by Walter Browne's play while I hadn't even noticed one of my old heroes. In any case it will be two days before we meet for dinner and I find out what a pleasant and good man this Bisguier is. And the meeting will come about not through my efforts, but because my wife, Jamie, has been playing the slot machines at the Sands with his wife, Carol, a New York lawyer. At the slots, they are both losers.

I head for lunch, mulling over the array of chess talent I have just been looking at. It has been one of the strongest concentrations of top players ever in American chess. And yet not one of them is as well known as any second-rate comedian in half-a-dozen lounge shows in Vegas. These men are authentic geniuses, with the ratings to prove it. They are somewhere between superstar athletes and poets: like athletes, they have hard statistics and numbers of games won to prove themselves by; like poets, they are a tight ingroup, and few people can understand what they are doing and few care.

I think it's a pity that Walter Browne isn't World Champion; he'd make better copy than Fischer; and certainly be more interesting on TV talk shows. He's edging up on Fischer fast. His rating is 2595. Fischer's is 2780. And Browne is young, fierce, a slim-hipped vessel of ambition, ego, and brains. He claims to be the best poker player in the world, too. I wish Amarillo Slim were here. I think I might back Browne at seven-card. Fischer doesn't gamble; he can't stand to lose. Even when he bowls, they say, he bowls alone.

Somebody told me once that Las Vegas hotels weren't much, despite their showiness. Walking back to my room, I think how this is another wrongheaded opinion about this town. I like the Stardust; it's one of the best hotels I've ever stayed at. Everything works, everybody who runs the place is friendly, Western, open. Sure, they'll take your money at the tables, but no one has tried to talk me into sitting down at one of them. So I sit down at a one-dollar blackjack table, and I pick up twelve silver dollars before lunch. See! This helps compensate for losing that damn game to Kitchen from Salt Lake City. I head for lunch, a winner.

Two days later I've lost four chess games and fifty dollars. I've been beaten by a boy from California, a blackjack dealer from the hotel (with a rating of 1580), and a tight-lipped, pretty girl named Mary Lasher, who forced me to resign after the eleventh move. The fifty went to roulette. I am making excuses to myself like crazy: I have jet lag; I have an article to worry about writing; chess isn't all there is to life. But it hurts like hell. Especially that girl. She wouldn't even let me smoke!

And then, on the morning of the third day, I see Walter Browne in his biggest pyrotechnics yet. He is playing white against the Filipino, Reuben Rodriguez. In the last ten minutes of a four-hour game, Browne is in time trouble. He has one minute left on his clock; Rodriguez has nine. Browne is shoving pieces like a madman, banging his clock almost in synch with the moves, tearing at his hair, while Rodriguez, a hippie Asiatic, impassive, thinks out his moves. Browne's face is a controlled frenzy, a tornado of grimaces, bitten lips, blinks, even smiles. He must make his fortieth move before the little red flag on his clock drops. If he gets that far, he'll have another two hours for forty more moves. He looks as if he'll have a seizure, a stroke, a fit. He'll never make it. But he does. Move forty. *Bang* on the clock. A miracle!

And then he blows the game.

What has happened, of course, is that in all that haste, he has got himself too vulnerable, and Rodriguez has come in, on move forty-eight, for the kill. Browne loses a rook and resigns on the fifty-

first move, disgusted with himself. But he offers his hand to the Filipino, and they shake. What had I expected? That Browne would hit him? Yes.

I had come with elation to watch that game; I had just beaten my first man, a serious Mormon kid from Salt Lake City who had said, "I find chess intellectually stimulating and endlessly fascinating." I had turned in the score sheets to Koltanowski with a fine feeling and then had gone back to the other end of the room just in time to catch the theatrical ordeal of Walter Browne. When his game was over, most of the grand masters had finished except for Arthur Bisguier, who was still working away. I watched him do it again—a quiet, professional wrap-up. Bisguier now had five games in a row. I watched his face looking for something. Last night I had learned that he was last year's winner of the Lone Pine Invitational, a tournament run by a California millionaire, and that he had beaten a field of players with an average rating of somewhere around 2300. I also knew that he was one of the sharpest gamblers I had ever seen; he knew the Thorp blackjack system down to the last card in the deck. But, damn it, where was that killer look, the look of the born winner? This was a nice man.

And do nice guys ever finish first? I am here to tell you that at times they do, even in Las Vegas. On the fourth day of the tournament a hotel owner who was about to testify about gambling in Los Angeles was shotgunned to death a few blocks from here; Walter Browne, maybe the second-best chess player in America, was beaten by a mild-mannered young man named Paul Heinrich (rating: 2135); I got my third and final win with a very nifty knight sacrifice in the opening; and Arthur Bisguier drew his game with Norman Weinstein and thus quietly pulled ahead of everybody else in the tournament. His games had been precise, tactically brilliant, labyrinthine, and nobody could beat him.

On the fifth and final day, Arthur was matched against Florin Gheorghiu, and both needed a draw: Arthur to lock up the first-place trophy, Florin to finish in the money. By the complex mathematics of chess-scoring, based on the simple fact that he had beaten players with a greater total of rating points than anyone else, Arthur could not lose the trophy. And if Weinstein and Celorio drew their games, he would not have to split the first-prize money. So Arthur and

Florin each made ten moves, checked out their positions for weaknesses, found none, and with a handshake agreed to a draw. Arthur lit up a cigar and waited to see what would happen with the other games. Settling for a draw may sound chicken, but it's done all the time in chess. Anyway, Arthur Bisguier was not out for blood; professional to his fingertips, he was out to win a tournament. And he won it.

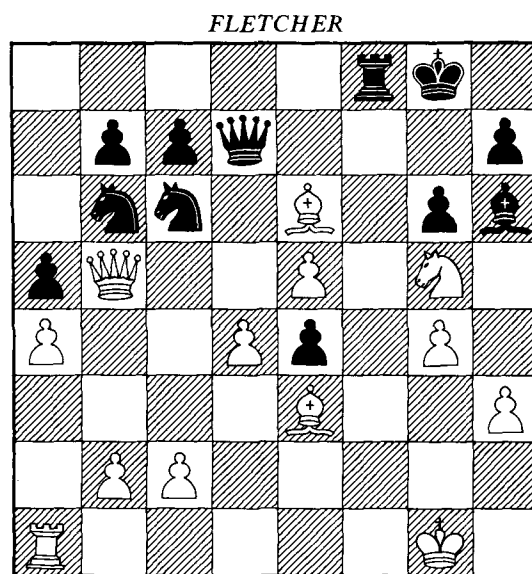
Eduardo Celorio and Norman Weinstein both won their last games. That meant a three-way tie and \$700 for Arthur—in Las Vegas, peanuts. All profit, since, as with all grand masters, his room and travel expenses were paid for, but still peanuts.

But he got the trophy. He must have two hundred of the things at home, in the Catskills, but winning is never in oversupply. Arthur's smile was like a kid's. I was happy enough with my three wins, and I could have hugged him.

Walter Browne beat roulette that night. People said it was gambling—and not sleeping in general—that had cost him the tournament; it may have been true, but Walter doesn't make excuses. After the chess was over for the week, Walter searched four hours for what he decided was a slightly biased roulette wheel, bet the biased area, and made a tidy bundle. I asked him how he felt about losing the tournament—*his* tournament. "Shit, man" he said, "it hurts." Then he grinned and shook his hair out of his eyes and said, "Let me tell you about the wheels at Monte Carlo . . ." From any other man, talk of beating Monte Carlo would be a dumb pipe dream. But if anybody can do it, Walter Browne, an international grand master, a poker hustler—a man who has all the odds memorized on Scrabble, on Monopoly, on blackjack—can do it. Later this year Browne will be playing for the U.S. team at the twenty-first Chess Olympiad, against Boris Spassky and the shy young Russian Anatoly Karpov, among others

from seventy-nine countries. The Olympiad will be held at Nice, and Nice is an hour's drive from Monte Carlo.

Arthur Bisguier won't be at Nice. But let me end this story with another. In 1958, 1959, and 1960, Bobby Fischer beat Arthur Bisguier for the United States Championship. And then they met again for the Midwestern Open, in Chicago in 1963, going into the final game tied for first place. But the night before that final game, Bobby got involved



in playing five-minute chess for three dollars a game with a local expert who was willing to lose his money just to play him. Bobby is known not to despise money, and he stayed up all night. The next day Arthur got him involved in one of those incredibly intricate, Byzantine games that some players go for, and after about twenty-five moves, and after Fischer's clock had been running for a long time, Arthur looked up from the board, and there was Bobby, slumped in his chair, sound asleep. The United States Champion, asleep at the switch, his clock ticking away. In a half hour he would lose the game on time.

And what did Arthur Bisguier do, with a chance to get even with the brash kid who had rendered

him "obsolete"? Arthur is a decent, civilized man. Horrified, he reached over, shook Bobby gently by the shoulder, and woke him up.

And what did Bobby do then? Oh, you've guessed it. He shook himself, blinked, and beat Arthur.

Afterwards someone asked Arthur what had happened to that intricate position of his, and he said, "I made a bad move. I woke up Bobby Fischer."

Maybe my lady from Boise had done something as generous many times in her life and deserved all that money. I know that Arthur Bisguier, the professional, the man who hangs in there and does it right, deserved that big gold trophy in the capital city of games. □

THE LADY IN THE WATER COLLECTION DEPARTMENT

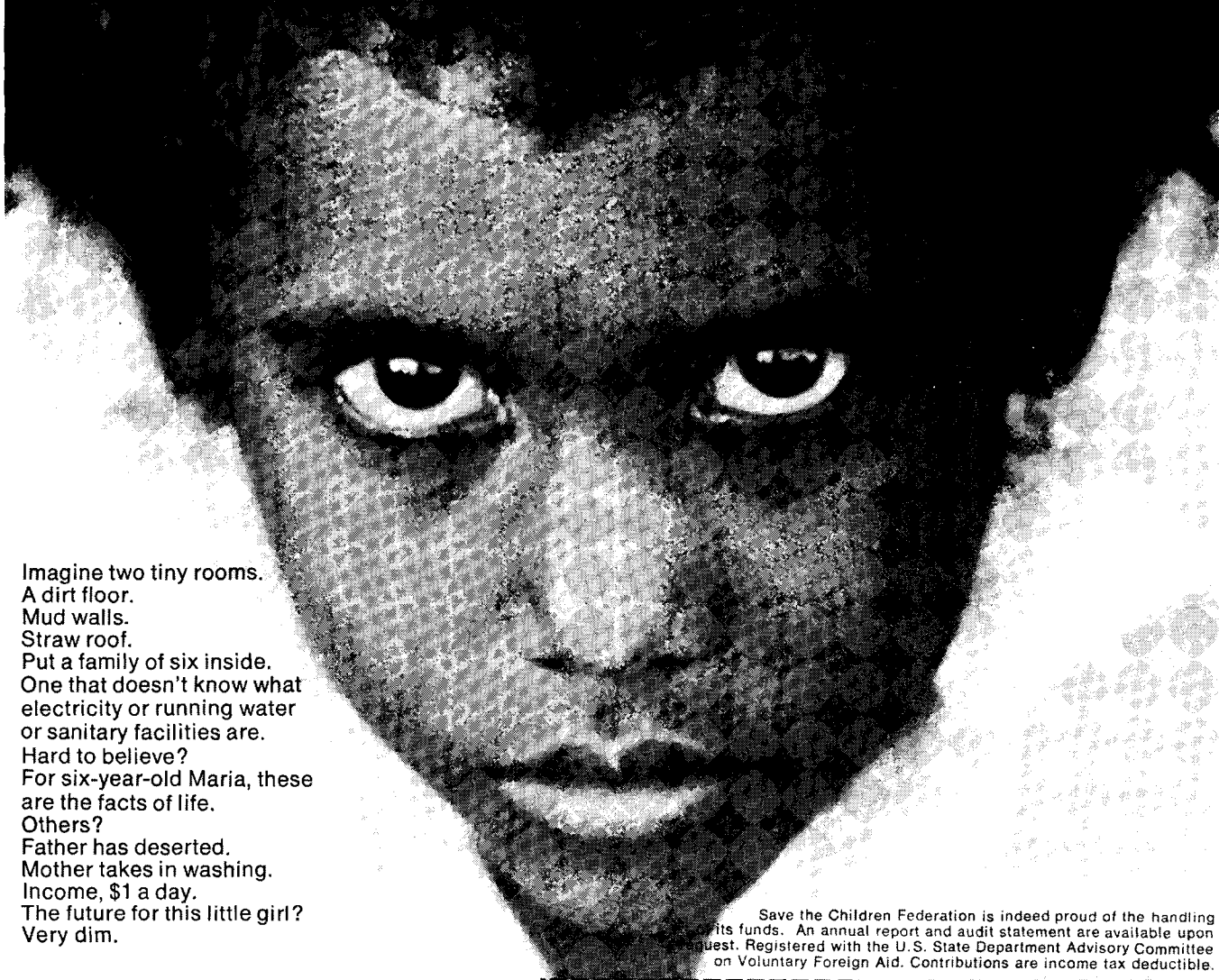
It is raining in her room, rain has all her notes, all her bills. Rain is almost free as it comes through the roof, unmeasured, unpurified. Someday she will control all the rain. Now it is enough to collect for water, stored water, treated water.

At night she dreams water into sheets and walls, water inside her watch, her rings dissolving in water. Her hair is always straight, always wet as if she is forever ascending from some invisible lake. Almost awake, almost drowning.

If her lover comes, he is very late. Riding on a train without dimensions, clear as glass, he finally arrives and undresses. He has a blue clarity: he shines in the half-light. When finally she reaches up, he slips easily through her fingers, leaving her as much alone as ever, looking down at the flooding streets, water crowding the staircase beneath her window, her name spelled out by luminous fish.

by Tom McKeown

You can help save Maria Almanzar for \$15 a month. Or you can turn the page.



Imagine two tiny rooms.
A dirt floor.
Mud walls.
Straw roof.
Put a family of six inside.
One that doesn't know what
electricity or running water
or sanitary facilities are.
Hard to believe?
For six-year-old Maria, these
are the facts of life.
Others?
Father has deserted.
Mother takes in washing.
Income, \$1 a day.
The future for this little girl?
Very dim.

There's a better than even chance Maria will grow up illiterate. Because it costs money to go to school where she lives. Money that just isn't there. But for \$15 a month you can sponsor a child like Maria in many countries around the world and here at home. Money for education. And clothing. And medical care. And a portion of your \$15, combined with money from other sponsors, can help her whole community. With everything from a hot lunch program to a health center. In simple terms, to help them help themselves. This is what Save the Children has been about since 1932.

For you—educated, involved, and in touch with your own heart—there are many rewards. The chance to correspond with a child. Receive a photograph and progress reports. And above all know you are reaching out to another human being. That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work. So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. An annual report and audit statement are available upon request. Registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute \$15 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:

☐ **Where the need is most urgent**

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| ☐ Appalachia (U.S.) | ☐ Greece | ☐ Korea |
| ☐ Bangladesh | ☐ Honduras | ☐ Lebanon |
| ☐ Chicano (U.S.) | ☐ Indian (U.S.) | ☐ Mexico |
| ☐ Colombia | ☐ Inner Cities (U.S.) | ☐ Southern Black (U.S.) |
| ☐ Dominican Republic | ☐ Israel | ☐ Tanzania |
| | | ☐ Vietnam |

Enclosed is my first payment:

- ☐ \$180 annually
 ☐ \$45 quarterly
☐ \$90 semi-annually
 ☐ \$15 monthly
☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of \$ _____
☐ Please send me more information.

NAME _____ TEL. NO. _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

David L. Guyer, Executive Director

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SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

FIT TO PRINT

A treasury of journalism's hack phrases
and labored points

by Edwin Newman

Last-ditch talks usually avert a costly walkout, especially if an agreement can be hammered out.

In American journalism we have created no legend to compare with Lunchtime O'Booze, star reporter for the British satirical magazine *Private Eye*. It may be because we also have no journalistic practices as old-fashioned and outrageous as those still engaged in by some British papers—"I Fly to the Flashpoint Island," "Fare Shock!" "Airline Chaos Faces Holiday Thousands" (a clear favorite among British headline writers, perhaps because of envy), and "Lisbon, Thursday: The heady wine of revolution flows freely in the streets of Lisbon tonight as citizens uncork the bottles and hand them to the rebel troops who toppled Prime Minister Marcello Caetano in a one-day coup." With these real-life models before him, Lunchtime coaxes many a rousing story from his battered but sturdy portable:

I SEE SINAI HELL-HOLE HORROR

Make no mistake, this is war! Today with my own eyes I saw the holocaust that is turning the Middle East into a bloodbath that puts the Red Sea to shame. Just what is going on, it was hard to make out. But one thing is certain. This is war. Even the normally tight-lipped Israeli generals are openly admitting it.

FEAR STALKS PARADISE ISLE

Today I saw with my own eyes the stark terror which overnight has turned this paradise on earth into a living nightmare. They are calling it the Island of Death—this international playground for millionaires and sun-seekers alike.

The question everyone here is asking is: Why did it have to happen here on this exotic sun-drenched haven hideaway?

I CALL IT LONDON'S DAY OF SHAME!

Hell on four wheels! That was the picture yesterday as London ground to a halt in what a [Royal Automobile Club] spokesman described as "the worst snarl-up in the entire history of the world."

All over central London, the scene of chaos was the same, as tens of thousands of motorists battled their way to and from work in a sea of frustration and fury. Tempers boiled over and fists were raised as normally sober citizens were reduced by London's Day of Shame to what a High Court judge described as nothing more than a pack of wild animals.



American journalism is, however, not without its resources, and the hack phrase, the labored point, and the stereotyped treatment are by no means unknown, and Lunchtime O'Booze would not scorn the columnist Joseph Alsop.

In May, 1974, Alsop wrote a column headed "The Undiluted Horror That Lies Ahead." The undiluted horror lay ahead four times in the column,

once for an interminable period, and horror undiluted lay ahead once. The United States government was described as paralyzed by Watergate four times (this *was* the undiluted horror) and also as being in the vulnerable state of a beached whale and afflicted by Watergate mania (twice) with the result that what the government was doing about anything was "zero," which "profoundly imperiled" all America's interests overseas and all America's friends overseas.

"Altogether," Alsop concluded, "if the undiluted horror does not lead to far greater disasters, it will be proof that this country is in God's own care."

Lunchtime, look to your laurels.

Here is a story from the New York *Times*:

"Moscow, Nov. 5—Marshal Boris P. Bugayev, the Soviet Minister of Civil Aviation, personally directed the successful foiling of an attempt to hijack a Soviet domestic airliner to Sweden last Friday, unofficial sources said today."

I do not recall seeing a report of a successful foiling before that one in the *Times* in 1973. The phrase had, however, a certain inevitability about it, the way having been paved by totally destroyed, completely destroyed, surrounded on three sides, partially surrounded, completely surrounded, partially damaged, completely abandoned, completely eliminated, most unique, rather unique, very unique, and totally unique.

Think back to Victorian melodrama. The villain has tied the heroine to the railroad track as the express approaches. This is part of his revenge on the hero. The hero, however, arrives in the nick of time, frees the girl, and rolls with her to safety as the train thunders by. The villain gnashes his teeth over this safe escape. "Successfully foiled again," he mutters as the curtain falls.

The Associated Press from San Francisco, February 14, 1971:

"Marathon talks continued today in an effort to end an eight-day strike of city employees that has paralyzed public transit."

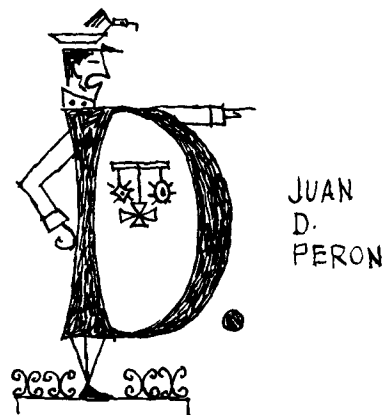
Marathon talks are a relatively new development in labor negotiations. As the representatives of employer and union pound along, gasping out proposals about wage differentials and grievance procedures, and accusing each other of not engaging in genuine collective bargaining, the virtue of marathon talks becomes clear. It is that the parties quickly tire of the pace, and rather than go on running, come to an agreement. Even if they keep going, an artfully placed last ditch is provided for them to fall into, and these last-ditch talks avert, as last-ditch talks will, a costly walkout. It is a more effective and healthier method than the one so often recommended by irate citizens, locking them in a

room until they manage to come up with a contract.

Marathon talks may, however, lead to less than equitable results. If the employer representative finds the going hard, and is clearly winded, he may have to yield a whopping wage increase to get some rest. Whenever this happens, it raises one of the most intriguing questions in American journalism: When does an increase begin to whop? There is a school of thought among economists that this takes place unfailingly between ninety and one hundred-twenty days of inflation's beginning to soar. Historically, however, the determination has been left to the discretion of individual reporters and has never been firmly established.

The following story was carried by the AP on October 5, 1973:

"Buenos Aires, Argentina—AP—A high-ranking police officer was shot to death in front of his home Thursday night in the fourth political murder since Juan D. Peron was elected President less than two weeks ago."



Juan D. Peron. The D. is there to keep you from confusing the late Juan D. Peron with Juan Q. Peron. It is there as well because middle initials are thought to add authenticity and the ring of history. That is why they are so often heard in nominating speeches at party conventions. That is why, when newspapers called on President Nixon to resign, they always specified that it was President Richard M. Nixon they had in mind.

The desire for weightiness even creeps into the language of television weather forecasters. In Denver one night, after the local newscaster had said something had been done "as best as possible," he referred to an "alleged shoot-out," which not merely was alleged but had taken place, with three people killed. The alleged probably was intended to cover the fact that there was a dispute over who should be prosecuted for it. With that, however, our newscaster reached familiar ground, turned brightly to the weatherman, and asked, "Will we have more major thunderstorm activity?"

Edwin Newman is an NBC news commentator and author of the forthcoming book *Strictly Speaking*, from which this article is adapted.

The weatherman spotted the cue, and with equal spontaneity and an unerring instinct for the lively phrase, replied, "You better believe it, Ron. That is the prospect," he continued, "as of right now."

I long ago stopped wondering why major thunderstorm activity is preferred to major thunderstorms. It is because of the national affection for unnecessary word activity. Once upon a time, weathermen spoke of showers. (I heard one of them say, "We may have a scattered shower.")



Showers were succeeded by shower activity. More recently, the shower area has taken over. Newsmen borrow the style from those they consider authoritative, such as the air force general who talked one day about the nuclear deterrent and how well it deterred. It deterred so well, the general said, that the Russians were not in a position to attack us with any confidence factor. The general did not say the Russians lacked confidence. They lacked a confidence factor.

In the same way, head winds no longer delay commercial airliners. Head wind components do. Psychologists no longer speak of children playing but of children in a play situation. My daughter, when she was doing social work, heard it said of a child that he had "not mastered the reading situation."

Television sportscasters do it, too. They do not say that a team is forced to punt but that it is in a punting situation. A phrase like "punting situation" need be used only once and hordes of journalists descend on it and make it their own. Somebody once described a legal brief as lengthy. Now there is no other kind. Lengthy is automatic, like powerful before Ways and Means Committee, and all-important before Rules Committee, and uneasy before truce.

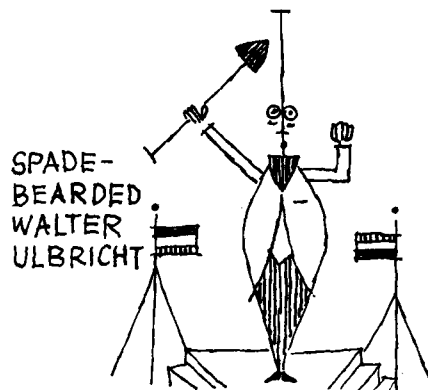
When President Nixon announced the agreement for the separation of Egyptian and Israeli forces along the Suez Canal after the fighting in October, 1973, he remarked that the recent history of the Middle East had been one of outbreaks of fighting, each of them succeeded by an uneasy truce. True enough. But who ever heard of an easy truce, or a comfortable one? If one did turn up, it would escape notice, because reporters would not be sent to cover it. They go to the Middle East because it is

a tinderbox filled with fertile soil (in spite of its being oil-rich) in which an uneasy truce may grow.

Later, if an uneasy truce has held up, the same reporters will probably be present when the parties to it sit down to negotiate. This process could be interrupted by setbacks, during which the negotiations grind to a halt and each side spells out its minimum demands (m-i-n-i-m-u-m d-e-m-a-n-d-s) and insists that all it wants is a settlement that will be viable and that the ball is in the other side's court. At this point the scenario (30 LASHES 30 would be an appropriate punishment for anybody using *that* word) calls for globe-trotting diplomat Henry Kissinger (H-e-n-r-y K-i-s-s-i-n-g-e-r) to arrive. Kissinger, who habitually carries heavy objects on his person while trotting, even when wearing more than one hat, gives a hammer to each side. Both take the cue, whereupon an agreement is hammered out.

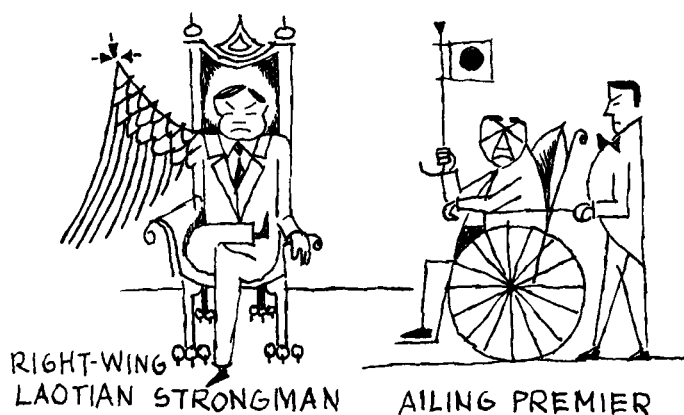
Automatic also was Marxist before the title of the late President Allende of Chile. You would have thought that Marxist President was the position Allende had run for and been elected to.

An earlier specimen of Marxist President was Walter Ulbricht of East Germany. His full name, actually, was Spade-bearded Walter Ulbricht, but an odd thing happened as he grew older. His first name changed from Spade-bearded to Aging, possibly, since he was a well-known puppet of Moscow, out of deference to the aging Soviet Politburo. Ulbricht would sometimes meet other



prominent politicians whose first names were Balding and Left-leaning.

In addition to Marxist President, a political office that sometimes has to be filled is that of Ailing Premier. Openings in this position often occur in Japan, probably because the incumbents, given the condition they are required to be in to get the job—i.e., ailing—rarely finish their terms. If they are in particularly frail health, a meeting with somebody who holds the position of Right-wing Strongman in another country may finish them; so may trouble at home with the holder of the post of Balky Defense Minister; and of course, for anybody who is Aging and Ailing at the same time, the end cannot be far off. For example, in Vien-



tiane in 1962, I met Right-wing Laotian Strongman Phoumi Nosavan, who shortly thereafter turned out to be Right-wing Laotian Weakman Phoumi Nosavan.

When politicians called Aging, Ailing and even Left-leaning go abroad, they stay in swank hotels, which they prefer to Hiltons and others. In New York, they may leave their swank hotels for a visit to the United Nations' posh headquarters. Posh headquarters reveal themselves not only by their poshness but by having been built with public money. Headquarters built with private money, even for prestigious law firms, do not qualify.

Foreign leaders may also, if their tastes run that way, visit a sprawling installation or two. The sprawling Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Alabama, is among those available, and there are countless others, equally ungraceful, including the sprawling ethyl plant in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Wives of foreign leaders may visit sprawling shopping centers.

Having visited the world organization at its posh headquarters, the foreign leader may go to Washington to call on the chief executive, or the embattled chief executive, if *he* happens to be in office. If the visitor is unpopular, there may be demonstrations against him, with the television reporters explaining that "the demonstrators were protesting alleged repressive measures in his homeland." If the police are called in, there may soon thereafter be reports of demonstrators protesting alleged police brutality. In some countries, where customs are different, demonstrators, frequently university students, may instead rampage through appropriate neighborhoods and buildings while protesting alleged government corruption. This, as the UPI told us, was the case in Patna, India, in March, 1974. Anybody who rampages is inviting alleged repression with concomitant alleged police brutality.

Back, however, to the meeting between the foreign leader and the chief executive. When they meet, the mysterious corps of diplomatic observers, its whereabouts known only to correspondents who cover foreign-policy matters, goes into action. Two kinds of diplomatic observers are available, ordi-

nary and seasoned. The situation being dealt with here—foreign leader calling on chief executive—is fairly straightforward and does not warrant disturbing the seasoned diplomatic observers. Ordinary diplomatic observers suffice, and they cease observing ordinarily long enough to tell reporters covering the story that the top-level meeting is necessary to prevent a situation already difficult from escalating into an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation.

In the early days of American involvement in Vietnam, after Lyndon Johnson had faced Aging Mao Tse-tung eyeball-to-eyeball in the Gulf of Tonkin and had shown him to be a paper tiger by making the Chinese leader blink—blinking in such confrontations being the infallible sign of paper-tigerness—I remarked on the air that an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation between Johnson and Mao must have been difficult to arrange, given the considerable difference in height and eye shapes. A professor in California at once wrote to accuse me of a racist attempt to whip up anti-Chinese feeling. I blinked.

I took part in a television program in which Senator Henry Jackson, describing the somewhat faltering progress of the détente between the Soviet Union and the United States, described the situation as half-an-eyeball-to-half-an-eyeball. Presumably, if things improved, the half-an-eyeball confrontation would give way to confrontation by peripheral vision, and finally, on the bright sunlit uplands of peace, the two parties would not be looking at each other at all.

Eyeball-to-eyeball, though it came close to burlesque even at the beginning (for example, when hard-nosed private eyes are private-eyeball-to-private-eyeball, does an eye or nose prevail?), was once a fairly graphic phrase. Because of overuse, it has been devalued. American journalism has a way of seeing to that, of fastening on words and sucking them dry. Controversial is such a word, because it is applied to almost every issue that arises in politics, and because reporters feel obliged to tell us that issues that are resolved in the Senate by votes of fifty-one to forty-nine are controversial. Again, as anyone can discern from book jackets, scarcely a book appears that is not controversial, even when it is also witty, warm, and wise.

Nelson Rockefeller explained why his Commission on Critical Choices would not ask the federal government for money: "Like anything in these days of controversy, this commission, privately organized, got into a controversial situation. We decided not to pursue a request for funding from either the Executive or Congress. It was bound to be controversial."

I in turn regarded Rockefeller's decision as controversial, but it was his commission, and he could do what he liked with it.

Meanwhile has gone the same way the con-

troversial has; it now serves about as much purpose as a clearing of the throat. Massive has also, and here the matter is more serious. Massive was robbed of its original meaning, which is to say forming a large mass, heavy, bulky, solid, so that it could be used to mean large, a word considered no longer able to stand on its own but requiring size after it. Massive doesn't even mean large anymore. It goes by without registering. It means nothing.

Still worse is the destruction of rhetoric. Rhetoric does not mean fustian, exaggeration, or grand and empty phrases. It means—it meant—the effective use of language, and the study of that use. Suddenly beloved of politicians and journalists, rhetoric is now used to mean something doubtful and not quite honest, instead of something desirable. Its misapplication could hardly tell more than it does. The director of the Center for Russian and East European Studies at the University of Michigan, William Zimmerman, has written of someone's "rhetorical thrust." This is a veritable synthesis.

"The New York *Times*," I hear you saying. "Surely the New York *Times* is free of these things. There was that successful foiling of the hijacking, but that must have been an aberration. No?"

No. While the motto of the *Times*, "All the News That's Fit to Print," is not exactly shy and retiring, it is not the news in the *Times* I mean to have at. It is the English. The English is not always fit to print. Far from it.

For long years now, one of the worst things the *Times* has done is to use the construction "convince to." You may convince that. You may convince of. You may not convince to. Unfortunately, this use has caught on and is now virtually accepted. There is no more chance of heading it off than there is of preserving media as a plural. Someone should convince the *Times* that it will bear a large part of the blame.

Here is an editorial in which the *Times* remarks that the Soviet Union "evidently is not able to convince Cairo to accept a rapid cease-fire." Here is a story about the tenor Richard Tucker, who wanted to sing *La Juive* but "was unable to convince Rudolf Bing to stage the work"; and one about Lockheed hoping "to convince airlines to accept modifications of its basic model—the L-1011-1—that would give it transatlantic range"; and one about a new cigarette filter that Columbia University became interested in, in which the *Times* speaks of convincing heavy smokers to cut down their smoking.

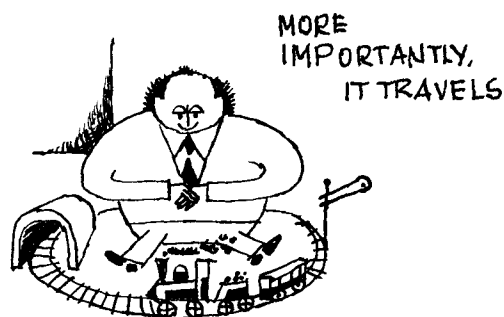
The *Times* was not exclusively to blame for the last one, because Columbia University itself, in its press release about the filter, said, "It may be impossible to convince many people to stop smok-

ing." Maybe Columbia should filter its press releases through its English Department.

If the *Times* can do it, why not others?

United Press International from Ankara:

"Two U.S. congressmen tried to convince Turkey today to reconsider its decision to resume cultivation of the opium poppy, source of heroin."



Associated Press, from Philadelphia:

"A group of University of Pennsylvania students has called for a 'streak for impeachment' April 1 around the White House.

"They say they are hoping to convince President Nixon to 'lay bare the facts' about Watergate."

In any case, why do people say—and, more particularly, journalists write—"He was convinced to withdraw his candidacy"? Only a few years ago they would have correctly said, "He was persuaded to." Why, further, do so many people say comprised of instead of composed of? Composed of filled the bill for a very long time. Why, after centuries, has more importantly, misused, begun to replace more important? The *Times* does nothing to resist it: "There has been a gradual shift, over the past 25 years, in the balance of economic power, and even more importantly, in the attitudes governing the relationships between the United States and her neighbors in the Western Hemisphere." "More importantly, in getting kids to read, the impulse to 'read the book, see the movie' works both ways." The ultimate: "Most importantly, he would like to help in prisons." It has, naturally, made its way into commercials, so that it is said of a Guerlain spray, "More importantly, it travels." More importantly, more unfortunately, does too.

And people say, "Hopefully, something will happen." They could, as they did for so long, use the simple and straightforward, "I hope." They don't say, "Hopelessly, nothing will happen."

Here are some tidbits from recent issues of the *Times*: "Equally as costly." Equally as is redundant. "As for example." Redundant. "Augur for" is wrong. Augur does not take for after it. It cannot take for after it. And "... anyone who feels that either Sills or Lorengar are milking the piece for more than it is worth ..."

Most critics felt that neither soprano were, though in other music, each perhaps do. "Both men had worked together at the Columbia Broadcasting System." On the well-known man-bites-dog principle, the *Times* should have reported this only if one man had worked together at CBS. In the 1973 American League playoff, the *Times* had Jim Palmer of Baltimore and Vida Blue of Oakland engaging in a "flaunted pitching classic." It could have been worse. It could have been flouted.

Not long ago the *Times* put an advertisement in the *Times* for its own help-wanted columns. The advertisement said: "Are you a housewife and have the time to earn extra money while enjoying a change of pace? A temporary job may be the answer." A suitable reply would have been: "No, I aren't have the time to earn extra money while enjoying a change of pace. Are you?"

A headline: "Clean Air Likely to Cost Taxpayer." One in arrears, I trust. From James Reston, a reference to a serious economic crisis facing Egypt. For the Egyptians' sake, I hope so. A serious crisis is the only kind to have. Crises that are not serious are not worth the trouble. It's like the true facts politicians so often demand, or, conversely, insist that they are giving us. True facts are the only facts worth anything. False facts are no use at all, a point that escaped a State Department spokesman who said of an article in *Foreign Policy*: "Some of the facts are true, some are distorted, and some are untrue." True facts, in (true) fact, are like the factual numbers to which William Simon was devoted as Federal Energy Czar. Non-factual numbers don't count.

When Alexander Solzhenitsyn arranged for the publication of his account of Soviet prison camps, *The Gulag Archipelago*, in Paris in December, 1973, the *Times* reported that the Soviet government was in a dilemma. Doing nothing would show it to be ineffective, while "the other horn of the dilemma," the *Times* pointed out, seeing to the heart of the matter, "is equally unattractive." A dilemma has to get up pretty early in the morning to fool the New York *Times*.

In March, 1974, the *Times* reported an attack by *Pravda*, the Soviet Communist Party newspaper, on Secretary of State Kissinger. The *Times* began by describing *Pravda* as authoritative, which it certainly is. Then it quoted *Pravda* as saying that in Kissinger's Middle East negotiations, "the mountain produced a mouse." The *Times*, thinking this cryptic, added, "an allusion to the Aesopian fable about monumental efforts producing pitifully small results." Always helpful, the *Times*.

When Ibsen's *A Doll's House* was about to open in New York, the *Times* had an article about a rehearsal. It began, "The cast was a half hour late for rehearsal and Patricia Elliott, one of the few to arrive early, was waxing ecstatically about the new set." The *Times* thereby created a picture of Miss

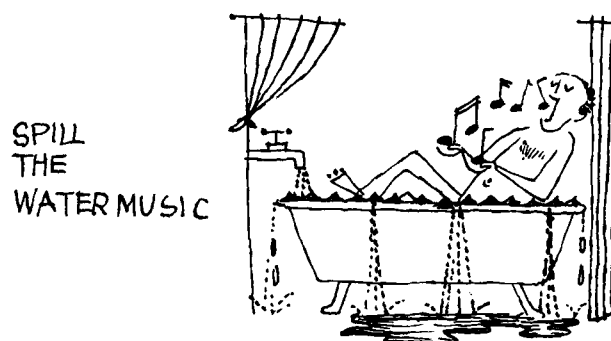
Elliott happily shining the furniture on the theater stage, presumably after an agreement between Actors Equity and the Stagehands Union.

Some mistakes in the *Times* are hard to classify. When Kwame Nkrumah was deposed in Ghana, the *Times* spoke of his "oustering." Maybe it meant his removing. It banished a blameless baritone to limbo in its review of a Metropolitan Opera performance of *Otello*: "Except for David Holloway, as the Herald, the other members of the cast were William Lewis (Cassio), Jean Kraft (Emilia), and Paul Plishka (Lodovico)."

Then there is spelling. In the *Times* it is sometimes exotic. Maybe I am only nitpicking, as the *Times* had one of Mayor Abe Beame's men say when his ethics were questioned. Still, the *Times* has had a black-and-white-striped robe flowing majesterially to the floor. It has told us, in a headline, about "India and the Kashmiri shiek," and otherwise has found the teeming subcontinent teeming with orthographic difficulties, so that it used the spelling Ghandi four times in five sentences, hardly a feather in its hatma Gandhi. Dearth has been spelled dirth in the *Times*. Maybe a dirth is an unclean scarcity. Germane has been spelled germain by one of the learned book reviewers. Germane, she cries in vain.

Of course it isn't only the *Times*. I received a letter a while ago that ended by thanking me in advance for past courtesies, a bit of politesse not unlike something that happened just before one of the Apollo space flights. A box arrived at NBC News in New York with a map in it from the Topographic Command of the United States Army Corps of Engineers in Washington. It was addressed to us at 30 Rockerfellow Plaza.

There are many people who think that Rockefeller is uncouth, a form of dese and dose English. They therefore address us as Rockafellow or Rockerfellow Plaza. As in Nelson Rockafellow, or John D. Rockerfellow III. This package went them one better, however. It carried the warning: "Handel with care." That is good advice. Handel with care. Going Chopin? Liszt with care. Bizet? Take care. Ravel with care. On the other hand, if you're about to unravel, it doesn't matter so much. But Handel with care. Otherwise you might spill the water music. □



MY SHORT AND HAPPY LIFE AS A DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR

by Jessica Mitford



An old hand at raking muck, the author balked at permitting that hand to be fingerprinted as the price of a job teaching her craft at one of California's giant campuses. Therein lay the rub; read on.

It all started in May, 1973, when I received a letter from California's San Jose State University, which began: "Dear Ms. Mitford: I am writing to inquire whether you would be interested in being considered for an appointment as a Distinguished Professor for fall semester 1973." It was signed "Snell Putney, Ph.D., Acting Chairman, Department of Sociology" and was sprinkled with many an oddly turned phrase: "We are wanting someone such as yourself . . ." "The period of responsibility would be from late September, 1973, through late January, 1974 . . ." "More importantly, we seem to be in a period of rather active intellectual ferment . . ." "The honorarium for the semester would be slightly over \$11,000 . . ."

What on earth, I thought. Was somebody pulling my leg—which of my fun-loving friends would have access to San Jose State's writing paper? And if Snell Putney, Ph.D., indeed existed, what was his native tongue? "That's easy, Sociologese," said my husband. "You'd probably love being a Distinguished Professor; you'd better go after it." So I did.

The pursuit gave rise to many an anxious moment. A professor of my acquaintance, privy to the subtleties of university parlance, was quick to point out that Mr. Putney had not actually offered me the job but merely asked if I would be *interested in being considered*, the clear implication being that the same letter had been dispatched far and wide to other possible candidates. Furthermore, he cautioned, there would be political hurdles. Any appointment would have to be confirmed by Dr. John Bunzel, president of San Jose State, former head of the political science department at San Francisco State.

Then came the day when Snell Putney, Ph.D., with whom I was soon in constant communication, asked the dread but inevitable question, "What is your academic background?" I sadly told him it could best be summed up in one word: nil. My mother, who did not approve of girls going to school, had brought us up at home; to my deep regret, I had never attended a university, a high school, or even an elementary school. "Oh-ho, that's delightful," said Mr. Putney with his scholarly chuckle, and assured me that this odd up-bringing would make no difference to my chances.

Much later, I learned that I was indeed one of

some twenty-five to whom identical letters had been sent. Of these, three came down to the wire as possible choices for the job: Paul Jacobs, who had been involved with a student strike at San Francisco State when Mr. Bunzel was there, David Horowitz, an editor of *Ramparts*, and myself. When the short list was presented to President Bunzel with the department's recommendation that I be appointed, he said, my informant reported, "Well, I'm glad it's not Jacobs or Horowitz; they could be troublemakers."

The contract safely inked, I was interviewed at some length by a reporter from the *San Francisco Chronicle*, who made great sport of my singular lack of academic preparation for the appointment, and of the fact that only three years before, I had been listed along with some sixty others by the House Internal Security Committee as an "undesirable radical campus speaker." The following day a cloud no bigger than a man's hand appeared on my otherwise serene horizon; the *Chronicle* reported that Frank P. Adams, former president of the ultraconservative California Republican Assembly and currently a trustee of the state university system, had "hotly contested" my status as Distinguished Professor in the sociology department, remarking indignantly that "to me, if she's an authority on death she should be in the morticians' department." That, I thought, was rather a good point.

One of my newfound colleagues in the sociology department told me that the news stories had triggered a flurry of student applications for my classes and a few crank telephone calls. "What kind of crank calls?" I asked. "Oh, just irate citizens demanding to know what an uneducated radical like you is doing on our campus." I observed I did not consider that crank, as the same question had occurred to me.

I was to have two classes, I was told: a large lecture course of some two hundred students, and an honors seminar limited to twenty. But what, exactly, was I to teach? What *is* sociology, anyway? I put these questions to a professor in the department, but it seemed he hadn't a clue either. "Sociology is a very broad term," he said. "You can structure your classes any way you choose, hopefully based on your own social action research." Ahem, thought I, and it is to be hoped that I may be able to squeeze in a few pointers on talking plain English.

Actually, I found that I was both excited and apprehensive at the thought of assuming my new duties. I had given many a onetime lecture to college

audiences, on a hit-and-run basis in which one disappears forever immediately after the event—but a sustained course to students whose future careers might depend on the quality of their college preparation? This was an alarming, yet challenging, prospect.

I spent the summer "structuring" away in collaboration with my student assistant, Novelle Johnson, a reformed airline stewardess from South Carolina, who proved to be an accomplished and experienced guide to the academic scene. She patiently led me through the ABC's of classroom procedure; it would be desirable, she explained, to prepare class outlines, reading lists, examination questions, so together we got these ready. The lecture course would be called "The American Way," a title vague and flexible enough to enable us to explore the American way of all sorts of things, based on my "own social action research," which I hoped meant I would not have to read any sociology texts but would merely draw on subjects I already knew about: caskets, courts, convicts, con men, the rise and fall of the Famous Writers School . . . The final section would be "Water-buggers of Yesteryear," the point here being that the Watergate gang and their counterparts of twenty to thirty years ago cut their teeth in the witch-hunt against the left following World War II. Under this heading we would present the reminiscences of some Old Left victims of the McCarthy era, New Left comments on same, and try generally to link the radical politics of the two eras. To top it off, we would invite the head of the San Francisco FBI to tell all about electronic surveillance of suspected subversives. In the section on criminal justice we would bring in as guest lecturers lawyers, judges, and ex-convicts. In short, we hoped the lecture course would turn into something resembling a variety show.

The exams, I decided, should be designed to bring out the multiplicity of talents I expected to find among my students. Those more at home in some medium other than prose could turn in a poem, song, one-act play, cartoon strip. All would be invited to translate into English a paragraph taken from a sociology textbook—with the caveat, however, that if they were hoping for a graduate degree in that discipline, they might find themselves at a disadvantage if they learned this lesson too well.

The small seminar (honor students, no less—horrors!) would be a workshop in Techniques of Muckraking, in which students, working alone or in teams according to preference, would investigate some local institution of their choice such as a nursing home, jail, police department, radio station, and so forth.

San Jose is a big sprawling industrial area about an hour's drive from San Francisco. The university,

Jessica Mitford is the author of *The American Way of Death* and the recently published *Kind & Usual Punishment: The Prison Business*. Her exposé of the Famous Writers School ("Let Us Now Appraise Famous Writers") appeared in the July, 1970, *Atlantic*.

a unit of the state system presided over from far-off Southern California by Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke and a board of trustees, is vast: enrollment is close to 27,000, comparable in size to the Berkeley campus of the University of California, where entrance requirements are stiffer and where the student body, with its long history as bellwether of radical youth movements, is more sophisticated, more cosmopolitan, and perhaps more world-weary.

Looking back over my journal, I see that events of my first week in San Jose pretty much foreshadowed the shape of things to come.

Notes from Journal: September 24

Arrived in a state of high nerves to take up lodgings in the Faculty Club—classes begin tomorrow. Checking in at Prof. Mitford's mailbox I found assorted sociological memoranda and announcements, copies of the student newspaper *Spartan Daily* full of wise sayings of deans and information about parking regulations, a penciled note from the secretary of the department saying "Miss Mitford, please go to personnel to take the loyalty oath and be fingerprinted," which I threw straight into the wastepaper basket, and—joy of unanticipated joys!—a letter from a local funeral director saying he had read in the papers that I was coming to teach in San Jose and would "be pleased to put my staff at your disposal to tell your students how we care for the dead." My class outlines are ready, all neatly ditto'd. To my annoyance, Somebody Up There had ordered the title *Techniques of Muckraking* deleted from the seminar outline and replaced with "Sociology 196H," which sounds boring as hell, so they all had to be redone with the title put back in.

Some women faculty members took me and Novelle out to lunch in San Jose's finest eatery—nerves much assuaged by their kindness and several preprandial drinks. In midlunch two men came over to our table, a dean, and a spruce young fellow looking something like a composite of the junior Watergate set we'd seen on television, who introduced himself as lawyer for the university trustees. I said, Oh good, I need a lawyer: I just got this absurd note about a loyalty oath and fingerprinting; there's not a word about either in my contract, so please tell your bosses, whoever they are, to cut out the one-line jokes as I don't intend to do any of that. He replied sternly that it's a rule, I would have to comply with these requirements. The dean, looking grave, concurred. "Then . . . see you in court!" said I gaily, and on this note we parted.

September 25

My first lecture—at last I've found my true vocation. There were more than two hundred students, ranging from fresh-faced late-teens to grizzled

heads; I loved them on sight. All nerves vanished, I gave them a brief rundown on How I Came to Be a Distinguished Professor (throwing myself on their mercy), and a short intro. to funerals, throwing in all the jokes I could think of about different layaway plans and how one wouldn't be caught dead in one of the cheaper lines of caskets; showed samples of the Fit-a-Fut Oxford that I'd ordered from the Practical Burial Footwear Company of Columbus, Ohio; passed around copies of my favorite trade mags. *Mortuary Management* and *Casket & Sunnyside*; explained the uses of various embalmers' aids like the Natural Expression Former (a plastic device which, inserted into the mouth after rig-mo, as we call it in the trade, sets in, can produce a seraphic smile on the deceased face) . . . it all went off like gangbusters; they were in fits of laughter.

The university public relations office telephoned in the afternoon to say they would be having a press conference to announce my appointment as Dist. Prof., which I thought incredibly cordial of them; and one of the deans called to warn me that the loyalty oath and fingerprinting are ironclad conditions of employment, so I'd better get along to personnel to comply with these. I stiffly replied that I should be consulting the American Civil Liberties Union about that.

September 26

My muckraking seminar, limited to twenty, is a very different cup of tea from the lecture course. Three of the students, it turns out, are not enrolled in the college, hence are attending illegally, which I find flattering. We've decided to meet in the Faculty Club, an oasis where we can have lunch and bring wine to enliven the three and a quarter hours of class time. My plan: to spend the first several sessions exploring methods of gathering information, which will give everyone time to figure out what particular muckraking project each wishes to pursue. Today, discussed techniques I've found useful in interviewing funeral directors, prison administrators, Famous Writers—how to get them to talk, how to assume various fictional identities to help loosen tongues: pre-need cemetery plot buyer? Nervous citizen anxious about crime control and prison security? Aspiring Writers School student? And how to double-check information thus adduced by seeking out those on the receiving end, so to speak: survivors who have had to foot the funeral bill, convicts, students actually enrolled in the Famous Writers School . . .

Another deanish telephone call: Had I gone down to personnel yet? I explained I hadn't had time to think about all that or to consult the ACLU; I'd been too busy preparing my classes and meeting with students, so the oath and fingerprint matters had rather slipped my mind. Professor Alvin Rudoff, head of the sociology depart-

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Or Thomas Edwards' dissection of "Ninety-Two in the Shade," a masterwork of fiction by Thomas McGuane:

"McGuane makes the page... a record of continuous imaginative activity, the capturing and organizing of the bits and pieces a deteriorating culture throws off or up: 'Charlie Starkweather got wired to a Nebraska utility outlet in a metal chair by officials of the

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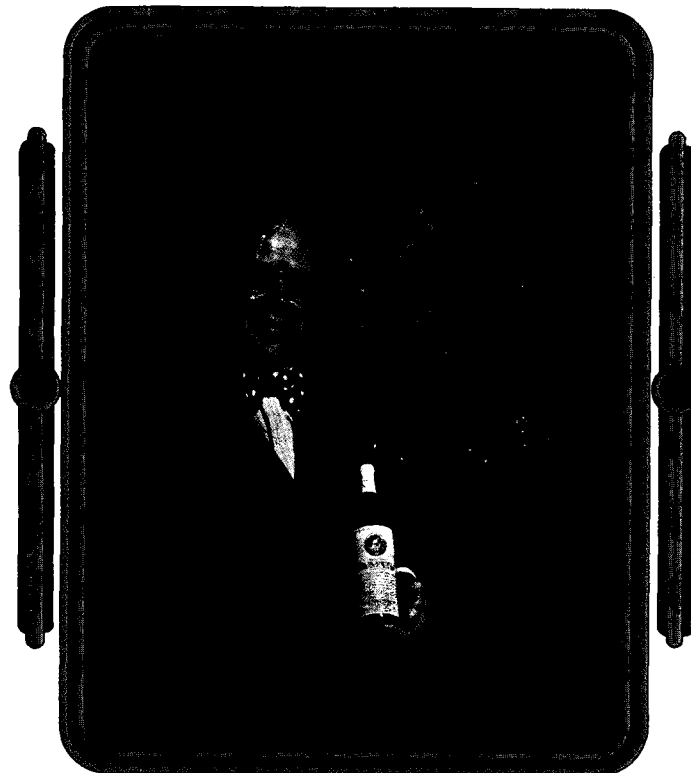
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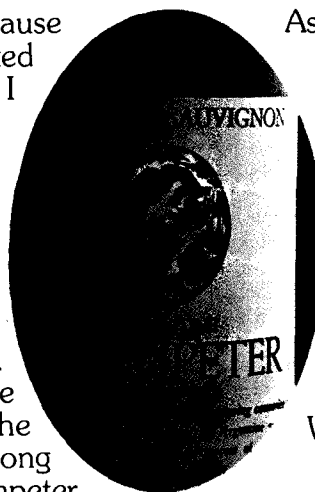
It's with some considerable glee that I celebrate the first year of the Argentine Trumpeter. While, initially, sales were rather sluggish, as the year progressed, sales progressed with Malthusian magic. Why? Because those few daring souls who tried it once came back for more, more, more.

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But perhaps I created a monster? Because suddenly we are becoming inundated with Argentine import wine. Not that I am not flattered. But . . .

As Argentine Imports proliferate on wine merchant shelves throughout the United States, I hope you will trouble to find the 1966 Cabernet Malbec and the 1964 Cabernet Sauvignon which bear the label of the Argentine Trumpeter. Because this one wine, among the plethora, let me assure you, will fulfill your most demanding expectations.

I am concerned. Historically, Argentine wine, while often extraordinary in the quality of the grape, is a bit too high in tannin to suit the tastes of North American and Continental wine lovers. For my tastes, and perhaps yours too, the Argentinians tend to leave the wine in the wood too long and fail to bottle-age long enough. Not so with the Argentine Trumpeter.



Michael Dacres Dixon
Wine Importer

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My Short and Happy Life As a Distinguished Professor

ment, called to say there is a big flurry going on in the administration about all this, and they've been after him to persuade me to comply. He agrees both requirements are absurd and demeaning. I said I'd be back in touch after talking with some lawyers.

Notes from Journal: October 2

The two funeral directors came to address my lecture class—they were more than up to expectations. “We are in the business of serving people,” one announced mournfully, and averred that all this talk of the high cost of dying is nonsense; they would furnish a funeral for as little as \$119.50. This sounded like an odd price, and the students demanded a breakdown; the information that the actual price is \$117 and the \$2.50 for sales tax was greeted with gales of hilarity. A long wrangle ensued between students and guest lecturers about the wholesale cost of caskets—why is it a closely held trade secret? Our undertakers fumbled over and fudged this one, with students in hot pursuit. Novelle’s Roarometer, a device she proposes to invent to measure decibels of laughter in my classroom, would have been wagging its head off during this interchange.

Teaching, then, was heady stuff; so was the fracas over the loyalty oath and fingerprinting that began to build up between me and the college administration. To be perfectly truthful about this, I believe that had these requirements been explicitly set forth in my original dealings with the university, I might after some grumbling have complied; for are we not all inured to such bureaucratic absurdities in myriad aspects of life, from obtaining a driving license to applying for a government job? And what of my colleagues, professional teachers whom I had learned to respect as men and women of principle, and their thousands of counterparts in the state university system—who was I to set myself up as some sort of political purist and initiate a challenge when they had not seen fit to do so? Nor was I seeking, as was later charged, a “confrontation”—I had been through enough of those in my time, and yearned only to be left in peace, taken up as I was with the rigorous requirements of my new job. Yet having stumbled into this arena, I was reluctant to withdraw. Thus the warp and woof of my days at San Jose consisted in trying to learn more about the mysterious, fascinating process of teaching and locking horns with the authorities in a series of ever-intensifying skirmishes.

The first of these had to do with the loyalty oath. There is something weird about the wording of the California Oath of Allegiance; although extremely brief, it manages to encompass a number of bewildering and contradictory propositions. If it

reads like a truncated version of something, this may be because in the middle sixties, after arduous battle, the ACLU succeeded in excising the most objectionable portion, that which required all state employees to swear that they are not now nor ever have been. As it stands, one must swear to “uphold and defend” the Constitutions of the United States and California “against all enemies foreign and domestic,” and further swear that the oath was taken “freely and without any mental reservation.” Well (said I to the deans), I think I have done my best to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States against enemies, especially domestic; but the annotated Constitution of the State of California runs to three hefty volumes and covers all manner of subjects. Do I uphold and defend, for example, Article 4, Section 25¾, limiting championship boxing and wrestling matches to 15 rounds? I don’t know. Perhaps it should be 14, or 16? I do know that I cannot uphold and defend the recent amendment reinstating the death penalty, which in my view runs counter to the U.S. Constitution’s prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment. Nor can I uphold and defend the section requiring the loyalty oath, which I regard as an abridgment of First Amendment rights. But (said they) you must sign if you want to work here, it’s the law. What if I strike out the words “freely and without any mental reservation” and substitute “under duress”? No, that won’t do, you can’t tamper with the oath. Then . . . you are requiring me to swear falsely as a condition of employment?

The section of the Penal Code giving the penalty for perjury, one to fourteen years in state prison, is printed right above the oath. But the same Penal Code would seem to contain an equally stiff caveat for university administrators who require employees to perjure themselves as a condition of employment: subornation of perjury also carries a penalty of one to fourteen years in stir. What, then, if we all end up behind bars as a consequence of my signing? Will it be a race between me and the administrators to see who is rehabilitated first?

We went around and around on this for several days. Eventually I consulted Paul Halvonik, counsel for the ACLU. He advised that since the Oath of Allegiance is a requirement built into the California Constitution, it would take a deal of toppling in court; it might be years before such litigation would be resolved. Meanwhile, refusal to sign would be cause for my immediate dismissal, an event that would doubtless be hailed with unalloyed glee by the trustees. It boiled down to a choice, then, between continuing to teach, and being fired and embarking on an interminable court fight over the oath. Why not sign, making it clear I was doing so under protest? Fingerprinting is another matter, said Halvonik; it is not a constitutional requirement, we could probably win that one.

I had not yet broached the oath matter to my

classes—we were far too busy with funerals, Famous Writers, and related subjects—but I discussed it at length with Novelle and Professor Rudoff, who agreed with Halvonik's approach; so on Monday, October 1 (a date that later was to become significant), I went to the personnel office and signed. The previously scheduled press conference to announce my appointment was held a couple of days later; it was surprisingly well attended by TV, all the local press, even stringers from New York and London papers. I took the occasion (to the consternation of the university PR people who had called the conference) to explain my position on the loyalty oath and to denounce the "perjury-suborning" administration.

There followed a few days of press hoopla. The *Spartan Daily*, to my gratification, published two pages of letters from faculty members supporting my attack on the oath requirement; then it all subsided, and with some relief I settled back into my new occupation. But somehow, in the process of clarifying my position on the loyalty oath, I had forgotten all about the fingerprinting. It was soon brought back sharply to my attention.

Notes from Journal: October 10

My horoscope in today's paper says "Higher-ups may cause problems . . . do not overspend . . . rely more on colleagues . . . p.m., enjoy social activity, relax with mate." It turned out to be pretty accurate. The deans were after me all last week to come in for a discussion of the fingerprinting issue, but since the whole thing seems to have turned dead serious and they are holding up my paycheck, I said I would have to wait until I could get a lawyer to accompany me to the meeting. Today was kaleidoscopic: a book report which I'd been asked to give at a noon faculty luncheon, the meeting with the deans, an afternoon reception given for me by women faculty members.

Following the book report, I braced the assembled professors with a brief polemic on fingerprinting: an arbitrary, demeaning rule promulgated by the chancellor, part of a general policy of Big Brotherism, the dossier-building process through which our life histories can all be stored eventually in giant computers; was much fortified by their expressions of agreement and support.

Bob [Treuhart, my husband, who is a lawyer] came down from Oakland, and together with Novelle and Professor Rudoff, we breached the deanly stronghold in the administration building, there to confront the massed deans: Dr. Hobart Burns, academic vice president; Dr. James Sawrey, dean of school of social sciences; Dr. Robert Sasseen, dean of faculty. With one accord, these worthies pronounced themselves opposed in principle to the fingerprinting requirement—they even commended me for bringing the issue to their attention. *But*, I must comply at once or leave the campus. "Then

. . . you mean to tell me that you support my stand, but you are firing me for refusing to be fingerprinted?" I asked in some astonishment. With one accord they glumly nodded assent.

Novelle and Professor Rudoff pleaded the cause of my students, who would be subjected to real hardship: we were now three weeks into the semester, books had been bought, projects and assignments undertaken—some 200 students would be faced with the prospect of losing credits for my courses, some might fail to graduate as a consequence, others would lose grants.

We proffered some face-saving compromises. Professor Rudoff proposed to invite me out for a drink and turn over my glass to a friend of his in the sheriff's office who would lift the prints. Bob suggested that I might continue to teach, so that my students would not be penalized by loss of credits, and agree to forgo my salary until the issue had been decided in court. The deans were immovable; these higher-ups conceded that they were acting on instructions from President Bunzel, who in turn was almost certainly actuated by higher higher-ups, the trustees and possibly the chancellor. As we left they had already begun to discuss my replacement—I learned later that the leading candidate for my job was Clinton Duffy, retired warden of San Quentin prison.

Off to the Faculty Club, where two or three hundred women were gathered for the reception. I took the sponsors aside and told them what had just happened—I had been fired; I intended, however, to meet my class as usual the next morning, but I had no idea what to expect; would the administration try to remove me forcibly? I asked if I might make a brief statement to the gathering explaining my position on the fingerprinting issue and requesting their support. The sponsors were dubious; many of the women there, they said, were not "politically aware" enough to understand these matters: there were teachers from the athletic department, from nursing and homemaking . . . So in the receiving line, as guests came up with words of welcome, I confided to each one, "I've just been fired." This was greeted with uneasy titters; was it some sort of unfunny joke? Finally, I prevailed upon the sponsors to let me speak to the assemblage. The response was overwhelming. Women shouted their encouragement and support—some left to prepare leaflets calling for a campuswide mobilization at my lecture, others said they would alert the press to these developments, the women's coach came up to say she would bring along the whole football team to be bodyguards and prevent my eviction.

P.m., relaxed with mate, who agreed to stay overnight and come to class with me tomorrow to explain the legal aspects of the matter to my students.



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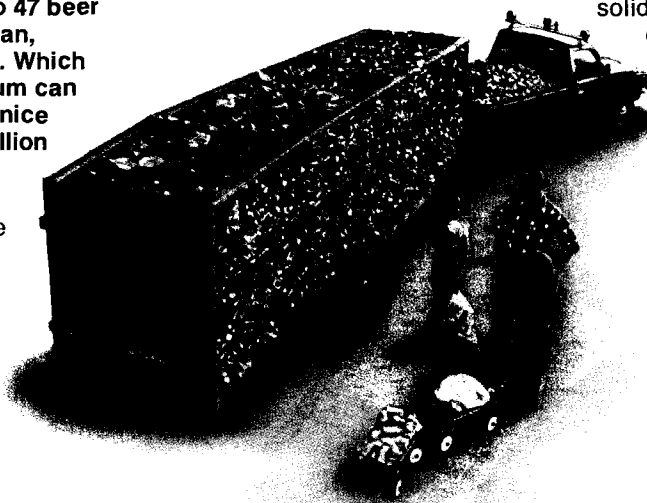
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The unexpected intransigence of the administration, their rejection of every offer of compromise, made me pause to consider my legal position. Having swallowed the oath, I had gagged on the fingerprinting. What now?

My lawyers told me I had a very strong case. My contract said nothing about fingerprinting; the law which establishes the fingerprinting requirement for teachers in the California system from grade-school level through junior college had, possibly through oversight, not been extended to include the state universities. The administration had been unable to cite any statutory basis for the requirement; the best their lawyers could come up with was a 1962 memo from the chancellor's office to all state college presidents instructing them to continue "the existing policy" of requiring all employees to be fingerprinted. The origins of that policy had, it seems, been lost in antiquity.

I could refuse to be fingerprinted, let the university fire me, then sue for breach of contract. "You can just take a long vacation and get paid for not teaching," I was assured. My lawyers were surprised, as I was, when I blurted out, "But I *want* to teach; I can't bear the thought of giving it up."

My insistence on continuing to teach ("your inexplicable attachment to your new calling" was the way one lawyer put it) made the lawyers' task much more difficult, however, and the outcome more uncertain. It meant racing to court to find a judge willing, on the basis of affidavits alone, to sign a temporary restraining order commanding the university, pending a full-scale hearing to be held later, to reinstate me with full pay and to restore course credits for my students. They would try, they said, but were not at all confident that a judge would be willing to stick his neck out that far. If the judge refused to do anything without a full-scale hearing—and that would require at least two weeks' notice—there would be a further period of uncertainty as to my status and that of my students.

For my own part, I was fully prepared to weather it. After all, I did not plan to remain in academic life. But what about my students, whose academic careers could be seriously disrupted while litigation meandered on? And my colleagues in the sociology department? These nagging questions dominated my waking hours.

Notes from Journal: October 11

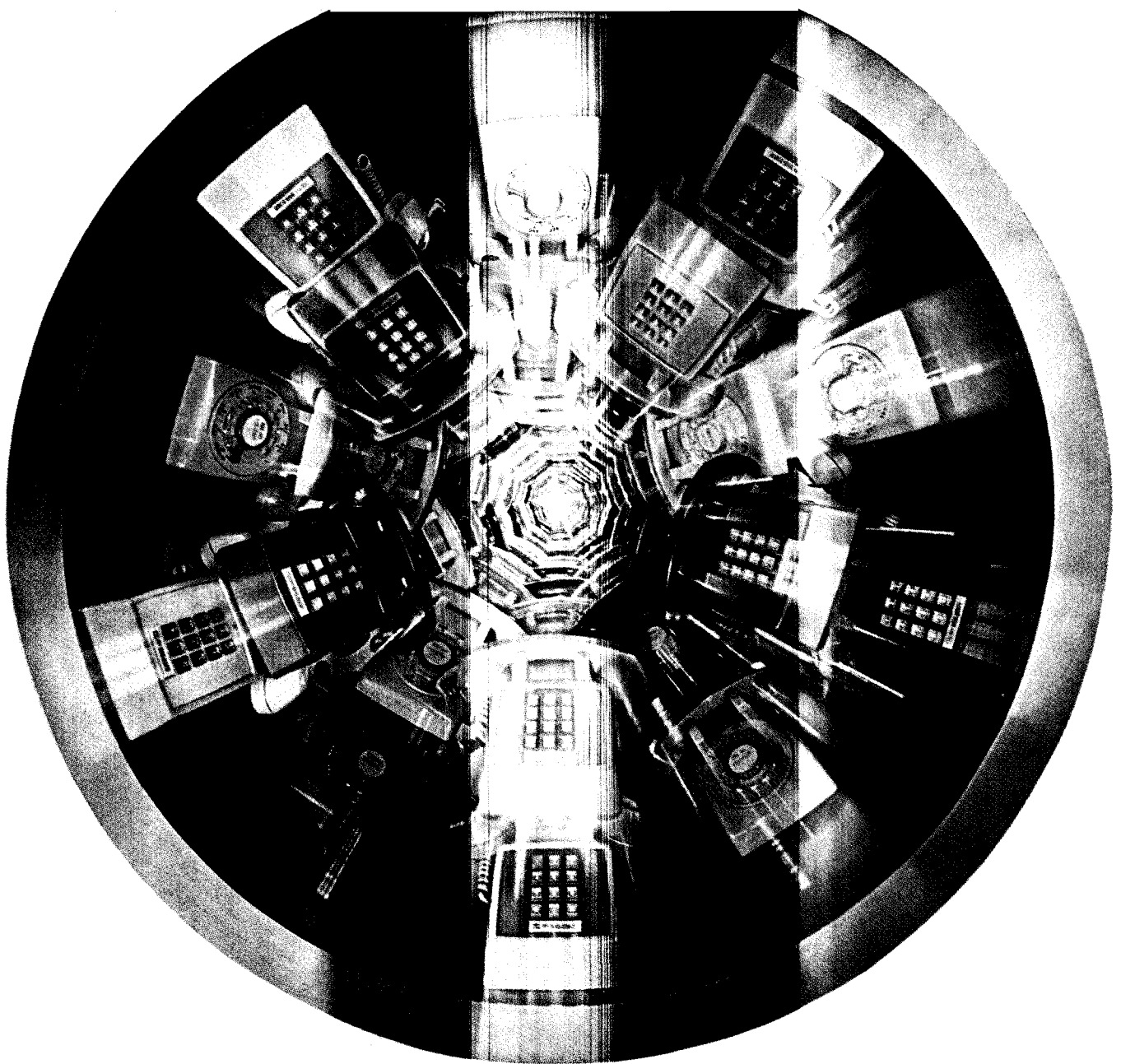
Today was what Novelle calls, in her soft Southern drawl, "the Da-a-a-y of Infamy." She came over early with her trusty tape recorder (she is preserving all this for History), and accompanied by a dozen students, we walked over to the lecture hall. Rumors abounded—some said there was a sign on the door posted by the administration saying "Mitford Lecture Canceled," others warned that security police, prepared to drag me off the platform if

necessary, were on hand to prevent the class from assembling. To forestall a lockout, we decided to arrive fifteen minutes early and seat ourselves with the previous class held in that hall. As we approached the building we saw hundreds of students assembled on the lawn, some with placards reading "We Want Jessica, Not Her Fingerprints," a forest of television equipment, swarms of reporters. We made our way through and into the classroom, which was packed to the rafters—my usual attendance of two hundred students augmented to seven or eight hundred. A cheer went up as we came in, and a young man introduced himself as student body president—could he make a brief statement from the platform? Yes, indeed, said I. Dean Sawrey was on hand looking most uncomfortable—might he read a brief statement from the platform? Yes, Dean Sawrey, in this classroom we defend and uphold First Amendment rights of free speech for all; anybody can have his or her say without fear of censorship.

I called the class to order at the appointed hour, and announced that we were fortunate to have several distinguished guest speakers with us today; first, Rudi Leonardi, president of the student body. Leonardi (whom I had rather expected to take a middle-of-the-road position, possibly try to mediate my differences with the administration) came on like an avenging angel: "On behalf of students searching for new ideas on this campus we offer support to Jessica Mitford. . . . This university, whose primary role is one of disseminating information to students, has resorted to academic backstabbing."

When the roar of applause died down, I reminded the class that we are studying the American Way, and said that our next distinguished speaker would doubtless shed some light on the American Way of College Administration—Dean Sawrey. Shaking like H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N's aspirin leaf, Dean Sawrey (Novelle pronounces it "Sor-ry!") read a six-line statement, the burden of which was that I have been removed from the faculty and am unauthorized to teach, no credits will be given for my classes, the sociology department is seeking a qualified replacement. To a crescendo of boos, and shouts of "She is qualified!" he hurried off the platform. "Dean Sawrey!" I called after him. "There are several hands up—it's customary in this class to respond to students' questions." But he made rapidly for the exit, for which I apologized to the students, observing that there are apparently lots of questions but no answers.

Bob gave a rundown on the legal situation and the complexities of the forthcoming court battle. There followed impassioned discussion from the floor. A thirtyish student, veteran of SNCC and draft resistance: "These cases can't be won in court alone; success depends on mass support of the stu-



The idea is to send $\frac{1}{4}$ million conversations at one time.

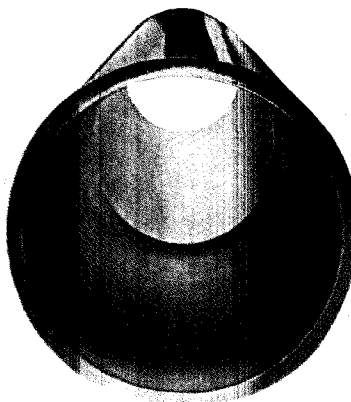
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"It's great to be on this big
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that blue..."

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My Short and Happy Life As a Distinguished Professor

dents beginning with everybody in this room!" Roars of approval. A young political activist: "What about the Angela Davis case, right here in San Jose? Doesn't that prove something about the importance of mass movements against injustice?" A serious and usually reserved young woman who seldom speaks up in class: "The fight is up to us! We can show the administration we're not going to be pushed around by maintaining the integrity of this class." And so it went, until even I felt slightly overcome by emotion; for the first time in my teaching career I adjourned the class early.

Following the Day of Infamy there were these developments: After much classroom discussion, I polled my students to learn their wishes—how many would transfer into alternative classes as proposed by the administration? The overwhelming majority indicated they would refuse to transfer and would stick with me even though it meant risking their academic credits. The sociology department met and voted unanimously to defy the administration's order to seek a replacement and to support my stand and that of my students. "We consider Jessica Mitford to be a member of the sociology department," said their official statement. The student government announced they would invite my class to meet in the Student Union should we be locked out of our regular lecture hall. The academic council, advisory body to the university president, passed a unanimous resolution declaring that fingerprinting is "an infringement of human sensibilities" and "irrelevant to academic endeavor." The *Spartan Daily's* thunderous editorial denunciation of the administration for kowtowing to right-wing pressures of chancellor and trustees was echoed by the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which said the fingerprinting requirement is a "breach of ordinary freedoms" exemplifying "a preposterous timidity in the scholastic authority." And the far-off *Atlanta Journal*: "This presumes, we suppose, the students are well protected from unsafe ideas with fingerprints stashed away in some administrator's file. We don't know whether to laugh or cry." For many days students all over the campus sported labels of my toeprints with the legend, "MITFORD THUMBS HER TOES AT THE TRUSTEES."

The administration, in turn, tried to cool things by announcing I had not been fired but merely "de-hired," and President Bunzel told the press, "We cannot always accommodate conscience when it conflicts with policy," statements that became the object of editorials and unmerciful spoofing in the *Spartan Daily*. As one *Spartan* columnist had it, positively bristling with indignation over Dr. Bunzel's remark: "Dr. Bunzel has said that he opposes the fingerprint policy—if not in public then at least in private. As a matter of fact almost everyone

does—faculty and students. I say to Dr. Bunzel you are making a fool of yourself. You are crumbling into a quagmire of lofty, conservative, status quo thought. You are afraid to take a stand . . . and worst of all, you are betraying a fellow scholar who has brought to the surface a grossly superfluous policy which you know is all wrong."

I was, I must confess, enjoying every minute of this enormously.

On the whole, I was surprised by the impassioned response of the campus to the "Finger-Flap," as my students called it. When school had resumed that autumn, there had been the usual newspaper soundings of the campus mood across the country. According to these reports, universities had by and large subsided into the political apathy of the fifties; "student unrest" was a thing of the past. If this was true of such former strongholds of student militancy as the University of California and Columbia, surely sleepy San Jose would be the last place one would expect a rebellion of such dimensions to erupt, and the fingerprint issue an unlikely rallying point.

Thus in the early days of the controversy, when I first realized I was set on a collision course with the administration, I hardly expected the campuswide demonstrations and near unanimous support of students and faculty. I had thought they would divide into roughly three categories: a minority of militant supporters, a certain amount of hard-hat reaction of the why-don't-you-go-back-where-you-came-from variety, and a large middle group who would feel that while compulsory fingerprinting as a condition of employment was silly and distasteful, the issue was trivial, possibly even contrived. As the sponsors of the women's reception had miscalculated the response of that gathering, so I had misread the temper of the campus as a whole.

It seemed to me, a newcomer to the academic scene, that the Finger-Flap, and the administration's handling of it, struck a sensitive nerve and ignited long-smoldering, deeply felt resentments that far transcended this one issue. For many students and faculty members, it apparently symbolized the petty, arbitrary, bureaucratic treatment they receive in daily doses from those in authority.

In court my lawyer, David Nawi, argued for a temporary restraining order to compel the university to give the students their credits and pay my salary. The judge offered a Solomon-like compromise: I should place a set of my fingerprints in a sealed envelope, and submit them, not to the university but to the court, there to repose until the litigation was finally resolved. The lucky winner, me or the trustees, would eventually be awarded custody of the prints in perpetuity. Meanwhile, my full status as professor would be restored, the university would pay my back wages, I

would continue teaching, and my students would get their credits.

David Nawi explained this proposition to the students, and I put it up to a vote. The prevailing view was that the so-called compromise was in fact a clear victory for us, since it exposed the absurdity of the university's rationale for the fingerprinting requirement. According to the chancellor's office, the prints are needed to establish identity of the employee and to divulge any criminal record. It might be months before the court ruled on the matter, by which time my stint as Distinguished Professor would be long since over. Meanwhile, I would be teaching, and the university authorities would not get so much as a sniff of those fingerprints which, they claimed, were prerequisite for this work. Since the students had voted in favor of accepting the judge's proposal, we resumed our regular class work.

Notes from Journal: November 20

Novelle and I spent the weekend correcting and grading some two hundred exam papers—actually, the total haul was more like a huge Christmas stocking than the sere fruits of academic endeavor. Taking me at my word, students had turned in posters, collages, tape recordings, comic strips, scrapbooks; one had composed a crossword puzzle consisting entirely of words that had come up in class (“Lawn in Smog City” = “Forest,” “Good-night, sweet—” = “prints”), another had constructed a miniature velvet-lined casket with dinky bronze handles. We held an exhibition of the artifacts in class, and I read out a selection of the more brilliant papers—but oh, their spelling! Since we are now in the habit of taking a vote on everything, I wrote on the blackboard “CEMETARY OR CEMETERY?” and asked for a show of hands; fortunately for the future of the language, the latter won by a hairbreadth. Most have trouble with “it’s” and “its,” so I proposed a mnemonic device: “When is it its? When it’s not it is. When is it it’s? When it is it is.” I begged them not to say “hopefully” when they mean “I hope,” and pleaded the cause of “structure” as a noun, not a verb—losing battles, I fear, since their instructors perpetrate these abuses. But a good time was had by all.

November 25

My muckrakers are taking to their work like ducks to water, and are fast turning into devious super-sleuths. The illegally enrolled are doing best. One of these, a baby-faced, bearded lad in his early twenties, is trying to ferret out the industrial secrets of Mace manufacturers and handcuff suppliers, and has assumed the role of director of a Citizens’ Committee for More Secure Jails. In this improbable guise he visits factories and interviews executives, obtaining price lists, specification manuals, promotion material which he gleefully spills

out of his briefcase in class like a conjurer producing rabbits from a hat. Predictably, one team has chosen to investigate the origin and application of the fingerprinting requirement and is attacking the subject from a number of angles: How much does the procedure cost? (\$4.20 a person, levied against the university by the California Criminal Investigation department.) Is the policy adhered to by all state colleges? (No. San Francisco State, for example, has never bothered to apply it, so presumably on that campus unidentified persons with criminal records may teach and roam at will.)

I’m afraid, though, muckraking is beginning to get out of hand on this campus. A reporter from the *Spartan Daily* telephoned to say she was conducting a survey of faculty members who had assigned their own books as reading—how much had I netted in royalties from sales to my students of *The American Way of Death* and *Kind & Usual Punishment*, both on my reading list? So my teaching is beginning to have some impact, though I must say in an unforeseen direction. The muckraker raked, this time.

In my lecture course on *The American Way* the variety show idea was working rather successfully. Students seemed to enjoy the diverse, often diametrically opposed, views presented, and began to relish the opportunity to match wits with the guest speakers. We arranged a special showing of *The Loved One* after the funeral directors’ lecture. During sessions on the criminal justice system, some ex-convicts from the San Francisco Prisoners’ Union discussed their firsthand experiences with cops, courts, and “corrections.” Our next guest lecturer, a superior court judge, tried valiantly to give a convincing picture of the courts as even-handed dispensers of justice for all, and was vociferously challenged by several students who, at the urging of the ex-cons, had done their homework by going to see for themselves what goes on in the local courthouse.

The Waterbuggers of Yesteryear section was introduced by a tape of “Are You Now or Have You Ever Been?”, Eric Bentley’s dramatization of actual transcripts of HUAC hearings in the fifties, and this was followed in subsequent sessions by Al Richmond, author of *A Long View From the Left* and for three decades editor of the *Peoples World*; Bettina Aptheker, a leader of the 1964 Free Speech Movement at the University of California; Frank Bardacke, draft resister and defendant in the “Oakland 7” conspiracy trial of 1968. Our final guest speaker in this section was Charles W. Bates, San Francisco bureau chief of the FBI. In introducing him I explained we were studying Waterbuggers and invited him to tell the students all about FBI surveillance of suspected subversives. Instead, perhaps from force of habit, Mr. Bates

*Essence of a statute passed in 1660
in the Massachusetts Colony.*

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launched into a history of the FBI beginning in 1908. Restless students soon began raising their hands demanding to know how many agents in his jurisdiction are assigned to shadowing radicals? Why was Bettina Aptheker followed by an FBI agent for many months during Free Speech Movement activities in Berkeley? How many telephones are now being tapped in the San Francisco area? How many operatives are assigned to college campuses? "I'm not trying to weasel out, but I can't answer that," was Mr. Bates's response to most questions, which caused a student to ponder out loud, "What do funeral directors and the FBI have in common?"

While on the classroom front all seemed to be progressing satisfactorily—in fact, far better than I had hoped—there was more infamy to come: The Case of the Disappearing Paycheck, as the *Spartan Daily* called it. It was in the course of this new development that I began dimly to apprehend the elusive mentality of the academic bureaucrat—akin, no doubt, to that of his counterpart in government or industry, yet having distinct and subtle peculiarities of his own.

Judge John McInerny's order had specified that once I had delivered my prints to the court, I was to be paid "all monies due and past due," which seemed pretty clear. So I was surprised (and annoyed) to discover that my September paycheck had been withheld. Why, and on whose command? Dean Sawrey disavowed responsibility; he said the university lawyers had decided to withhold the check "on their own initiative." President Bunzel by implication washed his hands of it, for he wrote in his San Jose *Mercury* column that pursuant to the court ruling I would get my pay and the students their credits, "which," said he, "is what the university wanted all along." Larry Frierson, lawyer for the trustees and a party to the court agreement to pay "all monies due and past due," told the *Spartan Daily* he couldn't recall who first questioned the propriety of paying me for September, but said "we feel we cannot legally pay her."

A few days later President Bunzel admitted to the *Spartan Daily* that it was he who had called Frierson and suggested that my September pay could be stopped on the ground that I had not signed the loyalty oath until October 1. "If she had signed the oath one day earlier, on September 30, she would have been paid for September with no problem, but she went one day too long," he said, adding that state employees who don't sign because of negligence are not paid for the period before the oath is signed. But *Spartan Daily* reporters, hot on the trail, learned "from sources," as they put it, that Dr. Bunzel had told the academic council in a closed meeting that "approximately forty faculty members did not sign the loyalty oath in September and the only distinction between Mitford and the other faculty members was her

unwillingness to sign"—a prize entry for the "How's That Again?" column of *The New Yorker*.

So, back to court, accompanied by the usual phalanx of students and reporters. Proceedings were brief, for the judge asked the university lawyers only one question: "Has she performed the duties for which she was hired?" Yes, said they. "Then pay the lady her money!" roared the judge.

The decision on the fingerprinting case, when it was finally handed down in late January (when school was in recess), came as an anticlimax and attracted little notice. Judge William A. Ingram ruled that the university's fingerprint requirement was unsupported by any "validly adopted statute, rule, or regulation." Thus, he said, although he personally viewed fingerprinting as "desirable and constitutional," he was constrained to rule that the requirement was legally unenforceable. The effect of the decision is to invalidate the fingerprinting requirement throughout California's state university system—and, of course, to restore to me the sealed envelope with its hard-won contents. This, arrived too late, alas, for the public ceremony I had envisaged in which my students would create the prints, place the ashes in a suitable urn, and donate them to the university. □

MARYMERE FALLS

On the lip of the Falls small
Ferns totter in green air, tilt,
Lodge in a light pushed sideways
As water, its level lost, pauses,

Grows heavy, and throws its slow
Roar outward, and down. Spray frets
The marginal fall, imprisons
Sunlight in thin screens, climbs,

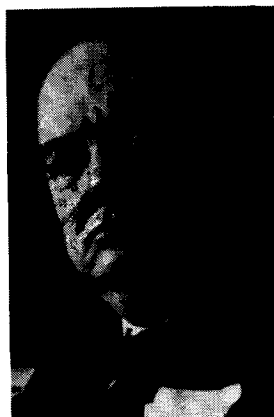
So frail its grains, against
All reasonable falling. But
Arc's full centre, its glistening
Plummet, profoundly falls, and falls

Into loud pools, scatters,
Claps its steady diving over
Running stones, its words the poem's
Words; splash, rainbow, thunder.

by Leslie Norris

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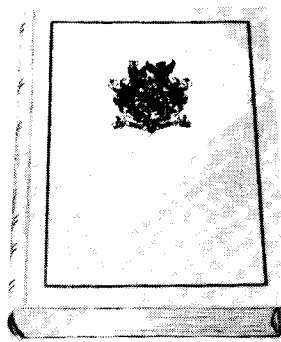
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LIFE & LETTERS

THE SIGNIFICANT SELF

by Benjamin DeMott

Ego wastes the land, says the culture critic, the Others are disappearing: is the trend reversible? can the mysteries of self-regard be plumbed?—Miriam Scheinman, “smart Jewish girl,” heroine of Alan Lelchuk’s second novel, *Miriam at Thirty-Four* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.95), begins her student days (Cleveland Heights H.S., Chicago U., Ann Arbor) with career fantasies and aspirations. But grad-student Stan, a biochemist ablaze with brilliance in his twenties, obliterates them at a stroke. Miriam marries the man, nurses his children, keeps his house, lives for others, tutors herself for thirteen years in the unimportance of her former hopes, declines into housewifely provincialism, and *almost* fails to register that the lord to whom she’s sacrificing has entered on a decline of his own—into boring sanctimonious careerism.

But she wakes in time, helped by a miracle—call it the sixties, call it the Movement, what you will: she saves herself. Multilayered, the salvation brings changes both situational and psychological. After divorcing, Miriam places her kids in school and day-care center, and brings off a liberating analysis; she takes three lovers simultaneously, wins a fellowship in photography at the Radcliffe Institute, begins preparing a one-woman show of her pictures. “Divorced and semi-free (did you ever get further as an adult?). Three men, a studio to work in, and streets to roam through; no great debt, financial or

otherwise, hanging over her head. Still in her thirties, health intact, and the energy to do the work she liked. Was this [she asks herself] the emancipation business?”

A piece of it, surely—but less than the whole. For this “new woman” has serious intellectual ambitions and is prepared to dare. Once a neutral utensil, appendage of a stolid bourgeois, she transforms herself into an adventurer in the dark mode of Céline and Genet, confronting life as it is when stripped of order and ethical imperatives. Her starting point is personal sexual experiment; later she inquires into the fantasies of the respectable (couples hire her to photograph them during intercourse); later still she probes, through lens and shutter, the sexuality of the outlaw, the pervert, the “diseased”; at length she opens herself fully to the nightmare of sexual violence.

At every stage Miriam is “learning”; at every stage her ego swells. And in time she comprehends the full meaning of her enterprise, the making of a significant self:

... what she had been pushing herself for, for the past year directly and the past five years indirectly, had been *realized: herself alone considered*. Not friends, not children, not a movement, not an ideology, not a husband. For herself. It was like a crystal formed at an exact moment out of chemicals and conditions working over a period of time. This bolder woman out of a host of good, proper, timid, frightened, respectable girls.

For herself. But the hosts of the good and proper—male and female together—are also for themselves, and their power isn’t negligible. At six and three, Miriam’s children are charmed by their mother’s lovers; her liberated friends admire her bold speech and action. Yet even round about Harvard Square, society or some illusion thereof periodically, ritualistically calls its rebels to account. Miriam’s ex-husband concludes she’s humiliating him and endangering the children. Denouncing his former mate as “the whore of Cambridge,” he sues to recover custody of son and daughter. And the suit, together with Miriam’s decision about how to represent her new self publicly, precipitates the crisis of the tale.

One mark of Mr. Lelchuk’s ingenuity is that he succeeds in laying down his heroine’s challenge to orthodoxy in terms commensurate with her highest aspirations rather than with her basest behavior. At her hour of crisis, Miriam Scheinman stands forth not as a “mere” promiscuous woman but as a bold and beleaguered artist (no such option open to, say, Hester or Tess). But success in dignifying this character’s rush to freedom probably won’t enable the author to escape censure in *Ms.*, whether for reducing the women’s movement to a gesture on behalf of sexual license, or for failing to condemn outright his heroine’s conviction that liberation cannot occur in a context of adaptation to norms of familial and

social participation, or simply for ripping off a body of experience, woman made new, that ranks among the most interesting now available to women writers.

Sounder complaints could be lodged against *Miriam at Thirty-Four*. The author's commercially successful, slightly overbright, unfairly reviewed first novel, *American Mischief* (1973), an examination of another thirty-four-year-old sexual experimenter functioning in the riotous university subcultures of the sixties, was in some respects a formulaic work—The Hipster in Socio-Moral Crisis. And the book at hand is no less open to that charge. (When once you have thought of a female Raskolnikov, how much remains to be done?) There are touches of sensationalism (a lively sex episode featuring marmalade as tasty unguent). And there are evasions of moral analysis. Given the suburban rage for “personal growth groups,” Polaroid sex, and the like, and given the heroine's acquaintance with these experimenters, might she not be expected to recognize herself in parody, or to be troubled by suspicions that her heroism is in reality the closet cliché of the day? The reader speculates; the writer is silent.

Yet gratitude is more in order than carping. If Mr. Lechuk doesn't possess his heroine absolutely, he does know to its core her sense of newness at the moment self-importance descends. Utterly absorbed in her blooming, oblivious to other minds, Ms. Scheinman is shown, convincingly, to have no purchase on herself from outside, no faint inkling of how her self-transformation appears to hostile or indifferent eyes. Enclosure is ecstasy. Here or there—once at a support-group meeting—dim, distant voices hint at the existence of assessments unlike her own, but closed in the glass bell of self, promised continuously more life, *more life*, she cannot hear. And because of the impressive authority of the novelist's performance, we, as readers, are inside the thunderclap of rebirth, taking the full enveloping force from within.

What is laid bare, speaking flatly, is the very process of privatization as it unfolds within a single ego. What exactly *is* the thing? I come to construct my shame as nobility, my

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October Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



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LITTLE, BROWN

carelessness of my children as inspired originality, my self-indulgence as brave struggle: how exactly does it happen? As follows, the novelist answers, with fine control and compassion. A nascent sense of superiority beckons alluringly to me from within; in one or another sudden patch of astonishment I discover the clumsiness or meanness of my mate; at the instant the world strikes me for my presumption—as Miriam's husband finally strikes her with his open hand—I *know* the meaning of the blow: the enemy has at last recognized the truth I possessed all along, the truth of his own inferiority. Mr. Lelchuk is never endorsing of fatuity, but neither is he unaware that the surge of ego which brings Miriam's destruction isn't evil unalloyed, is partly powered by idealism, has courage in its blood; the miserable and exalting complications of our quandaries are, in other words, allowed throughout to breathe. *Miriam at Thirty-Four* is swift and clear-headed, a serious book about serious things; at his present rate of development the author could shortly become a national resource.

Bob at Forty-Five

A gorgeous high at the outset, flight from other minds can be, in the aftermath, a downer. In Joseph Heller's second novel, *Something Happened* (Knopf, \$10.00), it is fearful. The book's hero, Bob Slocum, husband-father-corporation executive, describes himself as "one of those many people . . . who are without ambition already and have no hope." He can remember a time of genuine desire and even of near-genuine human connection—when he was young and virginal, starting his first job, and being alternately teased and educated in back corridors by an openhearted clerk named Virginia. Quivers of appetite still rouse him briefly. He paws a fellow worker ("This fiscal period, I am flirting with Jane"), spends afternoons with a colleague in the company of whores (charged to the employer as a business expense), endures the embraces of his oversexed wife, and is moved periodically by an odd, overprotective, almost sickly feeling for his nine-year-old son. But the world outside sel-

dom seems substantial enough to touch him. He wants "to continue receiving my raise in salary each year, and a good cash bonus at Christmastime"; he also wants "to be allowed to take my place on the rostrum at the next company convention in Puerto Rico (if it will be Puerto Rico again this year) . . . and make my three minute report to the company of the work we have done in my department. . . ." But caring at levels deeper than these is beyond him. Something happened indeed, namely the death of the heart.

Such events don't often lend strength or tautness to narrative lines, and Bob Slocum's story is badly lacking in drive. Organized as a series of monologues detailing the nature of the nonrelationships prevailing in his work and family life, it recounts only two completed actions—a promotion and a fatal car accident—each perceived as totally random and meaningless. The tone is uniformly plaintive—depressed: witness the chapter titles—"My wife is unhappy," "My daughter's unhappy," "My little boy is having difficulties," "My boy has stopped talking to me," "Nobody knows what I've done," and so on. The writing is marked by a tic of parenthetical deflation:

[My boy] always seems to know much more about everything than he is disposed to reveal. (He thinks a lot. I can't always make him out.) He fathoms privately, his clear face grave and remote. He worries. (Or seems to. . . .) It is impossible for us to tell anymore whether he likes school or not (he used to like school. Or seemed to). . . .

Even when the angle of vision widens, the manner remains determinedly uninflected:

More and more things seem to be slipping into a state of dissolution, and soon there will be nothing left. No more newspapers, magazines, or department stores. No more movie houses. Just discount stores and drugs. . . . The world is winding down. You can't get good bread any more even in good restaurants . . . and there are fewer good restaurants. Melons don't ripen, grapes are sour. . . . You don't find fish in lakes and rivers anymore. You have to catch them in cans. Towns die. Oil spills. Money talks. God listens.

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Impassivity isn't, to be sure, presented as a value in this novel. Bob Slocum regrets the absence, in himself and other parents, of concern for their young: "More and more of us, I think—not just me—really don't care *what* happens to our children, as long as it doesn't happen to them too soon. . . ."

At one point in the book, watching immobilized as his son's relay-race teammates set upon the lad for refusing to compete seriously, Slocum actually manages to experience his self-enclosure as terror:

Again my boy staggered backward a few steps from the force, recovered his balance, and just waited. He would not fight back; he would not defend himself; but he would not run away, and he would not ask anyone for aid or pity. . . . He would not move to save himself. (I do not move to save myself.)

Yet no summons to solidarity ever sounds in these pages; the case for human mutuality is ultimately dismissed as a bitter joke ("God is good, a real team player").

A "long-awaited second novel" that proves disappointing inevitably raises questions about the worth of the first. Are the defects of *Something Happened*—a static and mechanical quality, dependence on a single trope (sustained unresponsiveness)—really surprising? Did not the author's reliance on a single comic paradox in his first book grow wearing before the end? Readers who remember *Catch-22* as a work of nerve and humor are well advised not to permit that memory to shape expectation as they approach *Something Happened*. Mr. Heller's probe of isolation and feelinglessness adds a little to knowledge of the pathologies of privatization, but this investigation of the "end of affect" is almost uninterruptedly unaffected.

Farewell to "We"?

Novels present, essays explain. The most interesting current rumination on contemporary ego explosions is Martin Pawley's *The Private Future* (Random House, \$7.95), an essay on "the causes and consequences of community collapse." Several theses argued by this young English architect and editor will seem familiar to readers of Philip Slater or of Vance Packard's *A Na-*

tion of Strangers, among them the notion that blame for the loss of aptitude for "dependent personal contact" falls squarely on the profit-and-technology-based consumer society. But the voice in which Mr. Pawley states the case has uncommon edge and force:

. . . there is now only the isolated resource-user and energy-expenders: not the altruist but the self-regarder, not the lover but the orgasm-hunter. Every washing machine, every automobile, every deep freeze, every mortgage for every private house, every television set, every marriage, every affair, every policy (even insurance policies), all conspire to prove to us that our dearest wish is to flee the web of obligations for which the term "community" is merely a euphemism. Affluence and wisdom born of the self-image of television and record have destroyed the need and the desire for human interdependence: not in the manner of a sorcerer's tools run amok, but in the form of a sudden public demonstration of a secret wish. Today "we" find ourselves doing in the road what we could not previously believe that "we" did at all. Shocked, embarrassed and horrified "we" deny what I as an individual know that I have always wanted—to be irresponsible in the truest sense, to be without obligations, to be for myself alone.

More important, in developing his theme of self-obsession as the key guilty secret of the age, the writer creates a pointed and original critical language with which to assess contemporary standard-brand thinking. Chapters on sport, counterfeit reality (the media), environmental terrorism, and the decline of left politics open a view of contemporary life as a set of interlocked strategies of evasion designed to mask from ourselves our deep disbelief in "the public good." (One item in the set is the socio-political rhetoric of problems and problem-solving: "To see poverty as an anomaly, a 'problem' and to try to sort it out by finding an 'answer' to it is to deny its existence in the real world, to pretend it is some sort of accident and not the predictable result of things being arranged as they are. As an excellent French proverb puts it, when a thief is not actually stealing, he considers himself an honest man.")

Mr. Pawley is shrewd on so-called invasions of private life endured by celebrities, contending that they are far more correctly understood as glorifications of privacy than as violations:

The life of an entertainment legend is incomprehensible because what is scrutinized and loved, what millions of people pay to see is the unprogrammable, indefinable essence of the private person who agrees to live in public—not to live a public life, but *to live in public* the life that is otherwise hidden away in the impenetrable otherness of other people. The achievement of the recording media has been to find a way to expose this privacy, to examine it and glorify it above all public things. . . .

He's equally suggestive on the meanings of the countercultural demand for the "liberation of irrationally denied pleasure," on pornography and photography, on nude theater and public sex ("the idea that nude theater and public sex mark the end of privacy is diametrically wrong: they represent its celebration").

Unremittingly partisan, sometimes shrill, *The Private Future* "places" the legions of the self-absorbed with a fierce confidence that very nearly banishes—for a minute—awareness of the complementarities of self-regard and self-respect. Are we overnight to despise the concept of self-realization that once was understood as a national growing-point? Were not the framers of the concept of self-realization inspired by a generous social ideal, and persuaded that labor and schooling could forge wholly new links between personal and public weal? Could not that ideal be freshly energized? Answers not to hand. All that is clear is that the framers are gone and that the Slocums and Scheinmans abound and that the abundance is best seen not as doom or glory but as challenge.



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BEHOLD THE STARS

by Alfred Adler

In September, 1971, the first international conference on extra-terrestrial civilizations was held in Soviet Armenia. Jointly organized by the US and USSR Academies of Sciences, it brought together eminent physicists (such as James Dyson), astronomers, biologists (Francis Crick), engineers, and some social scientists. Both the importance of the subject and the scientific credentials of the participants invited attention and respect, even a certain amount of hopeful anticipation. It is, after all, a reasonable hypothesis that life may exist in other parts of the universe, though nothing is yet understood of where it resides, or of how to approach it, or of what forms it might take. To those of us who believe that man's future resides in the whole universe rather than on earth alone, the conference held the promise of revelation and inspiration. Yet such confidence was totally misplaced. For, the mountain labored, and brought forth a

CONFERENCE RESOLUTION

List of Possible Research Directions

It would be useful to concentrate efforts in two directions, both of which seem promising:

I. Searches for civilizations at a technical level comparable with our own.

II. Searches for civilizations at a technological level greatly surpassing our own.

A wide circle of specialists, from astrophysicists to historians, should participate in the planning of this research.

But this was only the last of a collection of blows designed to make those who love science weep, and those who do not, laugh.

The full account is available in an instructive book called *Communication With Extraterrestrial Intelligence (CETI)* (MIT Press, \$10.00). The primary occupation of the conference was explained by Carl Sagan, a young astronomer and an organizer of the event. Sagan proposed a formula for the number N

of other civilizations within our galaxy:

$$N = R_* f_p n_e f_i f_c L$$

Since the formula appears scientific (mathematical), but is in fact totally nonscientific and even meaningless, and since the formula lies at the heart of almost all the work and interest and significance of the conference, I will have to try the reader's patience by identifying each of its terms. The definitions are all quotations from the book.

R_* is the rate of star formation averaged over the lifetime of the Galaxy, in units of numbers of stars per year . . . the province of astrophysics.

f_p is the fraction of stars which have planetary systems.

n_e is the mean number of planets within such planetary systems which are ecologically suitable for life . . . n_e is determined at the boundary between astronomy and biology.

f_i is the fraction of such planets on which life actually occurs.

f_i is the fraction of such planets on which, after the origin of life, intelligence in some form arises.

f_c is the fraction of such planets in which the intelligent beings develop to a communicative phase . . . a topic in anthropology, archaeology, and history.

L is the mean lifetime of such technical civilizations . . . it involves psychology and psychopathology, history, politics, sociology, and many other fields.

And how are these numbers to be determined? The answers, fortunately, are provided by the distinguished conferees.

[FRANCIS] CRICK: The point that I am making adds up to the following conclusion: It is not possible at the moment, with our knowledge of biochemistry, to make any reasonable estimate whatsoever of the factor f_i . . . until we have further information, we cannot really guess about the matter.

[L.M.] MUKHIN: I do not quite understand how we can estimate f_i

. . . when we cannot choose any rational approach for assessing f_i . I think it is correct to say that a reliable estimate cannot be given.

[LESLIE] ORGEL: It is our opinion, as a result of experimental and theoretical work on the subject, that our science has not yet progressed to the point where a meaningful estimate [of f_i] can be made.

[CARL] SAGAN: We are faced . . . with very difficult problems of extrapolating . . . in the case of L , from no examples at all.

[R.B.] LEE: The first tool [for determining f_c] is the modern synthetic theory of evolution. . . . The second tool is the theory and method of historical materialism . . . pioneered by Marx and Engels. . . . The third tool is the commitment shared by most of us to search for the broadest, most comprehensive generalizations that can be drawn from available facts.

The "second tool," with its lunatic assertion that historical materialism has direct bearing on the nature of f_c (the fraction of planets in which intelligence develops to a communicative phase), causes one almost to forget that the conference was dealing with questions of extra-terrestrial life. The "third tool" is, if possible, an even greater intellectual pollutant. And finally, the major substantive purpose of the conference, a determination of estimates for the number N, is quite clearly a total fraud.

And yet: "*Mon derrière est divisé en deux parts*," said Gladstone of his own past, thus providing a fair description of the conference as well. A (lesser) part was indeed devoted to useful pursuits, to questions of message transmission, message reception, message decoding, and, finally, to the possible consequences of contact with other civilizations. On the whole these were technical exchanges of theory and experiment, with two expositions of particular general interest. One, by Philip Morrison, speculated on the possible impact on Earth of contact with extraterrestrial civilizations. The other, by Dyson, was a compassionate essay on the human dilemma, beginning with a discussion of Bernal's three enemies of man's rational nature (the cruelty of nature, the frailty of physical man, and the power of man's irrational components), and closing with an invocation which almost totally de-

fied the spirit and content of the conference that preceded it:

If we are wise, we shall preserve intact these qualities of the human species [toughness, courage, unselfishness, foresight, common sense, and good humor] through the centuries to come, and they will see us safely through the many crises of destiny that surely await us.

A moderately intelligent and humane note. Almost at the conference's end, yet precisely the point from which the conference should have proceeded. For the human qualities most displayed by the conferees were of another nature: those of cupidity, inanity, and triviality:

Cupidity: "Their [the components of the number N] *only* value is in assessing how much effort, time, and money we are willing to devote to the problem. . . . If it turns out that there is some rigorous argument to exclude extraterrestrial intelligence, a convincing demonstration of a small value of N , then a search would not be a useful allocation of resources." (Sagan)

We have already seen that a demonstration of any value of N , let alone of a small value of N by a rigorous argument of any kind, is out of the question. The disclaimer, in short, is an exercise in cynicism.

Inanity: "I believe that the state of society characteristic of Polynesia is one that we can look forward to in [all] the industrial nations. . . . And if their brains resembled ours . . . then all those advanced [extraterrestrial] societies would make up a galactic Polynesian archipelago." (Gunter Stent)

Trivia: "The strategy [in our quest for other civilizations] should be organized roughly as follows: First, the energy for transmitting one bit of information should be minimized. Second, interference in the vicinity of the sending side should be minimized. Third, the cost of the receiving apparatus should be minimized. Fourth, a signal-to-noise ratio greater than unity . . . is desirable. And lastly, the point I should particularly like to stress, is that the ultimate time must be minimized." (N.S. Kardashev)

Is there absolutely nothing that these pedants could not simply take for granted?

It is almost incredible that the truly distinguished scientists among

the conferees (and there were indeed several of these) could be willing, almost eager, participants in a travesty of all that is taken seriously by men and women who love and value science and intellect. Possibly some of the scientists were not quite so willing as they appeared to be. Dyson in particular was terse and belligerent almost from beginning to end. But that does not explain the behavior of those who were indeed willing participants. Plato would have understood them well:

In a state of democratic anarchy, the master fears and flatters his scholars . . . the old men condescend to the young and are full of pleasantry and gaiety; they are loath to be thought morose and authoritative, and therefore they adopt the manners of the young. . . . (*The Republic*)

So now, who are these young? Fortunately, they are not hard to find, nor shy or secretive. Carl Sagan, for one, has written a short, quite personal book of essays, in which he has disclosed much more of himself and of his peers than perhaps even he or the reader would like. Called *The Cosmic Connection* (Anchor/Doubleday, \$7.95), it is part autobiography, part personal philosophy and speculation, part self-aggrandizement, direct and indirect. (Sagan's wife, who provided an aesthetically offensive drawing for an intellectually offensive metal plaque sent off by NASA to greet extraterrestrial beings, is said to have created art "based on the classical models of Greek sculpture and the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci.") This book has much to teach about the nature of the technological mind.

The modern technologist is first of all a promoter. "It [the subject of extraterrestrial life] has now reached a practical stage where it can be pursued by rigorous scientific techniques, where it has achieved scientific respectability," writes Sagan, fully aware of the total absurdity of every part of his assertion, and having in fact participated in a conference which exhibited the emperor's nakedness for even the most obtuse to see. The technologist, too, is gracefully immodest about his own accomplishments: "The greatest significance of the . . . plaque is not as a message to out there; it is as a

message to back here." He is the vacant and specious authority on intellect: "The deflation of some of our more common conceits is one of the practical applications of astronomy." Whose conceits? What conceits? Today, in the second half of the twentieth century? His wit is arch and flat (chapter headings such as "Hello, Central Casting? Send Me Twenty Extraterrestrials," or "Some of My Best Friends Are Dolphins," or "The Cosmic Cheshire Cats," are a numskull's delight). He believes himself to be Renaissance Man, with a profound understanding of man's creative sources: "As the results of space exploration . . . permeate our society, they must, I believe, have consequences in literature and poetry, in the visual arts and music"—a platitude that in fact provides another perfect illustration of Sherlock Holmes's dog that did not bark. And he apparently regards himself as a master of politics and economics:

Old economic assumptions, old methods of determining political leaders . . . may once have been valid . . . but today may no longer have survival value at all. . . . At the same time, there are vested interests opposed to change. These include individuals . . . who are unable in middle years to change the attitudes inculcated in their youth.

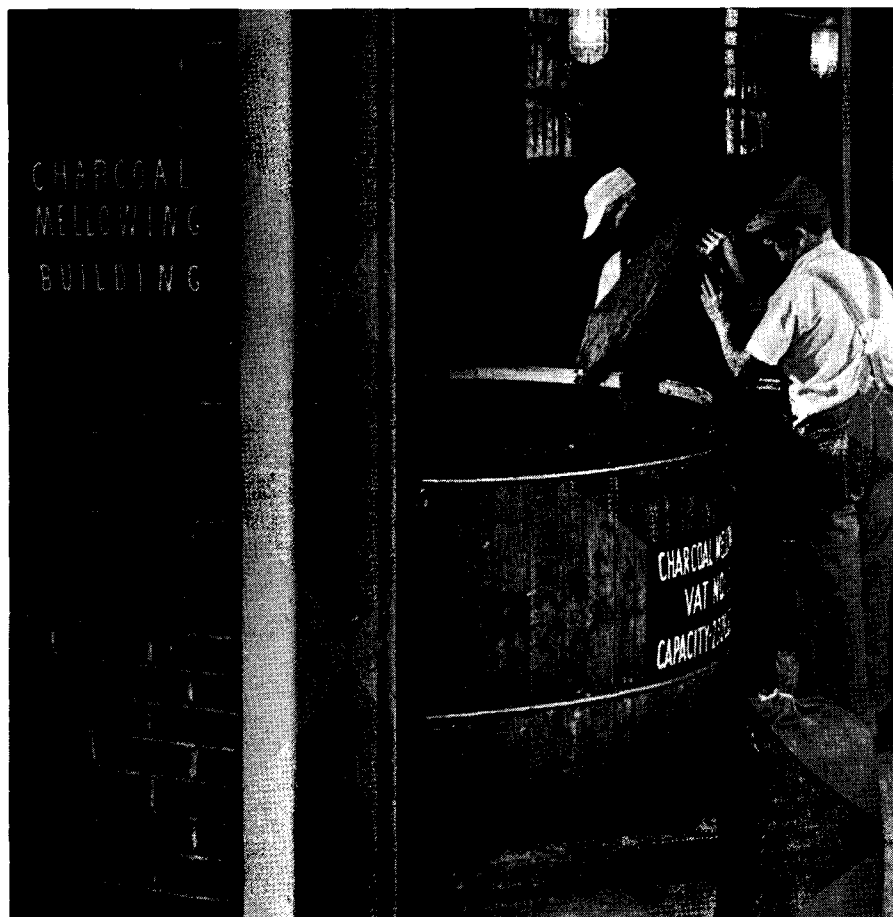
The modern technologist is a gifted, highly trained, opportunistic, humorless, and unimaginative ass. Not a barbarian, certainly, and not to be feared; but not to be flattered, pampered, or praised, either. None of his fatuous pseudo-science is science; all of it is empty of intellectual content, inflated with self-importance, and held accountable for nothing. He charges through subtleties and profundities where wise men hesitate to walk on tiptoe; he usurps domains about which he knows nothing and then proceeds to pre-empt them. He tells us that the way to roast a pig is first to find a cow, and expects to be rewarded, applauded, and honored for this genial advice.

The fundamental issues of a search for extraterrestrial civilizations are after all not so arcane or so inaccessible to the nonscientist. Reasonable hypotheses can be advanced and a few promising steps

taken, even though at present, since we do not really know where we are going, almost any road will get us there. Already something is understood of how best to attempt the reception of messages from space, of how best to attempt to decode them, of where to seek them. These methods are highly technical, but not unacceptably expensive. Modest conjectures about what to expect of these efforts, and what some of their consequences might be, are also in order. Even though there is no a priori certainty that there exist any civilizations at all in the universe beyond Earth, it is reasonable to postulate that other civilizations exist, even that they exist in large numbers, and it does no harm, in any case, to proceed from such assumptions.

If, in fact, there exist civilizations in the galaxy that have attained a level of technology far beyond ours, and if there also exist those whose technologies are approximately equivalent to ours, then it is also reasonable to conjecture that the second of these will contact us long before the first. Civilizations whose development stands to ours as does ours to the grasshopper's will either ignore us entirely or else observe us without bothering to communicate with us in any way. We would not understand most of what they had to tell us in any case. Thus the cultural shock of the first intragalactic messages to earth might well be far less severe than we now expect. We could not even be certain that any message from space would be a call from a living civilization. The speed of light (186,000 miles per second) is a universal upper limit for the speed of messages through space, so that signals would reach us years, or centuries, or, more likely yet, millennia after their transmission, possibly arriving here long after the death of the civilization that had sent them.

Morrison, in one of the conference's few bright spots, proposed the thesis that contrary to all superficial expectations, contact with extraterrestrial civilizations would in fact have a slow and soberly meditated impact on Earth, much like that of the Western world on nineteenth-century Japan, rather than an overpowering, even cataclysmic effect. Morrison's argument revolves



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around the observation that other civilizations would be so far removed from us, both in space and (because of the great distance any message must travel) in time, that there could be no question of military dominance or technical economic competition.

A similar argument suggests that the step from reception of the first message to a two-way communication would be a long and difficult one. Each of a series of questions and replies would take (at best) a prohibitive amount of time to travel from sender to receiver, the interval between successive messages spanning many human generations. A reasonable corollary to this conclusion is the suggestion that the matter of communication with other civilizations is not now, and will not be in the future, an urgent one, requiring vast expenditures and intensive exploratory programs. The whole subject, though of great interest and importance, can be approached in patient, measured fashion. It might well, in fact, be postponed entirely for another century (although there is no objective reason for such a postponement). Human technology has only recently approached a level at which it can begin to liberate man from some of his terrestrial constraints; and even this accomplishment, if regarded from a slightly different perspective, indicates that human technology is still so much more primitive than that of civilizations capable today of contacting us that we could barely understand the other civilizations' messages, or benefit from their advice.

The reception of a galactic message would be significant most of all because it would replace a human expectation with a certainty. It would prove to humanity that we are not alone in the universe, and in the proving might diminish man's self-consciousness and self-centeredness. The consequences could only be beneficial. And that is about all the profit that can be expected. Something tangible might indeed be learned from an extraterrestrial civilization, but this would have to be within the realm of our present knowledge and capabilities, or else we could not comprehend its meaning. Being in this realm, it would be something we would sooner or later have discovered for ourselves, with-

out outside help. It would slightly accelerate our progress, no more. Any scientist, any rational person, would reach conclusions more or less like these if ever he decided to think seriously about the matter.

And yet most of the participants at the conference on extraterrestrial life, playing by the rules of their patrons, their new technologists, chose to avoid such rational discourse. Rational, civilized man appears to have become very tired, no longer able to withstand the onslaughts of the manic young masters who promote large grants of money and influence, leave him breathless at conferences, lavish the currency of

vague new ideas upon all those around them, and exhaust their weakened elders with pure, assured, unselfconscious power. The behavior of scientists is but one small indication of this syndrome. The fact, for example, that our entire culture turns to M.D.'s for an understanding of the meanings and possibilities of conjugal and erotic love (M.D.'s! Is this to be believed?) suggests that our whole humanist and intellectual tradition has become tired too. It knows better, but goes along all the same, paying obeisance to its new masters in the spirit of the Arab proverb: If the King at noonday says it is night, behold the stars.

THE ETERNAL SALLY BOWLES

by William Abrahams

Scarlett O'Hara apart, can one think of another heroine of fiction of the 1930s who has lived on as notably, as memorably, as triumphantly as Sally Bowles? Hers, indeed, is a peculiar case. The usual thing is for a novel and its characters to exist in an inescapable relationship, fading into obscurity or oblivion together (the general fate), or else (the exceptional fate) aging together into "classic" status. But for Sally Bowles her literary beginning proved to be only a kind of launching pad, from which she was to take off into stellar space, far beyond the mere trappings of fiction. Adding to the peculiarity, moreover, is the fact that the work of fiction from which she sprang (or sprang away from) has itself not been forgotten. Admired, and acquiring generations of new readers, it has sturdily endured, albeit on a less glamorous and international scale than its heroine, until it is now accepted as one of the secure literary achievements of the 1930s in England.

Sally, as a character, made her first appearance in 1937 in a very long short story or a very short novel by Christopher Isherwood. The book was *Sally Bowles*; the publisher, The Hogarth Press. (There was no separate American publication.) Two years later Isherwood included *Sally Bowles* along

with five other pieces in *Goodbye to Berlin*, something more than a collection of stories and something not quite a novel, that was published both in England and America—here by Random House. In a brief, characteristically diffident prefatory note he explained that "the six pieces contained in this volume form a roughly continuous narrative. They are the only existing fragments of what was originally planned as a huge episodic novel of pre-Hitler Berlin [where Isherwood had lived almost continuously from 1929 to 1933, and where he had met the English original of Sally Bowles]. I had intended to call it *The Lost*. My old title has been changed, however; it is too grandiose for this short loosely-connected sequence of diaries and sketches."

That was in 1939—not, all things considered, an ideal time to publish a low-keyed, ironic, rueful, sometimes frivolous-seeming fictional account of life on the fringes of Berlin just as the Nazis were coming to power.

Goodbye to Berlin was praised by reviewers, and won for itself a small circle of loyal admirers; then, like many another worthy novel of the period, it was swallowed up in the wake of the war, and that seemed to be that. Isherwood settled in Los Angeles, where he became a student of Vedanta; his next novel, *Prater*

Violet, would not appear until 1945. For Sally Bowles there began what we now recognize as a long "latency" period. There she was—with her green fingernails and her prairie oysters, her indiscriminate "darlings," her grand passions that turned out to be (as she was the first to admit) rather shabby little affairs, her silliness, her outrageousness, her pathos and her courage, her sheer marvelous indestructibility—waiting for her next incarnation.

The man who eventually brought that about—and, of course, Sally being Sally, it would *have* to be a man, darling—was the dramatist John Van Druten, who decided to make a play out of Isherwood's Berlin material, with Sally Bowles at its center. The year was 1951, and the play was *I Am a Camera*. Van Druten performed his task skillfully, but the stroke of genius in the proceedings was the decision to cast Julie Harris in the role of Sally Bowles. Isherwood has described their first meeting:

When I arrived in New York to sit in on rehearsals, I had first to go to a studio and be photographed, for publicity, with our leading lady, Julie Harris. I had never met Miss Harris before. I hadn't even seen her famous performance in *The Member of the Wedding*.

Now, out of the dressing-room, came a slim, sparkling-eyed girl in an absurdly tart-like black satin dress, with a little cap stuck jauntily on her pale flame-colored hair, and a silly naughty giggle. This was Sally Bowles in person. Miss Harris was more essentially Sally Bowles than the Sally of my book, and was much more like Sally than the real girl who long ago gave me the idea for my character.

Thanks to Julie Harris and Sally Bowles—for the two were really indistinguishable, as anyone (not only the dazzled author) who has read the book and had the good fortune to see that unforgettable performance will testify—*I Am a Camera* was a triumph for them both; and since then, decade by decade, Sally has never had to look back. In the mid-fifties came, inevitably, the movie of the play (again with Miss Harris); and then, in the mid-sixties, the musical *Cabaret*, drawing upon Isherwood's material once more, set

Question

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to a clever pastiche of a score that shuttled between Berlin and Broadway; and then, in the early seventies, the movie of the musical, with Liza Minnelli as Sally. Arriving at that most recent and most spectacular thus far of her incarnations, Sally had undergone certain superficial metamorphoses: for one thing, she had become an American; for another, she was shown to us (and how else could we have seen her with Liza in the part?) as a rivetingly professional entertainer. Miss Minnelli belting out "Life is a cabaret, old chum" is light-years distant from Sally Bowles at the Lady Windermere, in Isherwood's text, singing "Exactly Like You"—"badly, without any expression . . . her arms hanging carelessly limp, and a take-it-or-leave-it grin on her face."

And yet, for all the changes, from one incarnation to the next, fundamentally she remains Sally Bowles; and one wonders, ventures to speculate, at her continuing appeal, decade by decade, and at the ease with which she modulates, *fits in*. It is not, I think, as a historical figure that Sally chiefly captivates us. There is something remarkably contemporary about her, so that one feels she would be as much at ease this year at Maxwell's Plum in New York or Perry's in San Francisco as she was in 1930 at the Lady Windermere off the Tauentzienstrasse. (Let us pass over the easy, questionable parallels that might be drawn between Berlin in its decadence and present-day America.)

As a character—perhaps because Isherwood's method is not to give us too much, only a succession of partial portraits or snapshots, what the camera photographed at a chosen moment—Sally lends herself easily and accommodately to a multitude of polymorphic fantasies. For heterosexual men she is the girl one takes to bed with a minimum of fuss, and says good-bye to (or forgets to say good-bye to) with a minimum of guilt: a good lay and a better memory. For homosexual men she is the understanding girl who makes no demands and poses no threat. And for women she is—but here I must move with some caution. Do women identify with Sally, or pity her, envy her or patronize her? That they feel some-

thing about her, I am certain, and I would suspect that now (as perhaps was not the case in the 1950s) they find her admirable in her courage—the courage to be herself; to be, for all her apparent dependence on men, independent of them; to go her own way, acknowledging her silliness, which in the long run is a kind of shrewdness, a way of surviving.

Survive, certainly, she does; and will continue to do so. I am confident that Sally has not yet been shown to us in her final and grandest incarnation. It looms ahead, however. Surely the logical conclusion for Ms. Bowles is the opera that has yet to be written. What it will be like, apart from being a huge, predictable success, is the secret of her composer, whoever he may turn out to be. Meanwhile, it is

beguiling to think of the Puccinian version in which she might have figured: Sally, a latter-day Mimi, so gay, so doomed, made to pay for her folly but rewarded with so touching a death scene. Or, better still, the Straussian version: Sally as the Marschallin, a woman of a certain age and a certain experience, ensconced in her suite at the Plaza, dismissing her current young man, and remembering the past with so much tenderness and nostalgia. It seems only a matter of time, of waiting for the right moment, and the marvelous thing will happen, as her history already amply proves. After all, it was only forty or so years ago that she met this absolutely fascinating man, Christopher Isherwood, darling, at Fritz Wendel's flat in Berlin, and darling, he absolutely *adored* me . . .

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL
by James Herriot
St. Martin's Press, \$8.95

Thirty years ago James Herriot was a young veterinarian beginning to practice in the Dales of Yorkshire. His interest was in All Creatures Great and Small (as he relates in his good book with that title), not exclusively in the care of cattle and sheep, which are the main staple of that rugged country. As his reputation spread, so did the demands on him from troubled farmers and the idiosyncratic owners of dogs, cats, and other pets. An impecunious, modest bachelor, he was lucky to be taken into partnership with the jaunty, experienced "vet," Siegfried Farnon, who was highly regarded, and luckier still to catch the eye of the most attractive daughter in the district.

The ordeal of delivering calves or lambs by candlelight in a cold stone barn or of serving the dour, often cantankerous, Yorkshire temperament was a trial of both stamina and patience, but Herriot is such a likable cove, so painstaking in his attention to man and beast, so good-natured in his predicaments,

that one rides along with him in effortless enjoyment. After his first nasty case, in which he has to shoot an incurable thoroughbred, his boss consoles him with: "Animals are unpredictable things so our whole life is unpredictable. It's a long tale of little triumphs and disasters and you've got to really like it to stick it."

All Things Bright and Beautiful continues the story of this youthful practice in an earthy profession: with growing confidence and strong arms he learns to cope with calves that are strangling in birth and with complications like husk, grass staggers, calcium deficiency, or "wool ball on t'stomach." His courtship of Helen Alderson prevails despite her testy father and Herriot's undiplomatic judging of the Pet Show. The warmth which she brings into his life is as truly told as the admiration he feels for his gifted senior partner. His prose gives us the sound of sheep, the sight of lambs, the smell of spring in the Dales; perhaps the least successful chapters are those about the scamp Tristan, whose escapades border on the fictitious. But the laughter and fidelity in the writing arise from the fact

that Dr. Herriot loves his work—and is still at it in Yorkshire.

A BRIDGE TOO FAR
by Cornelius Ryan
Simon and Schuster, \$12.50

Battles are confusing, and the battle of Arnhem, on a "one-tank front," to seize the network of bridges which might lead to a decisive crossing of the Rhine, was confusing, audacious, and more costly than D-day. The first achievement in Mr. Ryan's panoramic narrative is his clarification of why the battle was fought where it was. Following the Normandy invasion of June, 1944, the German Army had been ripped apart: in the north by the British Second Army and the U.S. First Army driving through Belgium toward Holland, and to the south by General Patton's Third Army piecing its way toward Metz and the Saar. The retreat became a rout, and a seventy-five-mile gap opened as the Allies approached Antwerp. But the tanks were outrunning the supplies, which still came over the beaches, and Eisenhower had to decide which of the two spears to press home. Field Marshal Montgomery was the more obstreperous, and he finally won approval to drop a combined airborne force (35,000 men, jeeps, and artillery) sixty-four miles behind the German lines to capture Arnhem and the crucial bridges. It was Monty's argument that such a surprise attack would cut off the bases of the A-2 bombs then pulverizing London, and end the war before Christmas. In the final conference at Montgomery's headquarters, a British general asked how long it would take the army to link up with the airborne. "Two days," replied Monty. Looking at the map, his subordinate said, "We can hold it for four. . . . But, sir, I think we might be going a bridge too far."

The airborne divisions—the British Red Devils, and the U.S. 82nd and 101st—had been held in leash in England and were chafing for action. No such armada had ever been flown before, and the C-47's and gliders brought the men in with courage and astonishing safety. General Gavin's 82nd Division made its drop of 7467 with minor casualties, and the 101st was equally

fortunate. Then trouble began. The radio contact on which so much depended was snafued from the start: General Urquhart lost control of the forward division and was driven into a Dutch garret; the roads were too narrow, the street fighting was murderous, and to make things worse, two Panzer Divisions, with Mark V Panther tanks, the 9th and 10th, which had been drawn back to Arnhem for refitting, were spotted at the last moment by Allied air reconnaissance, but their presence went unheeded by Monty's Intelligence and now they and other unsuspected German troops fiercely intervened.

To bring this bewildering action into human focus, the author has relied on the oldest form of heroics—veterans remembering after the fight. His interviews ranged from the German Field Marshal Von Rundstedt to Eisenhower, from the American pilots to the leaders of the Dutch Resistance, and from the paratroopers to the Dutch civilians who were cheering them on. It has taken the author years to gather and piece together such graphic, stirring testimony, and surely no other engagement in the Second World War has been so brilliantly recorded.

One emerges from the reading of this enthralling book with the conviction that Montgomery, in his rivalry with Patton, and with his insistent demand for priority in supplies, had envisioned a battle plan which belittled both the physical difficulties and the German resistance and which lay beyond the reach of his splendid, courageous troops.

ROBERT FROST: A Pictorial Chronicle
by Kathleen Morrison
Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$10.95

In 1938, after the sudden death of his wife, Elinor, Robert Frost was disconsolate and without a base. In a touching letter to Bernard DeVoto, he wrote, "I expect to have to go to depths below depths in thinking before I catch myself and can say what I want to while I last. I shall be all right in public, but I can't tell you how I am going to behave when I am alone." Actually it was two years before he was all

WINE TALK

by Austin Nichols

M. de Rausan thought so highly of this wine that he dumped it in the Thames.

Rather than sell his claret to London merchants at a price he considered unworthy, one 18th-century proprietor of Château Rausan began throwing it overboard, cask by precious cask. Finally, with four barrels bobbing in the river, the wine merchants relented.

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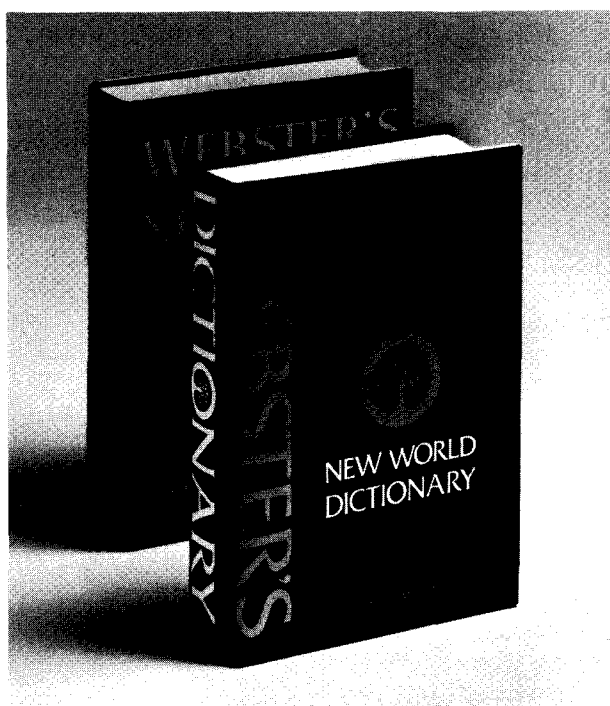


right, and the person most responsible for his recovery was Mrs. Theodore Morrison, who became his patient, devoted manager, and so served for the rest of his life. With the sympathetic cooperation of her husband, she helped Frost establish himself on the Homer Noble farm in Vermont, always in close touch with her own family; when he had recovered his poise, she encouraged

his return to Amherst, saw him off to other university appointments, and arranged his itinerary when he began to go "barding around." When eventually he gravitated to his winter home on Brewster Street, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, she continued to shield him and to plan his influential and festive visits to Washington, to England, to the Soviet Union, to wherever.

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COLLINS  **WORLD**

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At Bryn Mawr she had been one of the undergraduates who raised the money to bring Frost to the campus. Years later at the conclusion of his Norton Lectures at Harvard she realized that his was one of the most notable minds of a generation, "a mind with restless curiosity seeking for the truth unfettered by second-hand opinions and moving to its target swiftly as an arrow." In the twenty-five years that followed, she perceived that the honors and the sorrows which came to the poet in his maturity formed a pattern revealing the alternating fortitude and despair he had suffered in his youth. She perceived that his long struggle against poverty had left a scar so that even in his prosperity he was reluctant to enter a Cambridge bank. She appreciated the ego which sustained his genius and that made him so quick to take offense. She jollied him when he was downcast, but she could not modify his "consistent sense of confidence that he could direct other people's lives and, by extension, even the relations between one nation and another." She and her family shared Frost's happiness in his Vergilian seclusion, and she was the mediator when his children turned against him after Mrs. Frost's death.

This book, which began as a valuable collection of vital photographs, has in its incisive text a swiftness of perception and an elucidating empathy which make it mandatory for anyone who seeks to know Robert Frost.

A NATURALIST BUYS AN OLD FARM
by Edwin Way Teale
Dodd, Mead, \$10.00

"For many years in my life," writes Mr. Teale, "making a living pulled me toward the city and living as I wanted to live pulled me toward the country." An authority on insects, he steadily enlarged his interests, and in his writing of that remarkable quartet which began with *North With the Spring*, Mr. Teale achieved a coast-to-coast survey of the effect of the four seasons on the flora and fauna of our great continent. He was the first naturalist with the equipment and the friendships necessary for such an accomplishment, and the ensuing success

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Gordon N. Ray

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"A stunning merger of biology and art."—*Kirkus Reviews*

BEHOLD MAN

LENNART NILSSON

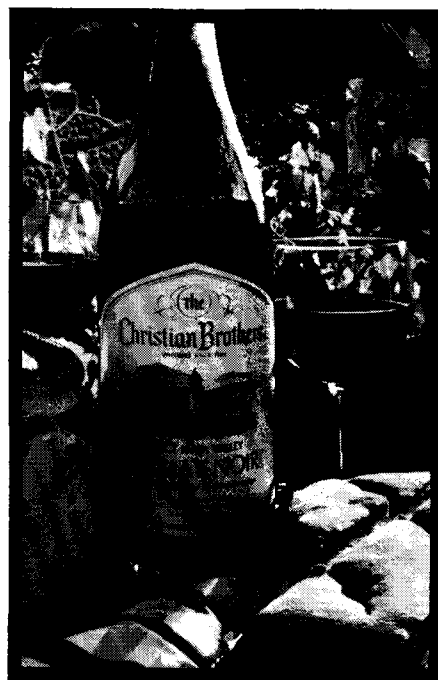


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LITTLE, BROWN

enabled him and Nellie, his wife and indispensable partner, to purchase a homesite where they could indulge their love of nature without traveling farther than a short walk. They listed what they wanted: "a woods, a stream, a swamp, open meadows, a Cape Cod-type farmhouse, a fireplace, at least fifty acres of ground." What they found was a house built in 1806 but still solid and in good repair and 79 acres on the outskirts of Hampton, Connecticut; the overgrown fields included a swamp, two brooks, and a waterfall. They moved in on June 11, 1959, and this book is the observant and adventurous account of the life they have lived on their enlarged farm ever since.

As the author says: "Our fields are unplanted. But they are not unused." Walking their boundaries, they discovered the interconnecting trails with which history and wild-life had marked their land; so they christened their place Trail Wood and began the acquaintance with their neighbors. In the woods close to the house Mr. Teale swung his summer hammock, and lying there in the stillness that surrounded him, he watched the place come to life. A woodchuck emerged from the weathered gray stones and regarded him intently; a woodcock went by on whistling wings; and later a grouse launched itself almost beneath him. At day's end a white-tailed deer came to browse on the small, sour apples. For both Teales the aerial song of the woodcock was the proclaimer of spring; and when the birds had left, they dissected the nests, remarking the linings of fur, feathers, even the blond hair of a neighbor's daughter used by a chipping sparrow.

Lacking a pond, they called in a bulldozer to scoop out the swampy bowl full of springs just down the slope from the house. Mr. Teale took part in the operation, and when the chain saw splattered him from head to foot with the juice of poison sumac, he was in for an ordeal of fire. But on his recovery, lying on a glacial boulder on the shore, he had his reward observing the life that thronged into the new water. So, too, in his study of the stars, while stretched out on clear summer nights. He recalls Harlow Shapley's estimate that within the



Brother Timothy's
Napa Valley Notebook

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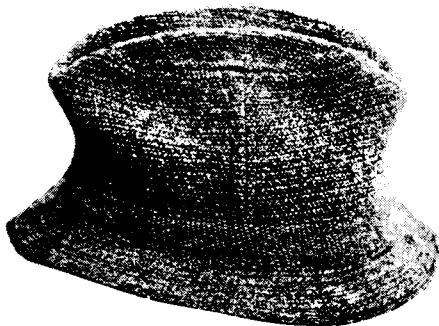
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"What kind of a farm is this?" asked a woman from the city who had lost her way. "Oh, I get it. It's a fun thing." But of course it is much more than that. The Teales spend the year in a permanent observation post seeing things for the first time. In zero weather they watched a cottontail rabbit tunnel through the snowdrifts into the warm shelter of a woodchuck burrow. They watched a chipmunk in a sustained rage fighting its image against the glass of a cellar window. During a blizzard, when most birds were lying low, they tossed out several stale doughnuts, and saw a blue jay beneath the living-room window grip a doughnut with his feet and snatch a mouthful as the gales rocked him back and forth.

Mr. Teale was given a bird's-eye view of Trail Wood in May when a neighbor took him aloft in a balloon; the flight as they drifted slowly north is the high point of this refreshing book, with its intimate identification of wildlife and natural beauty.

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Benjamin DeMott is professor of English at Amherst College and author of *Supergrow* and *Surviving the Seventies*.

Alfred Adler is a mathematician.

William Abrahams is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*. He is coauthor with Peter Stansky of *The Unknown Orwell*.

Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams write book reviews each month for these pages.

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

L.E. Sissman (page 76) is the author of several books of poems, the most recent being *Pursuit of Honor*.

Tom McKeown (page 82) is on the faculty of Stephens College in Missouri. He received the Hopwood Award for Poetry in 1968.

Leslie Norris (page 102), who makes his home in Sussex, England, has spent some time as visiting professor of English at the University of Washington.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

FONTHILL by Aubrey Menen. Putnam's, \$6.95. With a casual bow to historical fact, Mr. Menen has concocted a pastiche about a couple of Regency Englishmen who share a taste for pretty things and pretty boys. It is almost a parody of a Victorian pornographic novel but becomes, thanks to the author's impish humor, cheerfully naughty and not pornographic at all.

LORD ROCHESTER'S MONKEY by Graham Greene. Viking, \$15.95. This sensible, low-keyed biography of the wicked lord was written forty years ago but remained unpublished because Mr. Greene persisted in quoting Rochester's verse. Now that obscenity has become fashionable, there can be no objection to Rochester's ----s, -----s, and ---s. Here they are, with Mr. Greene's sound text and handsome illustrations. Bibliography, index.

THE KILLER ANGELS by Michael Shaara. McKay, \$8.95. Gettysburg is a provocative battle, for although what was done is fearsomely well documented, why it was done remains elusive. To satisfy his own curiosity, Mr. Shaara has turned the events into a novel, following selected officers on both sides through the four-day slaughter and taking a novelist's liberty of invention with their motives and reactions. It is an unusual project and has worked out well, with excitement and plausibility. Maps.

DOCTOR FRIGO by Eric Ambler. Atheneum, \$7.95. Ancestral connections embroil a sober, peaceable young doctor in a Latin American coup d'état. Mr. Ambler probably could not write badly if he tried, and while this may not be his best thriller, it is much better than most of the genre.

TO THE UNKNOWN HERO by Hans Erich Nossack. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95. This satirical novel about academic complacency is intended to be funny, and very likely



Hans Wolfgang Schumann BUDDHISM

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in German it is. It is not the fault of the translator, Ralph Manheim, that the social and linguistic distinctions through which the story is developed lose their edge in English and become merely peculiar.

ENERGY FOR SURVIVAL by Wilson Clark, with research by David Howell. Doubleday, \$12.50. The subtitle is "The Alternative to Extinction," and the well-qualified authors mean every word of it. A big, dense, strongly argued book on the necessity of developing power sources other than fossil fuel, plus an examination of the ways in which this can be done.

ALL GOD'S DANGERS: THE LIFE OF NATE SHAW by Theodore Rosengarten. Knopf, \$10.00. Nate Shaw, an Alabama sharecropper, black, illiterate, and in his eighties, told his life story to Mr. Rosengarten, who has edited the material without losing the voice of a natural-born spellbinder. The tale is full of outrages and injustice, but it also crackles with spirit and humor and persistent courage. Nate Shaw was a great man.

SWIFTIE THE MAGICIAN by Herbert Gold. McGraw-Hill, \$6.95. Swiftie is an incarnation of the Bitch Goddess Success, as perceived in New York during the 1960s by a hero-narrator who would have had trouble with her anywhere and any time. Not even Mr. Gold's expert writing can arouse concern for the poor twerp.

FIELD DAYS by Robert Conrow. Scribner's, \$7.95. Eugene Field may not have written "Little Boy Blue," but he certainly did write a great deal of particularly dreary dirty verse for recitation at stag parties, and Mr. Conrow proves it. Question is, does anybody really care? Illustrations, index, notes, bibliography.

QUERELLE by Jean Genet. Grove, \$7.95. In this novel murder and sexual perversion are, as usual, Mr. Genet's symbols of effectual personal identity, and as usual, he endows them with a curious, cold poetry. Translated by Anselm Hollo.

THE HAWKLINE MONSTER by Richard Brautigan. Simon and Schuster, \$5.95. The author calls his novel "A



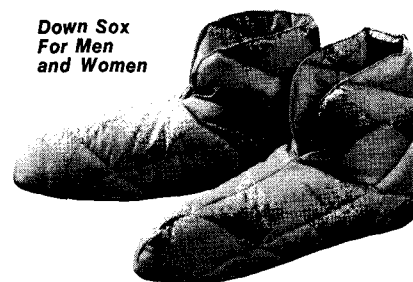
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Gothic Western," and perhaps one should leave it at that, rather than trail him through Jungian symbolism or protests against technological civilization, for it looks as though Mr. Brautigan himself never quite decided where he was headed.

YOUR ISADORA: The Love Story of Isadora Duncan and Gordon Craig Told Through Letters and Diaries Never Before Published, edited by Francis Steegmuller. Random/N.Y. Library, \$12.50. Isadora was a brilliant innovator in dance and a ninny about lovers, so she naturally connected with Craig, a brilliant innovator in stage design and a bloodsucking mama's boy elsewhere. Her letters survive, full of childish endearments, lively descriptions of various cities, and complaints about agents and bookings. Craig's letters were destroyed, but his lifelong, obsessive mulling over of their affair fills the gap. Mr. Steegmuller has done a superb job of straightening out the complicated story and makes no attempt to conceal his dislike of Craig. Bibliography, notes.

THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND by Jane Murray. Scribner's, \$7.95. Apparently this exasperating book is designed for the use of travelers to England who know nothing of that country's history and wish to have the condition disturbed as little as possible. The text, relentlessly flip and sometimes truly witty, starts in the present and works back, crown by crown, to Edward the Confessor, which means the reader meets cart before horse all the way. Illustrations, index, appendix, bibliography.

SWINBURNE by Philip Henderson. Macmillan, \$10.95. A sound biography of the poet, well judged and well written. It is also thoroughly entertaining because Swinburne knew everybody worth knowing but nobody who was dull. Illustrations, notes, index.

The opening pages of John Hersey's new novel, *MY PETITION FOR MORE SPACE*, Knopf, \$5.95, were published in the June *Atlantic*.

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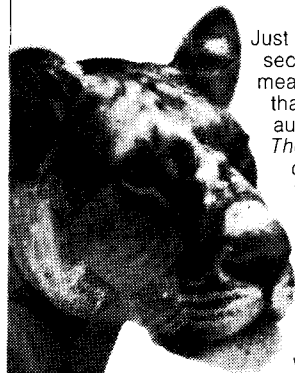
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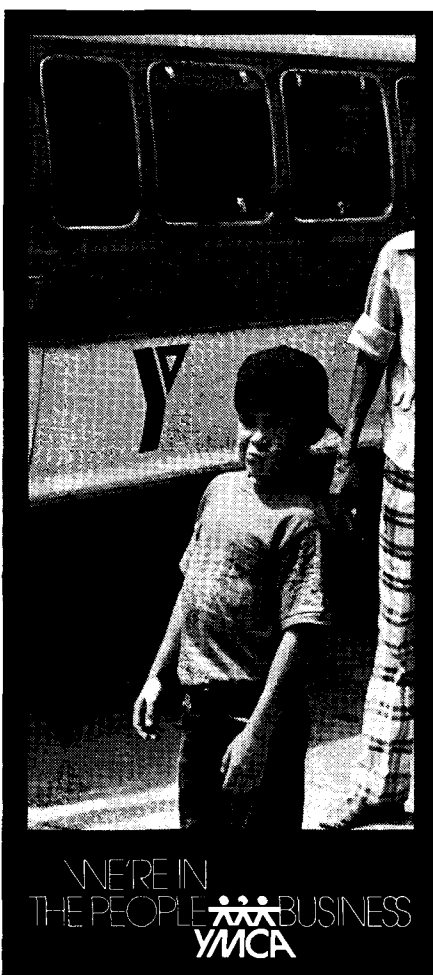
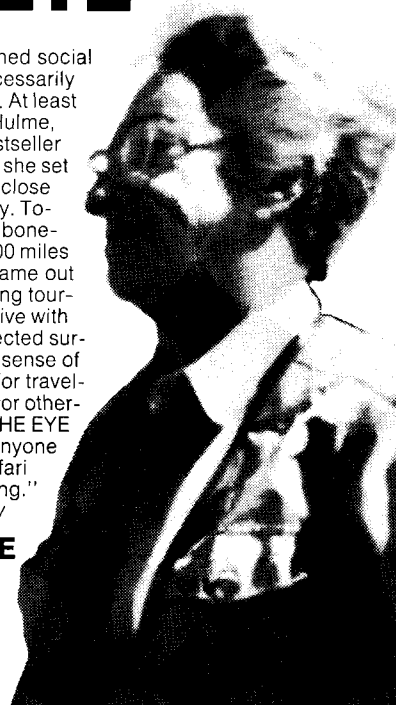
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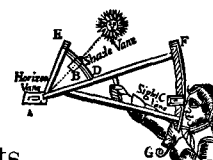
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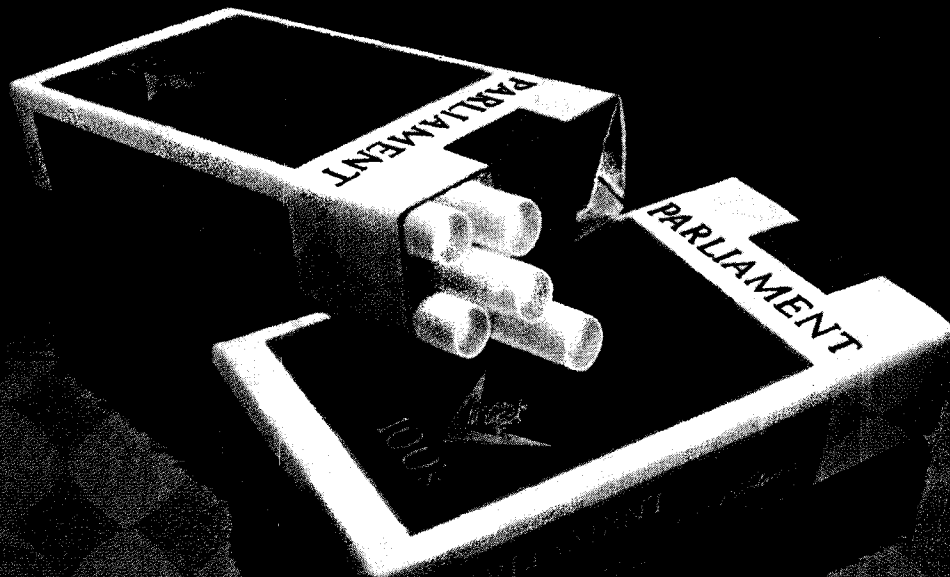
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